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GNOSTICA: NEWS OF THE AQUARIAN FRONTIER

MYSTERIES OF TIME AND SPACE

by BRAD STEIGER

FULLY ILLUSTRATED *ASTONISHING SOLUTIONS TO SUCH PUZZLES AS*

A 500,000-YEAR-OLD DEVICE RESEMBLING A SPARK PLUG, EMBEDDED IN SOLID ROCK

PHYSICAL EVIDENCE OF EXTRATERRESTRIALS

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Mysteries of Time and Space

BRAD STEIGER

Special Archeological Research
by Ron Calais

A Dell/Confucian Book

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For my parents, who taught me the basic plays; for my sister, who shared our first awkward moves; for my wife, who came to believe fully in the contest after first believing in me; for our children, who have learned from our scores and our misses; and for all those dear and special teammates who are chalking up points and who are playing to win at the Reality Game.

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One

OPENING GAMBITS

1

THE REALITY GAME

In his novel *The Glass Bead Game,* Hermann Hesse told of a special scholarly order that managed to codify music, mathematics, architecture, linguistics, and other disciplines into symbols—at first represented by glass beads, later by hieroglyphs—that could be "matched," compared, and developed in sequential logic by one or more players.

Specifically, however, the novel tells of Joseph Knecht, who becomes increasingly aware that the Game does not include *all* human knowledge with its "permissible" vocabulary. Fiction, history, psychology—in short, all the non-logical disciplines—are specifically excluded from the Game. And it is in search of these missing pieces that Knecht renounces his post as Game Master and returns to the real world.

Although set in a future age, Hesse's Game and its rules are immediately recognizable. Don't our scientists and academics play glass bead games of their own? In fact, don't we *all* play what I would rather call the Reality Game —sorting the facts of our existence and continually trying to make sense of them?

And only slowly do such uncomfortable topics as relativity, psychoanalysis, and ESP research become codified into the permissible vocabulary of the academic world. However—as Joseph Knecht discovered—certain "beads" do keep turning up that fit none of the rules defined thus far:

- In the autumn of 1956, just a few weeks after our marriage, my wife was walking across the bed-

room floor of our apartment when she suddenly complained that something was in her shoe. She sat down on the edge of the bed, slipped off her shoe, and shook out not a pebble nor a bead, but an 1852 silver three-cent piece.

• In 1968 what appeared to be fossilized sandal prints were found in Utah. One print had a squashed trilobite embedded in it. According to paleontology, this would indicate that someone was walking about in sandals more than 500 million years before man is supposed to have evolved.

• Other fossilized footprints have turned up that appear human—but are twice the size of human footprints today.

• Chains, nails, and metallic vessels have been found buried in solid rock.

• Off the Atlantic Coast of the United States are over fifty sites composed of megalithic blocks of stone at least 10,000 years old.

• In 1961 an object was found in California which looks amazingly similar to a common spark plug. According to a geologist who viewed the encrustation of fossil shells that enveloped it, the object would have to be at least 500,000 years old.

• Blood, flesh, live fish, frogs, and the pages of a manuscript on light have all fallen out of clear skies.

• Creatures resembling the "abominable snowmen" are reported consistently across the United States. But in their goings and comings, they behave more like apparitions than flesh-and-blood creatures.

• UFO's—flying saucers—may not exist, but something is burning circles in Iowa farm fields. Investigators at the scene say the dying crops appear wilted from intense heat.

• The image of a hand was photographed as it appeared on the screen of a television set on Christmas Eve, 1968. One catch, however: The set was unplugged at the time.

• Dead radios, tape recorders, and telephones have come to life, often delivering nonsensical series of numbers.

• Recently a mysterious man demonstrated a powder that would turn ordinary tap water into gasoline. The powder certainly worked, as I can testify. But the inventor never returned as promised to deliver his answer to the energy crisis. This whole demonstration would seem odd enough, if a similar stranger hadn't showed up in Amsterdam 300 years ago, to deliver a pinch of powder which, everyone agreed, did turn base metals to gold. But that stranger also simply disappeared without giving up his secret.

• A man was photographed leaning over the brim of the Grand Canyon—seven years before he actually visited the site. The camera he would buy in 1955 is clearly visible in the film exposed in 1948.

• In 1968 in Honolulu, a bedridden patient lay in traction, with pins through the tibiae and femurs, totally incapable of movement. He told a young hospital orderly that he would be gone that night for an hour while he joined his friends in a UFO. At bedcheck that evening the patient was found to have disappeared, *leaving the metal traction pins on his bed.* Military policemen made an extensive search of the hospital and the surrounding grounds but failed to produce any trace of the supposedly immobile man. When next the patient's room was checked, he was once again lying in traction, the pins back in place. He explained that he had been with his otherwordly friends, just as he had told the young orderly he would be.

According to current science and understanding, man came into the fecund light of civilization approximately 7,000 years ago. Nothing falls from the skies except rain and meteorites. All large mammals of the North American continent have been discovered. UFO's are hallucinations, swamp gas, or the planet Venus, and like Prospero's revels leave no trace behind. Time unwinds from past to future in a linear, inexorable progression. And of course, the physical influence of man's mind is limited strictly to the confines of his body. Try as we may, archaic footprints, disappearing patients, and materializing three-cent

pieces just do not fit these rules at all. As Hermann Hesse suggested, it is these "inadmissible" pieces that can give our concept of reality a whole new meaning. In the Reality Game, *if a fact exists, a good player ought to be able to use it.*

In this book I intend to present a number of new "beads" —some strangely familiar, others so outlandish that they seem a part of a different Game entirely. But as we begin to fit these incredible pieces together, a new pattern—in fact, a new game—begins to emerge. And my inescapable conclusion is that mankind is currently playing the Reality Game for stakes that are higher than most of us ever thought possible. Whatever the "explanation," however you fit these pieces onto your private game board, *something* has to be done with them. And this book, hopefully, will outline some of the ways. There is an enormous amount of physical evidence to indicate that a very big *something* has been happening on this planet, and with programmed regularity.

It may be that mankind has been invited to participate in a bizarre kind of contest with some undeclared cosmic opponents. Man may have been challenged to play the Reality Game; and if he can once apprehend the true significance of the preposterous clues, if he can but master the proper moves, he may obtain a clearer picture of his true role in the cosmic scheme of things. The rules of the Reality Game may be confusing, extremely flexible, and difficult to define, but play man must—for it is the only game in the Universe.

2

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

On the Old Crow River, a few miles from the Alaskan border in Canada, W. N. Irving of the University of Toronto and C. R. Harington of the National Museums of Canada in Ottawa recently discovered the "earliest incontrovertible evidence so far of the hand of man on the North American continent." According to the April, 1973, *Smithsonian,* the two Canadians found the tibia of a caribou "which had clearly been carved by a sharp stone implement. The bone had well-fashioned notches, or teeth, whittled into one end and was most likely used for cleaning hides."

In addition to the hide scraper, Irving and Harington discovered two fossilized mammoth bones that gave evidence of man having broken them when fresh. Radiocarbon dating set the three artifacts at between 25,000 and 32,000 years old. So much for "the hand of man"—but what about his *feet?*

Well, in the early 1930's Dr. Wilbur Greely Burroughs, head of the Geology Department of Berea College, was guided to a site in the Kentucky hills where he was able to locate ten complete manlike tracks and parts of several more in Carboniferous sandstone. All the accumulated evidence indicates that they were impressed upon a sandy beach in the Pennsylvanian Period of the Paleozoic Era—which dates the humanoid impressions somewhere around *250 million* years ago. Dr. Burroughs kept his work secret for seven years. One can imagine that he wanted every opportunity to study the tracks of a bipedal creature that could have worn size 7½ EE shoes.

When Dr. Burroughs decided to make a formal declaration of his discovery, he protected his scientific standing by refusing to make any dramatic claims for the identity of the creature that made the prints. "Three pairs of tracks show both left and right footprints," Dr. Burroughs told Kent Previette of the Louisville *Ccurier-Journal* magazine some years later (May 24, 1953). "Of these, two pairs show the left foot advanced relative to the right. The position of the feet is the same as that of a person. The distance from heel to heel is 18 inches. One pair shows the feet about parallel to each other, the distance between the feet being the same as that of a normal human being."

Regardless of the test to which Dr. Burroughs subjected the tracks, the results were always the same: The footprints were genuinely those of some bipedal creature. The creature positioned its feet like those of a human, had a heel and five toes, walked exclusively on its hind legs. If it walks like a man and leaves humanoid tracks, is it a man? "They look human," Dr. Burroughs stated noncommittally. "That is what makes them especially interesting, as man according to some textbooks has been here only a million and a half years."

At the suggestion of Dr. Frank Thone, biology editor of Science Service, with the concurrence of Charles Gilmore of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Burroughs named the originator of the mysterious tracks *Phenanthropus mirabilis* ("looks human; remarkable").

The Pennsylvania Period was the age of giant amphibians. Could the tracks have been caused by one of them? Dr. Burroughs thought it unlikely. "There is no indication of front feet, though the rock is large enough to have shown front feet if they had been used in walking." Dr. Burroughs was emphatic that the creatures, whatever they might have been, walked on their hind legs. Nowhere on the site were there signs of belly or tail marks.

Is it possible that ancient Amerindian artisans or more contemporary sculptors could have carved those footsteps? A sculptor informed Dr. Burroughs that any carving done in that kind of sandstone would be certain to leave telltale artificial markings. Neither enlarged photomicrographs nor enlarged infrared photographs revealed any "indica-

tions of carving or cutting of any sort."

The cautious scientist meticulously examined what appeared to be a ridgelike roll around the edge of the more deeply imbedded footprints, indicating that pressure beneath the creature's foot had moved the loose sand a bit higher than the surrounding surface. With the aid of a compound microscope, Dr. Burroughs counted the grains of sand for a unit of area, just as a medical doctor would count the red or white corpuscles in a specimen of blood.

Once he had finished this rather laborious task, he prevailed upon two physicians to duplicate his efforts. Working independently, each man found that "the sand grains within each track are closer together than the grains immediately outside the tracks and elsewhere on the rock for the same kind and same combination of grains, due to the pressure of the creature's foot."

In August, 1972, an Australian biology teacher found what are believed to be the oldest *animal* footprints in the world. The prints, estimated at more than 350 million years old, were made by one of the first land animals with a backbone—a cross between a lizard and a fish. The forty footprints show a primitive stage of limb development not previously known to science (i.e., the feet point directly out from the animal's side). They do not, by the way, give evidence of a heel and five toes, and there *are* signs of a dragging belly. I emphasize that these are the oldest *animal* tracks because—again—there is at least one "nonanimal" track that is even older.

William J. Meister is a drafting supervisor with Hercules Incorporated, a self-described "rockhound" and trilobite collector. On June 1, 1968, Meister, his wife, and two daughters, together with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Shape and their two daughters, arrived at Antelope Springs, about forty-three miles northwest of Delta, Utah, on Decoration Day and remained at the location for four days. It was on the third day, while the Shapes were resting in camp, that Meister, his wife, and the four girls found some trilobite fossils. Trilobites, a class of arthropods with shells, were among the first marine invertebrates. They lived in the Cambrian Period of the Paleozoic Era—that is, ap-

proximately 600 million years ago. These compact little creatures, with their bodies divided into three longitudinal segments, are among the earliest fossils known to man.

Meister broke off a rather large, two-inch-thick slab of rock, struck it on the edge with a hammer and, in his own words (*Creation Research Quarterly*, December, 1968), saw it fall "open like a book." To Meister's astonishment, he saw "on one side the footprint of a human with trilobites *right in the footprint itself*. The other half of the rock slab showed an almost perfect mold of the footprint and fossils. Amazingly the human was [had been] wearing a sandal!"

The dimensions of the sandalprint were in excellent perspective to be that of a shod human foot. Overall, the print measures 10¼ inches. It is 3½ inches wide at the sole, 3 inches wide at the heel. The sandal is well worn on the right heel, thereby clearly distinguishing the print as that of the right foot. The heel is also indented about one-eighth of an inch more than the sole, indicating a characteristic and natural distribution of weight.

In order to provide a bit of perspective in a time sequence that is absolutely mind-boggling, the Antelope Springs footprint—if it is truly what it appears to be—bears incredible testimony to some sandaled, bipedaled creature strolling about 300 million years before the dinosaurs began to lumber across the earth. The Age of Reptiles ended about 70 million years ago, and something said to be related to *Homo sapiens* began to straighten its back about 1 million years ago. *Homo sapiens* became the dominant species about 25,000 to 40,000 years ago and developed civilized sophistication approximately 7,000 years ago. Stating it all another way, a man-thing that shod its feet left its imprint in Cambrian mud and sand more than 500 million years before the conventional time clocks would have any kind of man-thing appearing on this planet.

William Meister first took his mounted specimen to Professor Melvin A. Cook at the University of Utah, who recommended that he show it at once to some of the geologists at the university. Meister said later that he was unable to find a single geologist who would take the time to examine his unique find, but that he found a much more

receptive audience at the *Deseret News*. Within a short time his find was being publicized both nationally and internationally.

Melvin A. Cook, a professor of metallurgy and president of a chemical firm in West Jordan, Utah, told the *Creation Research Society Quarterly* that in August, 1968, he learned that a Mr. Dean Bitter, an educator in the Salt Lake City public schools, had uncovered a specimen of rock with *two* sandaled footprints in the same Antelope Springs area where Meister had made his startling discovery. Neither of these footprints covered trilobites, Professor Cook commented, but there was a small trilobite in the rock, so that the impressions appeared to be of the same vintage.

In his personal appraisal of William Meister's find, Professor Cook said: "While I am by no means an authority on fossils and footprints, the Meister specimen seems to me clearly to speak for itself. Even aside from any doubt as to the identity of the formation in which the discovery was made, it is a serious contradiction of conventional geology. That is, the feature of this specimen is the intimate simultaneous occurrence of modern (sandal-shod) men with trilobites."

As James Madsen, curator of the Museum of Earth Science at the University of Utah, stated for the press, "There's something of a problem there, since trilobites and humans are separated by millions of years." There were no men 600 million years ago. Neither were there monkeys or bears or ground sloths to make pseudohuman tracks. What man-thing could possibly have been walking about on this planet before vertebrates even evolved?

Curator Madsen told the inquiring press that the impossible fossil must have been somehow fashioned by a natural occurence. Dr. Jesse Jennings of the University of Utah's Anthropology Department suggested that the imprint could have been caused by a very large trilobite settling down on the three smaller ones.

On July 4, 1968, Meister took Dr. Clarence Coombs of Columbia Union College, Tacoma, Maryland, and Maurice Carlisle, graduate geologist at the University of Colorado at Boulder, to the site at Antelope Springs. Carlisle dug

for a couple of hours until he found a mudslab which he said convinced him that the discovery of fossil tracks in the area was a strong possibility. According to the geologist, the mudslab indicated to him that the formation had at one time been at the surface.

When Carlisle returned to the site about July 20, he brought with him Dr. Clifford Burdick, a consulting geologist from Tucson, Arizona. After setting up a camp under the pines and junipers, Dr. Burdick proceeded to make a startling find of his own:

> The first day I was fortunate enough to find on a slab of shale the impression of a child's bare foot with all five toes showing dimly. The impression was about six inches in length, with the toes spreading, as if the child had never yet worn shoes, which compress the toes. There does not appear to be much of an arch and the big toe is not prominent.*

Dr. Burdick took his find to two professors of geology and a vertebrate paleontologist at a leading university. One of the geologists readily granted that the track looked like a human foot. The paleontologist stated his belief that the imprint had no biological origin.

Dr. Burdick was hardly satisfied by their appraisal. "Running water may have obliterated most of the detail of the toes before the mud was consolidated," he stated. "In the middle of the foot appears to be a piece of fossil. The heel is depressed as well as the arch. The toes are also compressed into the rock—or at the time, mud.

"The rock chanced to fracture along the front of the toes before the fossil footprint was found. On cross section the fabric of the rock stands out in the form of fine laminations, or bedding planes. Where the toes pressed into the soft material, the laminations were bowed downward from the horizontal, indicating a weight that had pressed into the mud."

In Dr. Burdick's assessment, the imprint is exactly what it appears to be—the barefoot print of a child.

* (*Bible-Science Newsletter*, August–September, 1969).

When Dr. Burdick conducted his dig at the Antelope Springs fossil beds, he had already acquired more than twenty-five years of experience in dealing with fossilized tracks suggestive of human beings. But their discovery goes back farther than that:

At Herculaneum, Missouri, two humanlike tracks were found in a quarry in 1817. The specimens were chipped out and utilized in the back wall of a chimney.

Writing in *The American Journal of Science* for 1822, Henry Schoolcraft discussed a number of human footprints that had been located in a crinoidal limestone slab on the west bank of the Mississippi River at St. Louis, Missouri. Early French explorers had mentioned several such prints when they first arrived at the site of St. Louis.

According to Schoolcraft, the imprints had been left by a man standing erect in a natural position. The toes were spread in a manner characteristic of one who has not worn shoes. The foot length was 10½ inches; its width, 4 inches across the spreading toes; 2½ inches across the heel. In Schoolcraft's words, the prints were "strikingly natural, exhibiting every muscular impression, and the swell of heel and toes, with a precision and faithfulness to nature which I have not been able to copy."

Although dissenting scientists assessed the prints to be Amerindian petroglyph carvings, Schoolcraft maintained that he was thoroughly familiar with that form of ancient expression, and he comments in his article on the grotesqueness of such man-made artifacts in contrast to the total and exquisite naturalness of the St. Louis footprints.

In a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences at New York, November 17, 1882, O. C. Marsh discussed the "supposed human footprints" found in sandstone near Carson, Nevada, in the quarry of the state prison. The diggers also uncovered tracks that resembled those of elephants, horses, deer, birds, and wolves. The manlike tracks were about 18 inches long and about 8 inches wide. According to Marsh: "The supposed human foot-prints are in six series, each with alternate right and left tracks. The stride is from two and one-half to three feet in extent. . . . The distance between the line of right

hand and left hand tracks, or the straddle, is eighteen to nineteen inches."

Marsh attributes the tracks to a giant sloth. A drawing of one of the manlike prints appears in the *American Journal of Science* (Vol. 3, #26, p. 139) below that of a sketch of a skeletal sloth foot (Mylodon robustus). The sloth's foot clearly shows toelike protuberances, while the supposed man-track appears smooth, like that made by a modern heelless sandal. But perhaps the sloth walked with its toes turned upward. Or as O. C. Marsh explained it, "The footprints are almost exactly what these animals would make if the hind feet covered the impressions of those in front."

The late Ivan Sanderson touched upon the Nevada "sloth tracks" in another context in his *Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life,* but his point is certainly applicable here:

> [O. C. Marsh] simply stated that the tracks were those of a ground-sloth—either Mylodon or what he called a Morotherium. . . . No animal has received such a name, but there is, of course, the really giant Ground-Sloth (Megatherium). . . . Ground-Sloths—which were actually enormous kinds of shaggy, short-tailed, neotropical anteaters more closely related to the Giant Anteater (Myrmecophaga) than to the living Tree-Sloths—could apparently stand on their hind legs, but they used their immensely thick short tails as a third prong of a tripod to do so. If they waddled along on their hind legs, their tails must have gouged a deep channel between the tracks of their feet. There were no such channels in the Carson City tracks. . . .

Relying upon volunteer labor, the *Films for Christ* and *Bible–Science Newsletter* investigators found numerous manlike tracks in the riverbed after sandbagging the Paluxy, the fastest river in Texas. At one site, after two bulldozers had cleared away 100 feet of earth down to an overlying limestone ledge 9 inches in depth, the diggers cleared away another 3 inches of gravel and discovered five manlike footprints diagonally crossing a newly uncovered row of

fifteen three-toed dinosaur tracks.

"One of these man-like footprints actually stepped into the edge of a dinosaur track," Stanley Taylor reports in the *Bible–Science Newsletter.* "Two of the tracks showed an outline of what appeared to be the front of a man's toes. The last print showed only what was probably the ball of a foot. . . . Meanwhile, at this same site, we discovered a larger man track crossing the smaller man and dinosaur tracks at right angles, aiming directly shoreward. . . . It showed the outline of a heel and gave indication of the outline of the front of a foot, including the angle from the big toe to the small."

The reality of dinosaur tracks in the Paluxy River has been acknowledged for well over half a century. The rumors of man-tracks accompanying those of the giant reptiles have been circulating for nearly as long. The evidence, photographic and otherwise, seems quite convincing, but there exists quite a bit of testimony among the old-timers in the area that during the depression years a number of local citizens supported themselves by carving giant man-tracks and selling them as authentic, along with the fossilized dinosaur prints.

The son of a local lawyer recalled for a number of Creationist scientists how his uncle had carved both human and dinosaur pseudo-tracks in order to supplement his income. Once a suitable slab of rock had been obtained, the enterprising sculptor chiseled a track into the stone. The second step involved hammering the entire surface with a metal punch in order to smash in a raindrop design that would have the effect of obliterating the marks made by the chisel. The final maneuver involved an application of acid to the stone to simulate age and weathering.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ryals made no confession of having carved either man or dinosaur tracks, but they did firmly state that they had dug out as many as 300 dinosaur tracks, and perhaps a dozen human-type tracks, to sell to tourists during those difficult years. It was Ryals who removed the oft-mentioned 18-inch print of a man's left foot which is said to have been in the garden—some say the cornerstone—of a hospital in Cleburne, Texas. (The hospital is now gone and the legendary track has vanished along with

a number of dinosaur tracks that had been the property of Dr. C. C. Cook.)

Ryals told Stanley E. Taylor, producer of *Films for Christ,* how one might distinguish a bogus fossil track from the genuine article: "First, the pressure of the foot usually pushes up a ridge of mud around the outside of the track. Second, if the track is broken open or sawed, pressure lines can be found beneath the surface. . . . Furthermore . . . when the tracks were chiseled out of the riverbed, the workman was usually very careful to do his chiseling a good distance from the track for fear of damaging it. This resulted in a rather wide circle of the limestone surrounding the footprint."

There were other serious Glen Rose residents who testified as to genuine human footprints in the bed of the Paluxy River. One man told of finding a series of tracks in which what appeared to have been a leather thong on one moccasin flopped in the mud as its wearer strode about his business. Ryals said he had seen tracks of men both barefooted and shod in some kind of footwear.

To explain such "unconformities," Dr. Wilbur Greely Burroughs posits a theory, which is more cautious than stating that men were strolling Paleozoic beaches: If "an unconformity is ever found associated with a stratum of rocks" it should be considered to be of a more recent date. In other words, the fossilized man-tracks could have been impressed in a gap in the older layer of rock-forming sediment, which then became filled in with sediment from a later period. Thousands of years later, the newer sediment with its fossils and artifacts would appear to be part of the earlier rock strata.

But in *Pursuit* (Vol. 3, No. 4, October, 1970, the journal for the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained), Ivan T. Sanderson emphasized that the vast majority of these impressions "were not discovered 'on the top of' or 'outside of' slabs of either sedimentary strata, or on on-sedimentary boulders. . . . These human-type imprints . . . came to light when the rocks were being quarried, and they were found on the surfaces of laminae [layers] 'inside' said stratified deposits—and in some cases, dozens of feet below the present surface and hundreds of

yards back into the quarries. [If these footprints are hoaxes] how did the funsters get them into solid rock a hundred feet down and a hundred feet in from a quarry face; and then arrange for some fellow to split just the right two laminae apart—in the presence of witnesses, mind you—to disclose the hilarious fake. Come on, skeptics; can't you do better than that?"

3

THE DEATH OF A WORLD BEFORE OUR OWN

In a very scholarly and objective article entitled "Human Footprints in Rocks," (*Creation Research Society Quarterly*, March, 1971) Wilbert H. Rush, Sr., professor of biology at Concordia College, Ann Arbor, Michigan, posits three basic categories of evidence for human footprints in rock layers. Dr. Rush states that there are examples of footprints having been drawn or carved by various human beings in the past and that there are other types of specimens that fall into an open, unresolved category. But the main thrust of his article is directed toward the findings that indicate "there really are undisputed human footprints preserved in rock."

Science Newsletter, October 29, 1938, admitted that such fossilized footprints constituted a riddle for which modern science had no answer. In an overview of the enigma of apparent man-tracks in Carboniferous sandstone, the staff paleontologist commented:

> [The footprints] are the right size to be human—nine or ten inches in length—and they are almost the right shape. . . . If the big toes were only a little bigger, and if the little toes didn't stick out nearly at a right angle to the axis of the foot, the tracks could easily pass for those of a man. But the boldest estimate of human presence on earth is only a million years—and these tracks are 250 times that old!
>
> The highest known forms of life in the Coal Age were amphibians, animals related to frogs, and sala-

manders. If this was an amphibian, it must have been a giant of its kind.

A further puzzling fact is the absence of any tracks of front feet. The tracks, apparently all of the hind feet of biped animals, are turned in all kinds of random directions. . . .

So the riddle stands. A quarter of a billion years ago, this Whats-it That Walked Like a Man left footprints on widely scattered sands that time hardened into rock. Then he vanished. And now scientists are scratching their heads.

The whole enigma would be nicely resolved if a digging site were to produce the broken, flattened fossil *bones* of some tailless, upright-walking amphibian that stood about six feet tall and trod the soft earth with a foot that boasted a heel and five toes—and perhaps even sandals.

There must be one or more fossil animals about which science as yet knows nothing. Maybe the evolutionists have been looking up the wrong tree when they conduct their endless search for the Missing Link. Is it impossible to consider a giant, toadlike amphibian emerging from the Paleozoic swamps and pressing a foot that bore a heel and five toes on the mud and sand? An intelligent species of amphibian would be remarkably effective creatures. They could have the best of two worlds, land and sea. They could hibernate for long periods of time, whenever necessary; and, of course, they would be naturally long-lived.

To carry our amphibious fantasy a bit further, it would have been no real trick for them to have survived into the Age of Reptiles, thereby becoming responsible for those mysterious footprints in the same strata as the dinosaur tracks. The shoes? Well, if there is anything at all to evolution, the amphibians would by that time have developed a rather advanced civilization—one that would have run its course by the time an intelligent species of mammal was prepared to assume stage center.

These footprints were made more than 250 million years ago. That is a great deal of time for trial and error, but also an enormous stretch of time for other kinds of intelligent species to flower and die.

But our fanciful bit of speculation still does nothing to explain that 600-million-year-old track with the trilobite embedded in the heel.

In "The Carboniferous Mystery" (*Scientific American,* January, 1940) Albert G. Ingalls admitted, "If man, or even his ape ancestor, or even that ape ancestor's early mammalian ancestor, existed as far back as in the Carboniferous Period in any shape, then the whole science of geology is so completely wrong that all the geologists will resign their jobs and take up truck driving." Ingalls is quick to concede, however, that science has a long and splendid history of reversing some of its most cherished and seemingly well-established theories; and he presents a delightful simile of science being "like the streets of New York: it is never finished, and is always being torn up, often in a major way."

The *Bible–Science Newsletter* for April 15, 1971, quotes Dr. A. E. Wilder Smith of the University of Illinois:

> One authentic man track found in the same stratum as one authentic brontosaurus track throws out 100 million years of evolutionary teachings. As they reckon with some 500 million years for all life development, this represents 20 percent, which is quite considerable. It makes hay of the index fossil method of dating on which so much theory is based. . . . One dinosaur or brontosaurus track found *in situ* with one human footprint is sufficient to bring the whole Darwinistic theory down and revolutionize all biology today.

As Dr. Clifford Burdick stated:

> If these [fossilized footprints] are verified as human tracks, the discovery . . . will practically collapse the geologic columns, and the only plausible explanation to fit the evidence will be the *Genesis* explanation that the Creator made the various forms of life during Creation Week. Since then some have become extinct, and others have through radically altered ecol-

ogy varied by adaptive radiation within the limits of the kind.

Together with four others—Professor Joseph Young of the Gem State Academy at Caldwell, Idaho; Young's brother-in-law, Jerry Loop, a student at Walla Walla, Washington; John Read, an engineer from Northridge, California; and William Meister—Dr. Burdick found another imprint of a foot shod in either a shoe or a moccasin and another print of a child's bare foot. Dr. Burdick does present a solid point that cannot simply be brushed away:

> These tracks, with human appearance, were preserved in rock, hundreds of feet below the surface of the ground, as if at or near the beginning of some great catastrophic, earth-shaking event that buried many forms of life all together, some marine and some nonmarine. This mixing of fossil types is very common all over the world. This could very well have happened at the time of the Great Flood, at the time of Noah, described in the Book of Genesis.

The Creationists, of course, do not believe for one moment that the Great Flood that launched Noah's crowded menagerie took place 600 million years ago. The Great Flood, according to the Creationist's time-table, took place about 2400 B.C.

In the Creationist view, the time before the Great Deluge was one in which a wide variety of creatures—trilobites, dinosaurs, man, and everything in between—lived in the environment for which they were best fitted. When the great catstrophe of the global flood occurred, all life was destroyed—except for Noah and the chosen animal life—and the various currents of the cascading waters transported the corpses of the great and small and buried them together. Indeed, the Bible says "there were giants in the earth in those days"—and that passage seems bolstered by the sheer *size* of some of these tracks.

The *American Anthropologist* (Vol. IX, 1896) describes the imprint of a human foot, *14½* inches long, which was

found four miles north of Parkersburg on the West Virginia side of the Ohio River.

On about the first of the year in 1927, Albert E. Knapp found what appeared to be the fossilized imprint of a shoe sole in limestone of the Triassic period near Fisher Canyon in Pershing County, Nevada. A geologist of the Rockefeller Foundation in New York verified Knapp's assessment of the specimen as unquestionably Triassic limestone. Moreover, microphotographs made of the fossil appear to show very distinctly that the imprint was that of a well-made piece of leather that had been stitched by hand. At one place the thread (which was smaller than that used by shoemakers *circa* 1927) was seen to be double-stitched.

In keeping with the Biblical pronouncement, a U.S. Department of the Interior booklet, *The Story of the Great White Sands,* carries the following account:

> In the fall of 1932 Ellis Wright, a government trapper, reported that he had found human tracks of unbelievable size imprinted in the gypsum rock on the west side of White Sands [New Mexico]. At his suggestion a party was made up to investigate. Mr. Wright served as guide, O. Fred Arthur, Supervisor of the Lincoln National Forest, Edgar Cadwalader and one of his sons from Mountain Park, and the writer made up the party. As Mr. Wright had reported, there were 13 human tracks crossing a narrow swag. . . . Each track was approximately 22 inches long and from 8 to 10 inches wide. It was the consensus . . . that the tracks were made by a human being, for the print was perfect and even the instep plainly marked. . . .

On May 25, 1969, the *Tulsa Sunday World* carried an article describing large fossilized footprints found by Troy Johnson, a North American Rockwell liaison engineer. Just a few miles beyond Tulsa's eastern city limits, Johnson removed earth, roots, and stone from an outcropping of sandstone to reveal animal prints—many of which he could not identify—and some distinctive five-toed human-like footprints.

More than a weekend dabbler in archaeology, Johnson had more than thirteen years experience in study and field work for, among others, the University of Oklahoma and the University of Arkansas. At the time of his startling discovery he had also presented papers on his finds to archaeological associations. His training told him that the high hilltop on which he found the prints had once been a sandy beach. What better place for a human being to leave his footprints in the "sands of time"?

But Troy Johnson knew what kind of a reception the enormous humanoid footprints would receive from the academic boys. Those prehistoric men whom orthodox science recognizes as having once lived in Oklahoma have been judged considerably smaller in stature than modern man, hardly capable of impressing such huge prints in the beach of a forgotten inland sea. Nevertheless, Johnson went ahead and made a plaster cast of the portion of the sandstone surface that contained the prints. Without exception, each of the recognized authorities and scholars to whom Johnson showed his plaster casts voiced the firm verdict "impossible." Soon there were uncharitable whispers about the possibility of an archaeological hoax.

C. H. McKennon of the *Tulsa Sunday World* presented Troy Johnson's quiet arguments in favor of the footprints' authenticity:

> The chunk of sandstone containing the big prints is a massive weight of an estimated 15 tons, which rules out the possibility of someone transporting it to the top of the hill. Also, the stone is of the same strata as other specimen of sandstone dotting the hilltop, indicating there was a monumental "uplift" of the earth's crust ages ago. . . .
>
> Johnson points out that the prints had been covered with earth for a long, long time, perhaps centuries. Further, the odd "overlays" on several of the smaller prints aid in the discounting of a hoax possibility.

Creationists would argue that these are not the footprints of extraterrestrial visitors, nor of giants from the future sent back via time machine to explore the primeval earth.

They would say, rather, that these tracks are just what they appear to be—the prints of giants who did not have the foresight to book passage with Noah.

As far as the stratification of geologic layers and the various fossils found therein, Dr. Henry M. Morris provides the Creationist answer in his *The Bible and Modern Science:*

> Such a flood would necessarily tend to affect first and bury lowest the creatures inhabiting the deep ocean . . . then the waters and disturbed sediments would overtake the amphibious and land-bordering creatures. Above these would be buried swamp, marsh, and low river-flat creatures, including especially reptiles. Higher mammals would usually be able to retreat from the rising waters to some extent, but also would be eventually drowned and perhaps buried in the sediments. Finally man, the chief object of the waters, would be overtaken and carried under. . . . Thus the flood would in general have tended to form just such strata, and in just the order as the geologic age scale purports to represent.

Dr. Morris notes that the retreating floodwaters might have reworked and redeposited some of the strata, and that the sorting action of the moving water would naturally separate both organic and inorganic particles into collections of similar sizes and shapes. "Also," he states, "the rapidity of settling and deposition of particular fossils would be at least partially controlled by their specific gravity. The usually more dense marine organisms would therefore tend to settle first, then amphibia, mammals, etc."

There are other theories, which will be examined later in this book, that also account for that poor squashed trilobite in the fossilized sandal print. But for now it must be emhasized that the Creationists have a point when they argue with the standard geologic theories of fossilization. Let's reexamine another of those man-tracks more carefully.

The book *Giant of the Sierras* by Dr. Emerson Hartman contains a reproduction of a sketch purportedly made by a

ranger in 1921 of human footprints and dinosaur tracks. "The accuracy of this sketch is confirmed by the photograph he took, which shows the left foot track of the man and also shadow outlines of the dinosaur tracks," Dr. Hartman writes. In a footnote he adds that Benjamin Franklin Allen, founder of the Deluge Geological Society of Los Angeles, claims to have seen the same tracks. According to Allen's testimony, the tracks were not only perfectly preserved, "as if made in soft concrete *which quickly hardened,* but also from the same stratum were taken tracks of a lizard, a bird, and other small animals, *all as perfect as the moment they were made* [emphasis added]."

The question is, *how* did those tracks remain on that primordial beach long enough to become fossils? Why didn't other creatures stamp out the tracks? And surely the next good rain—or tide—would have washed them away.

The majority of contemporary geologists subscribe to the theory called "uniformitarianism," which maintains that once the laws of Nature were set in motion, the aeons progressed in a smooth, orderly fashion, without interruption. If the uniformitarianists are correct, it seems impossible that *something* would not have messed up those creatures' tracks in the hundreds of years it would have taken for them to turn to stone. In order for those tracks to have become fossilized, they had to be covered and protected in some way. A sudden catastrophe (and if you have ever observed the activity at the edge of an alligator pond, it would have to have been *very* sudden) would be as one of the most effective means of rapidly covering an impressed area of ground.

In his *Prehistory and Earth Models,* Dr. Melvin Cook points out that "sudden burial has a higher probability of yielding fossils than any uniformitarianistic model, because it removes the specimen from exposure to weathering. Not only the organic, but even the hard parts of animals tend to disappear in a relatively short time when exposed at the surface. Under ordinary conditions decay and weathering processes proceed more rapidly than sedimentation, and fossilization is then most unfavorable."

On the other hand, Dr. Cook goes on, catastrophes actual-

ly present favorable circumstances for fossilization. Such upheavels increase the chances of burial and bring about favorable conditions such as "the increased possibility for burial under antiseptic conditions, hydrothermal activity, dehydrating conditions, mummifying conditions."

It is his opinion that the very fossil records bear out the "catastrophic mechanism of fossilization." He illustrates his point by mentioning the remarkable finds of "bone piles" and large concentrations of fossil remains "as evidence for disaster-like extinguishing of many animals at once." Fossil deposits are quite often found in such bunches, Dr. Cook says, "and there is ample evidence in many cases for drastic distortion of the fossil remains under great mechanical stress, probably while the skeleton was still sufficiently new and ductile to permit such distortions."

It is Dr. Cook's contention that *only* sudden change can explain fossil tracks and trails. "Ordinarily, such tracks would be expected to fill in within a few hours, days, or weeks, unless suddenly removed from the environment in which they were made. Instead, they are sometimes perfectly preserved in remarkable locations. A fossil track or trail should, in other words, be viewed as the result of a drastic departure from uniformitarianism."

Dr. Cook considers it a great paradox that "while the fossil record is considered to be one of the most compelling arguments in favor of the evolution of the species, there is every reason to believe that fossilization itself is critically dependent upon catastrophism."

Catastrophism has been given an extraterrestrial emphasis, *sans* God, by Immanuel Velikovsky, who theorizes that the parting of the Red Sea, the Great Deluge, and the day Joshua stopped the sun were all caused by Venus repeatedly coming near Earth as it settled into its present orbit after having broken away from Jupiter. In his *Earth in Upheaval,* Velikovsky notes that millions of buffalo have died natural deaths on the prairies of the West in the 400 years of expansionism in America. *None* of these bones have become fossils in sedimentary rocks, and few remains have been found in any state of preservation. Why? "Their flesh has been eaten by scavangers or putre-

fied and disintegrated," Velikovsky answers. "Their bones and teeth resisted for a while the decaying process, but finally weathered and crumbled to powder."

The same natural process of scavengers and decay exists in the waters, Velikovsky continues. How then shall the evolutionist explain the fossil fish found in sedimentary rock in such a state of preservation that all their bones are still intact? Entire shoals of fossilized fish have been found over large areas, numbering in billions of specimens, in what would appear to be a state of agony but "with no mark of a scavenger's attack."

Velikovsky goes on to comment in regard to fossilized footprints: "If we do not find the hoofprints of cattle that passed along a path the season before, how is it that the toe imprints of animals or prediluvial times remain intact in the mud on which they walked?"

The only explanation, as Velikovsky sees it, is that in some manner the soft earth must have been protected so that it could harden before any changes could be impressed onto its surface. A catastrophe with its violent displacement of earth and water, driving sand, volcanic ash, crushing floods —and perhaps sudden sub-zero temperatures—affords the best answer to instant covering.

The paradox here is that the very catastrophe that preserved a species in our fossil record may have been sufficient to exterminate it completely! This might explain why those creatures most commonly represented as fossils, including trilobites, no longer survive on Earth today. In this perspective, the booted Something that squashed that trilobite may have taken only a few more steps before a natural cataclysm wiped him out—along with whatever civilization he had managed to attain.

But if the buffalo of the past 400 years have left no fossils, it seems logical that other lifeforms may have lived and died peacefully, leaving no record behind. As Dr. Cook points out, although hundreds of thousands of fossils have been collected and studied, this number can only represent a small fraction of the untold millions of organisms that have lived since life originated. And indeed, the "official" fossil record does not flow smoothly. Rather, it moves in fits and starts, and keeps turning up isolated items that do

not fit. One example: In November, 1972, Richard Leakey discovered a fragmented skull near Lake Rudolf in Kenya, estimated at 2.5 million years old and "almost certainly the oldest complete skull of early man." Leakey said that while the skull appeared different from that of *Homo sapiens*, it was also different from "all other known forms of early man and thus does not fit into any of the presently held theories of human evolution."

If man existed 2.5 million years ago, could he have also built a civilization—a civilization that was destroyed in the cataclysm that "preserved" this single skull?

4

"THE UNITED STATES OF IYNKICIDU"

"There *were* civilizations like ours that were destroyed!" Immanuel Velikovsky emphatically answered an interview question put to him by *Science & Mechanics* magazine (July, 1968).

> There's no question *whatever* of this. We see that the so-called Old Bronze Civilization of ancient Egypt was destroyed in universal catastrophes; the Middle Kingdoms were destroyed in catastrophes. Civilization at that time had risen to great heights, where events similar to those of today had *previously* occurred. These civilizations are now buried so deeply within the lower strata of the Earth that we simply do not have archaeological evidence of their existence. But we have *abundant* references in literature—even in rabbinical literature—that many times . . . *before* this present Earth Age existed, in fact several times the *same* Earth was created—then it was leveled and *re*created; all civilizations were buried. This was long, long *before* the time of the Biblical character, Adam.
>
> . . . By far the vast majority of ancient texts deal specifically with the phenomenon of catastrophism. . . . In the Old Testament we read of geological disturbances in which a mountain melts like wax, the sea being torn apart or erupting on the land, and cosmic debris bombarding the people, and the ocean parting to show the foundations of Earth—and we say all these things are metaphors! This is our inability to see, our inability to remember what actually occurred—

and this is what makes it appear to me that mankind is a victim of collective amnesia. As such a victim, he likes to play with atomic weapons; it looks as though he actively seeks, with thermonuclear weapons, to repeat the events that took place! The victim of amnesia who has undergone a traumatic experience seems to want to relive those experiences again.

According to what John Keel told me in an interview:

> We know that there is now much archaeological evidence that our planet has sustained large civilizations in the distant past. These civilizations vanished abruptly or were destroyed by some great natural calamity. . . . Is this whole process cyclical?
>
> We know almost nothing of what happened before the 5,000 to 7,000 years of man's history. It is possible that many great civilizations rose and fell during the at least three billion years that the Earth has existed.

It's more than *possible*. Some of the most bizarre and unthinkable archaeological discoveries have been made on this continent, and the very existence of these "erratics" may well indicate that a forgotten civilization of highly advanced technology once existed within the perimeters of North America.

In November, 1829, in a quarry twelve miles northwest of Philadelphia, a block of marble taken from a depth of between sixty and seventy feet was found to bear an indentation containing the raised alphabet characters "I" and "U." According to a report prepared by J. B. Browne (*American Journal of Science* Vol. 1, #19, p. 361): "Fortunately several of the most respectable gentlemen residing in Norristown were called upon to witness this remarkable phenomenon, without whose testimony it might have been difficult, if not impossible, to have satisfied the public, that an imposition had not been practised by cutting the indentation and carving the letters after the slab was cut off."

In all frankness, Browne does not call the characters "I" and "U"; he calls them simply "characters" and "letters," and the illustration in the *American Journal of Science* pic-

tures the two raised characters upside down. This also creates an interesting effect. With the "U" resting on its legs instead of on its curve, the character becomes a dolmen. The "I" becomes a towering monolith to its right. It is almost as if some ancient hand had previously designated that the marble slabs should be used as tombstones and grave markers.

In November, 1832, Charles C. Jones, Jr., discovered two silver crosses in a grave-mound at Coosawattee Old Town in Murray County, Georgia. Indian relics were also found in the burial mound, so those who had disinterred the grave opined that the crosses had come to the Cherokee Indians during the expeditions of Hernando de Soto or Luis de Velasco.

The Spaniards traveled with clerics, Jones reasoned, and those same priests spent a good share of their time trying to convert the aborigines whom they encountered along their route of exploration. Therefore it would not be unreasonable to assume that the good fathers handed out a large number of crucifixes along the way.

The crosses are not crucifixes, however. The arms are of equal length, and each arm bears a circular design, some of which remind me of the doodling I used to do with my compass in geometry class. Nearly all of the designs are at least vaguely crosslike in representation, especially the ones in the center. The backs of the crosses also bear circular designs, but they are all different from the frontal representations, and each design is different from the other. One of the crosses carries two drawings—one on the front, one on the back—that are not simply variations on geometric cross designs. The top representation on one side is of an owl; the other side bears the head of a horse. This convinced Jones that the crosses had to have come from exploring Spaniards, because the animal that won the West was unknown to this continent in historic times until the advent of the European. (According to copious fossil evidence, however, the horse was not unknown to this continent in *prehistoric* times.)

Another argument in support of the proselytizing priests having distributed the crosses is the fact that across the face of one of the crosses is the word/name *Iynkicidu,* imprinted

in the alphabet so familiar to all those who learn to read and write in the Western world. The "c" and the "d" are backward, but this is easily explained, according to Jones, who wrote his report for the Smithsonian Institution. It is obvious that some semiliterate Amerindian carved the name of his tribe on the face of the cross.

But I never heard of any tribe of Amerindians named the Iynkicidus, nor any tribe even phonetically similar. If one pronounces the name INK-a-ci-DOO, he might hear "Kickapoo." However, the Kickapoos were first visited by the French in 1667, and they lived near the portage of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers in Wisconsin. Spell the name backward—to satisfy those who might be thinking it was meant to be read that way—and we have *Udiciknyi*, which offers even fewer possibilties. Is *Iynkicidu* a Latin or a Spanish word? It seems unlikely, unless a semi-literate silversmith or priest engraved a corruption of the name of a person, place, or thing on the cross.

If the designs on the crosses are reminiscent of any culture, it would be that of the Pennsylvania Dutch, for the encircled geometrical representations resemble hex signs as much as anything else with which I am familiar. But rather than attempting to fit the crosses within the artistic or religious structure of any known culture, should we at least entertain the possibility that they may be artifacts from an unknown civilization that once flourished on the North American continent? A civilization that we might christen "The United States of Iynkicidu."

In a report dated January 5, 1843, (*American Pioneer*, Vol. 2, p. 169), a gentleman whose reproduced signature appears to be "Jos. D. Comming" told of finding an ancient coin near the banks of the Connecticut River:

> The coin is of copper, apparently, and its thickness is about half that of our cent, although much corroded by the tooth of time. . . . On comparing this coin with some dozens of foreign coins, both ancient and modern, now in my possession, I find it wholly different, both in its characters and in its execution; and I fear, unless you, or some one of your antiquarian readers, are able to decipher its hieroglyphics, it will

remain wrapped in mystery, with other unaccountable things in the history of our continent, which are continually being revealed in the progress of time.

The coins appear to be Arabic on at least one side, and I can appreciate Comming being inspired to write his "Lines to the Ancient Coin," reproduced in part:

> Who knows, but that the Hebrew dame,
> Back in our Saviour's day,
> Cast thee, the half of all her weatlh,
> Into the treasury?
>
> Who knows, but that thou once did swell
> Old Croesus' precious store,
> Who knows but that some mummy, now,
> Has turned thee o'er and o'er?

The poem ends with the question being raised that the coin might have been minted in North America, and its very existence might demonstrate that "our shores are *old* enough."

In its June, 1851, issue the *Scientific American* reprinted an item from the *Boston Transcript* about a metallic vessel that was blown out of an "immense mass of rock" when workmen were blasting on Meeting House Hill in Dorchester:

> On putting the two parts together it formed a bell-shaped vessel, 4½ inches high, 6½ inches at the base, 2½ inches at the top, and about an eighth of an inch in thickness. The body of this vessel resembles zinc in color, or a composition metal, in which there is a considerable portion of silver. On the sides there are six figures of a flower, or bouquet, beautifully inlaid with pure silver, and around the lower part of the vessel a vine, or wreath, inlaid also with silver. The chasing, carving, and inlaying are exquitely done by the art of some cunning workman. This curious and unknown vessel was blown out of the solid pudding stone, fifteen feet below the surface. . . . Dr. J. V. C. Smith, who

> has recently travelled in the East, and examined hundreds of curious domestic utensils . . . has never seen anything resembling this. . . . There is no doubt but that this curiosity was blown out of the rock. . . .

Americans have fallen for P. T. Barnum antics just once too often. But if the whole affair was some kind of hoax, of course, the hoaxster did take a few chances: 1) The vessel might never have been found in all the debris. 2) The vessel might simply have been blasted into fragments too small to locate. 3) The hoaxster himself might have been blasted into fragments. 4) His wife might have blasted him for having destroyed their most expensive possession for the sake of a joke.

And if it were all a hoax, who profited from it? Indeed, who has *ever* profited from any of these mind-boggling discoveries?

The Morrisonville, Illinois, *Times,* December 24, 1851, reprinted an item from the *Springfield Republican* titled "A Nut for Geologists":

> Hiram de Witt, of this town, who has recently returned from California, brought with him a piece of auriferous quartz rock, of about the size of a man's fist. On Thanksgiving Day it was brought out for exhibition to a friend, when it accidentally dropped upon the floor and split open. Near the center of the mass was discovered, firmly embedded in the quartz and slightly corroded, a cut-iron nail, of the size of a six-penny nail. It was entirely straight and had a perfect head. By whom was this nail made? At what period was it planted in the yet uncrystallized quartz? How came it in California? If the head of that nail could talk, we should know something more of American history than we are ever likely to know.

In a letter dated December 5, 1879, a Mr. Hannibal Fox of Milton, Sullivan County, Missouri, wrote to *The American Antiquarian* (Vol. 3, 6. 336) regarding his discovery of a silver and iron mask, which he had uncovered while plowing a field. The publication commented that "melt-

ing iron and silver in a crucible, and preparing a matrix by placing clay over the face after death, and pouring the metal so that the vessel tipped, do not seem to be operations which are usual among the aborigines, or, as far as we know, even among the Mound Builders."

The Scientific American for July 22, 1882, tells of a curious find of "Pre-Indian Relics from Virginia":

> The objects [found between the ranges of the Blue and Allegheny mountains, near Mount Pisgah, North Carolina] are said to be of a type absolutely unique, consisting partly of human, partly of animal figures, either in the round or in various degrees of relief. Some are household utensils. They appear to have been sculptured by metal instruments, so perfect is their workmanship.

The correspondent for *Scientific American* comments further that the human figures were not fashioned in the likenesses of Amerindians, and that the images were fully clothed in tight-fitting garments. Some of the figurines were represented as seated in armchairs; others were astraddle a most remarkable variety of animals—bears, prairie dogs, birds.

An imaginative artisan at work, one may comment comfortably. But then comes the zinger: Some of the riders are seated upon two-humped camels, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses. Either our artisan observed such African animals for himself, saw representations of such animals, or he was more than imaginative, he was clairvoyant.

The *Scientific American* hazards a theory that "the articles were made by an earlier and more civilized race, subjugated and partially destroyed by the Indians found in Virginia on the arrival of the white men." However, the specimens of the Old World animals were "obviously" made by a white man, the report concludes without further explanation.

We are left with the image of some frontiersman coming upon a cache of remarkable figurines that some "earlier more civilized race" left hidden in the Allegheny Mountains. He pauses, admires them, then becomes so moved by

their craftsmanship that he sits down and uses his hunting knife and axe to chip out of some nearby stone his own impressions of men riding African creatures. His work done, he adds his own *objets d'art* to the cache, then walks on his way, never to mention to anyone the trove of ancient figurines or his own craftsmanship.

On Tuesday, June 9, 1891, Mrs. S. W. Culp broke a lump of coal preparatory to placing it in the scuttle, an act she had performed thousands of times. The artifact that fell out of the lump was most singular. "At first," according to the Morrisonville, Illinois, *Times* of June 11, 1891, "Mrs. Culp thought the chain had been dropped accidentally in the coal, but as she undertook to lift the chain up, the idea of its having been recently dropped was at once made fallacious, for as the lump of coal broke, it separated almost in the middle, and the circular position of the chain placed the two ends near to each other; and as the lump separated, the middle of the chain became loosened while each end remained fastened to the coal. This is a study for the students of archaeology who love to puzzle their brains out over the geological construction of the Earth from whose ancient depth the curious is always dropping out." Coal, of course, dates from the Carboniferous era—when something was leaving tracks in Pennsylvanian sand.

In the *Creation Research Society Quarterly* (March, 1971), Wilbert H. Rusch, Sr., Professor of Biology, Concordia College, Ann Arbor, Michigan, quoted a letter a colleague had received from a Frank J. Kenwood, who said that he had been a fireman in the Municipal Electric Plant in Thomas, Oklahoma, in 1912, when he split a large piece of coal and discovered an iron pot encased within.

"This iron pot fell from the center, leaving the impression or mould of the pot in the piece of coal," Kenwood wrote. "I traced the source of the coal, and found that it came from the Wilburton, Oklahoma, mines."

It is difficult to place the age of such items as coins, chains, silver masks, and iron pots. The radiocarbon-14 method of determining age can only be applied to organic materials, such as bone, wood, coal, and textiles.

On September 13, 1924, near Tucson, Arizona, Charles E. Manier found the first of what would prove to be a

series of unusual artifacts inscribed with what very nearly appears to be Latin. Among the twenty-seven artifacts are six crosses, nine swords or sword fragments, a spear-headed serpent cross, and a crescent cross. According to authorities, the language appears to be Latin of a style popular up to A.D. 900, and dates on some of the pieces bear out this supposition. But the Latin inscriptions attempt to record a kind of history of settlement and journal of exploration that makes no sense—and a few Hebrew words thrown in here and there add confusion rather than clarification.

Again, we are left desperately speculating in an attempt to explain bizarre hybrid artifacts:

1. The crosses and swords and their peculiar Latin inscriptions could be some incredible hoax.
2. A band of explorers, perhaps from the Mediterranean area with a knowledge of Christianity, Latin, and Hebrew, could somewhere, *circa* 800 A.D., have gotten themselves to the American Southwest, established a colony, recorded their history, and then proceeded to pass into obscurity. Some of the Hebrew words found jumbled in with the Latin are "Jehovah," "Peace," and "Mighty Empire." Did the explorers consider themselves part of a mighty empire, or did they find themselves confronted with the representatives of a mighty empire in the American Southwest?
3. The language is not Latin at all, but the language of the "United States of Iynkicidu," which is composed of the same characters and perhaps has a good many cognates because the civilization that existed hundreds of thousands of years ago on this continent was the culture that seeded the Mediterranean.

In March, 1964, Frank McNamara, Jr., digging in his cellar in South Boston in an earnest attempt to plug a leak, unearthed a sculptured, ten-pound stone head. The artwork shows the hair in short curls; the eyes slant downward and

are quite long; there is a rather primitive treatment of the ears.

This strange find in a South Boston basement has baffled some of the best archaeologists and anthropologists at Harvard and at a number of museums and schools. There is a consensus that the artifact is *not* the work of native Amerindians. But from that point, no one is certain whether the piece should be ascribed to the Near East, Western Asia, or Egypt. One authority ventured his opinion that the style of the primitive head would suggest the Near East of about 700 B.C. No one seems interested in speculating just how the artifact came to reside several feet below the earth in South Boston.

To deny that an occasional hoax has been attempted in the name of kookery or commercialism would be to deny the recognition of a bizarre and sometimes criminal element that some men harbor within their moral mechanisms. But an examination of the very manner in which the great majority of these erratics were discovered—and an even superficial assessment of the characters of the men and women who made the discoveries—would seem to preclude the question of hoaxing for either fun or profit. To the best of my knowledge, none of these finders set up a tent in his or her backyard and charged admission.

I am certain that many readers must be thinking, "If these remarkable artifacts truly exist, why haven't I read about them before?" I have asked the same question. But over the years, through extensive investigation and correspondence with such diligent researchers as Ron Calais of Lafayette, Louisiana, I have learned that in far too many instances the objects have been mislaid, inadvertently destroyed, carelessly placed in museum storerooms and forgotten, or conscientiously sent to the Smithsonian Institution, whereupon they were relegated to the limbo of some warehouse or storage room to await further examination. In all too many cases, further evaluation has never come.

In *The New York Times* of July 15, 1973, Ms. Felicia A. Holton described the archaeological dig on a farm in southern Illinois that has unearthed evidence of prehistoric man's presence in the lower Illinois River Valley for more than 8,000 years:

> This fact, when taken together with the remarkable bones and artifacts discovered in the Koster [Theodore Koster donated his farm to the archaeologists] cornfield, make [the site] one of the most important and fascinating archaeological sites to be discovered in North America in the past quarter century. To date, investigators have uncovered 15 distinct horizons (the archaeological term for strata bearing traces of human habitation each in an excellent state of preservation). . . . Such distinct separation of the records of prehistoric communities is exceedingly rare in North America. Accordingly, the group of scientists and students now trying to unravel the long history of the habitation of Koster are spurred on by the recognition that this site has perhaps the greatest potentiality of any yet found for bringing to light the story of prehistoric human existence in North America.

Why should orthodox archaeologists and anthropologists be so terribly excited by a site purported to be 8,000 years old when artifacts of far greater antiquity have been discovered? As explained to me by an archaeologist friend, it is because such a dig as that being conducted at the Koster site reveals several strata of a culture, with a variety of artifacts and edifices that will tell the investigator a great deal about *who* lived there. A coin, a sculptured head, a medallion are all isolated artifacts found independent of cultural cross-references. Any silver-inlaid metallic vessel sailing out from blasted rock fifteen feet underground must be set aside and ignored until a similar object is unearthed, complete with an ancient site to accompany it.

But, you may well argue, buildings, roads, and walls are not as impermanent as tracks in mud or sand. Surely rain would not have washed them away; surely there would be *some* trace aboveground if a previous civilization had existed. . . .

I entertained such doubts myself, until a New England friend reminded me that the landmasses of the globe have, in the past million years or so, undergone several ice ages. In a single ice age enormous glaciers creep down from the north, scouring, gouging, and pulverizing everything in

their path. *One* such glacier would have been enough to wipe out any trace of civilization. And we have had several. The problem, really, is that a glacier is not a cataclysm. It moves slowly, and thoroughly, and does not preserve what it destroys. It was the *sudden* eruption of Vesuvius that preserved Herculaneum and Pompeii. And so, if we seek evidence of an archaic civilization, it would make sense to work backwards, looking for it in places where an ancient culture might have been safely entombed by the forces of nature.

An estimated 2 million pounds of copper were mined on Isle Royale in Michigan by some unnamed prehistoric mining empire that had the means of transporting the metal out of the immediate area. Several bog-iron smelting furnaces have been found scattered over the southern half of Ohio. Farmers in that state occasionally turn up iron artifacts in their fields. Speculation as to the identity of the ancient workers in iron has included the Vikings, the mysterious Mound Builders, or a long-forgotten civilization that once existed in America. All that can be said with certainity at this time is that when the early settlers arrived in Ohio in the years 1790 to 1810, "they found no less than 100 abandoned hills crowned with stone fortifications. Some of these remain today at Fort Hill, Spruce Hill and Glenford Fort in Perry County. . . . Similar fortified hills may be seen at Hill Fort, Ga., and Manchester, Tenn. At the Manchester fort the first settlers found bricks and a short iron sword." In 1820 Caleb Atwater issued a report of a furnace surrounded by bricks in the central mound around which Circleville was built. With the furnace were what appeared to be a dagger and a plate, both of disintegrated iron.

In "New Light on Ohio's Ancient Iron Age" (*Fate*, April, 1972), Clyde Keeler writes that those pursuing the mystery have recently excavated a completely intact furnace: "After it was shut down it had been filled with bog marl lime. In it were a small square iron nail in a thin board, worked wood, iron slag, glazed stones and human bones. In a form molded on the working platform I found a 42½-pound bar of iron."

On December 17, 1869, the *Los Angeles News* printed an account of an inscribed slate wall that has been sup-

plied by a correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald,* writing from Wellsville, Ohio.

> Capt. Lacy of Hammondsville, Ohio, had some men engaged in making an entry into his coal bank, when a huge mass of coal fell down, disclosing a large, smooth slate wall, upon the surface of which were plainly carved several lines of hieroglyphics. No one has yet been able to tell in what language the words are written. The letters are raised; the first line contains 25. It is probably that they were cut in the coal while in its vegetable state and during its formation into coal. The matter from which the slate is formed filled the impression and became solid, for since the removal of the coal we find the letters upon the slate apparently reversed.

The men discovered the wall with its undecipherable hieroglyphics about 100 feet below the surface. If the letters were cut into the coal in its "vegetable state," as the anonymous journalist suggests, then we are once again back in the Carboniferous Systems, approximately 250 million years ago.

The Scientific American for January 14, 1886, carries a report from the Lexington, Kentucky, *Press* that tells of a massive stone wall unearthed by workmen quarrying rock one mile from town on the Frankfort pike:

> It had every appearance of having been built by human hands, the mortar seams and joints being very plain. Above it about ten feet of drift and twenty feet of rock had been removed by the workmen, and on the side exposed the men had advanced fully forty feet from where they first struck rock. Thus it was firmly embedded in a solid limestone quarry which certainly was formed about it since the wall was built. The face of the wall was well dressed, and its massive appearance gave evidence of the skill of hands perished long centuries ago, and could well be envied by the best of the stone masons of today.

In 1953 miners of the Lion coal mine of Wattis, Utah, broke into a network of tunnels between five and six feet in height and width, which contained coal of such vast antiquity that it had become weathered to a state of uselessness for any kind of burning or heat. A search outside the mountain in direct line with the tunnels revealed no sign of any entrance. Since the tunnels were discovered when the miners were working an eight-foot coal seam at 8,500 feet, the evidence is irrefutable that an undetermined someone conducted an ambitious mining project so far back in time that all exterior traces have been eroded away.

Professor John E. Willson of the Department of Engineering, University of Utah, was quoted in the February, 1954, issue of *Coal Age,* as stating: "Without a doubt, both drifts were man-made. Though no evidence was found at the outcrop, the tunnels apparently were driven some 450 feet from the outside to the point where the present workings broke into them. . . . There is no visible basis for dating the tunnels. . . ."

Jesse D. Jennings, professor of anthropology at the University of Utah, could offer no opinion as to the identity of the ancient miners, but he denied that the vast tunnels and coal mining rooms could have been the work of any Amerindian people. "In the first place," he commented, "such works would have required immediate and local need for coal. . . . because before the white man came, transport was by human cargo carriers. . . . As for local use, there was no reported extensive burning of coal by aboriginals in the region of the Wattis mine."

On November 5, 1967, Frank Tolbert, columnist for the *Dallas Morning News,* wrote about a buried city under Rockwall, Texas. According to Tolbert, the most long-lasting and persistent argument in Rockwall, the smallest county in Texas, was if 4 of its 147 square miles supported the great stone walls of an ancient fortification—some of which reached heights of forty-nine feet—or if, as most geologists insisted, the walls were but "nature's masonry in the shape of sandstone dikes."

Mr. Raymond B. Cameron had once told Tolbert that the walls of the mystery city were about eight inches thick and that the stones had been formed, or placed, on top of each

other with the ends breaking near the center of the stone above or below, just as a fine mason would build a wall. The stones gave the appearance of having been beveled around their edges, and the walls were too regular in appearance to have been formed by nature.

Cameron went on to say that there was a mortarlike substance between the stones. Then he dropped the biggest blockbuster of all: "Four large stones taken from wall segments appear to have been inscribed by some form of writing. This couldn't have been done by erosion, since the stones were underground."

Tolbert concluded his column by recalling the visit of a famous archaeologist, Count Byron Kuhn de Porok, to Dallas in the 1920's. "The count seemed to lean heavily on the theory that these were once the walls of an ancient city. He said the walls looked remarkably like those of buried cities he'd excavated in North Africa and the Middle East."

On June 27, 1969, workmen leveling a rock shelf at 122nd Street on the Broadway Extension between Edmond and Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, uncovered a rock formation that created a great deal of controversy among investigating authorities. To a layman, the site looked like an inlaid mosaic tile floor. It apparently looked very much like someone's floor to some of the experts as well. "I am sure this was man-made because the stones are placed in perfect sets of parallel lines which intersect to form a diamond shape, all pointing to the east," said Durwood Pate, an Oklahoma City geologist who studied the site. "We found post holes which measure a perfect two rods from the other two. The top of the stone is very smooth, and if you lift one of them, you will find it is very jagged, which indicates wear on the surface. Everything is too well placed to be a natural formation [*Edmond Booster,* July 3, 1969]."

Dr. Robert Bell, an archaeologist from the University of Oklahoma, expressed his opinion that the find was a natural formation. Dr. Bell said that he could see no evidence of any mortaring substance. But Pate, on the other hand, was able to distinguish some kind of mud between each stone.

Delbert Smith, a geologist, president of the Oklahoma

Seismograph Company, said the formation, which was discovered about three feet beneath the surface, appeared to cover several thousand square feet. The *Tulsa World* (June 29, 1969) quoted Smith as saying: "There is no question about it. It has been laid there, but I have no idea by whom."

Wesley Swanson of the Southern Union Production Company found a piece of stone that seemed to bear evidence of having been molded into a tool. Pate commented that the artifact appeared to be a primitive axe or some kind of gardening tool, and he expressed his wish that they might find a wooden implement or something organic so that they could apply radiocarbon dating techniques to determine the approximate age of the discovery.

In Pate's opinion the diamond-shaped stones formed a surface that had served as a floor for human shelter. He felt that the floor had been used over a long period of time, because the surface had been worn smooth. He was convinced that there may have been several shelters because of the size of the area in which the stone formations were located.

"The Mayan Indians of Central America used stone floors," Pate told the *Edmond Booster*. "The Plains Indians didn't, but it is possible they could have."

Although Durwood Pate would quite probably not be prepared to take the next giant step, is it possible that a long-forgotten village in our "United States of Iynkicidu" also used stone floors?

Since these buried cities and stone floors were discovered in Texas and Oklahoma, many readers have already begun to attribute them to Mayan or Aztec colonial expansion from Central America and Mexico. To approach the matter from another possibility, however, could not the residents of our "United States of Iynkicidu" have colonized south of the border? The empire builders of our forgotten nation may even have established outposts in North Africa and the Middle East, for whoever these forgotten people were, they were technologically more sophisticated than even the walls of these buried mystery cities would indicate.

5

AT LAST, ATLANTIS

Traditionally, Atlantis was a continent in the Atlantic Ocean. Shaken by a series of violent cataclysms, it sank below the surface of the waters—where, logically, glaciers and weather could not get at it.

Mankind appears to have regretted this loss; some years ago a public opinion poll found that the people in the United States would rank the discovery of Atlantis as a greater news story than the Second Coming of Christ. The majority of orthodox scientists evaluate the legends of Atlantis as having been but philosophysical parables told by Plato in order to provide a dramatic object lesson in civics for his students. But in the November, 1949, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine,* Dr. Maurice Ewing, professor of geology at Columbia University and leader of the National Geographic Society-Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution-Columbia expeditions to the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, reported finding two layers of sand—one 20,000 to 100,000 years old, the other 225,000 to 325,000 years old—that had once been located on a beach "at or near the surface of the sea." According to Dr. Ewing:

> Either the land must have sunk two to three miles, or the sea once must have been two to three miles lower than now.
>
> Either conclusion is startling. If the sea was once two miles lower, where could all the extra water have gone?
>
> . . . The grains of sand we found are well sorted into various sizes, with no large fragments. This fact

> suggests that there is a real beach, unless the sand was originally picked up from a beach by [floating ice], which is extremely unlikely.
>
> One of these sand deposits is 1,200 miles from land and so far south that it is improbable that ice could ever have carried sand that far before melting.

In 1956 an associate of the Riks Museum in Stockholm, Sweden, Dr. P. W. Kolbe, offered tangible evidence that there may well have been a landmass in the Atlantic. When he took a core sample at a depth of 12,000 feet in the tropical Atlantic, Dr. Kolbe found the tiny shells of freshwater diatoms, miniscule marine animals. The diatoms could only have been deposited in the sediment when it was part of a freshwater lake at a time when the present sea bottom was above sea level.

Then in 1968 international wire services carried the news that a noted Miami, Florida, archaeologist, Dr. J. Manson Valentine, had found the remains of an ancient temple off a Bahamian island. Dr. Valentine was quoted as saying that he had hopes the site might be a part of the ancient lost continent of Atlantis. Enthusiastic Edgar Cayce buffs were quick to point out that one of his more startling predictions had been that in 1968 and 1969 remains of Atlantis would begin to rise from the sea near the Bimini Islands. It would seem this prognostication had scored a direct hit—if this "temple" were truly Atlantean.

Not long ago the extremely busy but always gracious Dr. Manson Valentine granted me an interview regarding his much-publicized find and his plans for future expeditions:

I still have a copy of the teletype from August 23, 1968, in which you announce your "exciting and disturbing discovery of an ancient temple."

DR. J. MANSON VALENTINE: Well, adjust that just a bit. It could be a sacred site, but that was certainly not a temple, as far as we know. I had been surveying from the air and doing a little diving in the whole area of the Bimini chain, and I had found what I considered to be valid indication of human habitation and a designed artifactual pattern. We had found rectilineal arrangements, squares, rectangles, and

pathways, roadways—perfectly straight lines on the windward and the leeward sides of all the keys all the way down to Orange Key.

But you said that the structure duplicated the floor plan of the Mayan "Temple of the Turtles" at Uxmal in Yucatan.

Yes, it is exactly the same shape, same dimensions—100 feet by 60—and the east side is partitioned off, just as it is in the Temple of the Turtles. And the corners of the west side, particularly the southwest corner, is also partitioned off just as it is in the Yucatán temple.

Could these be Mayan sites?

Oh, no, I don't think they are Mayan. The Mayans were johnny-come-latelies, you know.

Even though the Temple of the Turtles has been attributed to the Mayans, are you suggesting that it may be pre-Mayan?

Well, these things are hereditary, you know. Whole metaphysical philosophies are carried down from generation to generation. The deeper you go into antiquity, the more universal become the philosophies. That is a very important point. . . .

But perhaps the more important find came on September 2, and that by accident. My associates and I had come in from deep diving a bit discouraged, so we thought we would just do a little relaxing on a reef close to shore. I went down, and there were all those rocks.

Were you able to tell that they were not of natural origin?

I figured it very strongly, and I kept the secret until January of the next year. Dimitri Rebikoff [a noted underwater explorer] did a very good job of photographing the area, and he made a mosaic of photographs indicating hundreds of linear feet, up to 800 feet of this artifact. Then it was discovered there was a beautiful curve, plus some rectilineal arrangements. There were very, very large stones, twenty feet across, propped up by pillars, like a dolmen [two or more large upright stones capped with a horizontal stone]. These, and several other features, put it out of the class of a natural phenomenon.

Have you found any artifacts other than the edifices?

Not yet. But we have some very amazing sites that look like cities over an extensive area of the ocean bottom. We

have subsequently discovered a very important site east of Bimini. There is a sort of dike there, a great dam of twenty-foot long blocks, concentric circles, and areas where the blocks are marked. I don't know what the meaning of this is exactly, but it actually looks like an ancient dam that could have impounded fresh water in a reservoir—and the relics of that reservoir still appear in the form of a great rectangle.

In addition, we have many "ghost patterns" [ecological reflections of what lie below] all over the Great Banks—rectangular shapes and others that simply cannot be explained as natural formations. We have added to this very materially in recent years, so that we have discovered at least fifty sites. One time coming up from Bogatá, from six miles up, we noticed tremendous artifacts. We have yet to rediscover them, but they are there. At one place there is a definite arrow-shaped construction that points to the northwest. We have also found a domicile that is white in contrast to the dark bottom. The other artifacts found have all been in reverse, but we don't know exactly what causes this.

Have you found anything that looks like any kind of writing?

We haven't been under the water long enough to do so, but we have found many symbolic figures. Off of New Providence we have found a series of symbols that could indicate this. They are enormous, perfectly formed ellipses, circles, and squares—and one very perfect angle in a row, as though it were all writing on a very, very large scale.

Infantry Captain John Alexander, currently based at Scofield Barracks, Honolulu, is the Silva Mind Control representative for Hawaii, and well known as a lecturer on precataclysmic civilizations. "For a long time there has been a premise that the military automatically stifles one's thinking," the boyishly handsome Captain Alexander smiled. "I must say that it has given me more time to do research. I have been around the world a couple of times. I have been in Special Forces—the Green Berets is my special field—and took advantage of my hitches in Vietnam to study Buddhism. Right now, the military is really interested in people expanding themselves."

As a Green Beret Underwater Demolition expert, Captain Alexander rates as an extremely experienced diver. Since he has personally explored and photographed the Bimini site, I was delighted when our mutual friend, Dr. Patricia Diegel, brought us together for an interview.

When did you do your diving?

CAPTAIN ALEXANDER: June of 1971. I am one of those guys who would rather go and try things for myself than read about someone else's expedition. But I do read a lot, and barring any other research I might have engaged in, just this site alone tends to indicate a precataclysmic civilization that had some degree of technology.

When you are diving and all of a sudden you run into a series of megaliths, there is no doubt in your mind that you are seeing something very different from ocean floor. Okay, we'll give Nature a square or two squares or three squares or whatever. But the number of geometrically perfect angles involved here precludes the possibility that this is some freak of nature, just rocks that happen to be lying there due to internal stresses in the ocean. Here we have 1,800 meters of rock after rock; and if these regular angles were caused by stress, then fissuring should have broken all the way through them. You can compare the size of some of these slabs when you see a diver next to them. Some weigh thousands of pounds, and they form very, very huge regular angles. Some run six to eight feet square in that particular site. Others are fifteen to forty feet long, and they look as though they have been inlaid into one another.

And yet you feel that you have seen but a small section of what must be a much larger city?

Oh, yes. I am a well-trained diver and I can swim a long way. I got down there and just swam as far as I could, and there were so many more things that I simply could not begin to see. Dr. Valentine says that this is one of a series of sites which we can trace all the way to the Yucatán and which also extend much farther north.

Are there any criticisms of the site put forth by the scientific community?

The most common is that the site is probably turtle pens. Sea turtles are quite a valuable commodity in the area, but

we are talking about someone moving untold tons of rocks just to keep turtles from straying. Some of the initial sites discovered might well have been turtle pens. Those were constructed of tiny rocks that could easily be moved with one's hands. But this site is simply too far from shore to make any kind of sense in the turtle-pen theory; and as you can see from the photos, these sites are made up of huge megaliths.

What is the composition of the stones?

Well, there are various types of stones in various sites. Dating and composition work have been done on some pillars, and I understand—"from a confidential and reliable source," I believe is the legal terminology—that the analysis came out as *pink marble.*

This particular kind of marble is mined in only three places today—Italy, Sicily and Crete. I hardly need point out that the site off Bimini is thousands of miles away from any of these areas, which leaves two possibilities: 1.) There was a technology capable of bringing this material to the site; or 2.) there was another quarry in another land that was above water at the time. Another theory was that ships in the fifteenth century or so had been using pink marble as ballast. When the ships sank, the wood rotted and the marble ballast remained. Well, this structure is 1,800 meters long, so that sailing vessel would have had to have been the size of an aircraft carrier!

Would you state without equivocation that the structures off Bimini are the remnants of a precataclysmic civilization?

Oh, yes, these artifacts far predate the Aztec or the Mayan civilization, as well. The area in which we found these artifacts has not been above water for at least 10,000 years.

Did you find any artifacts in addition to the structures?

No, and I don't think this is significant. I get asked that question quite frequently: "Well, where is the pottery and the trinkets?" You have to remember that we're talking about an area that has been subjected to the ocean water for 10,000 years. I don't think we have many things today that we could place in the ocean for 10,000 years and bring back as recoverable items which would be easily identified. We also think that there are some problems in

our carbon dating system. If we had cataclysms of a magnitude capable of destroying a continent, then with this catastrophe could have come radiational variations significant enough to actually change the radiocarbon dating system.

I divide my research into two separate parts. One is the geophysical, which we see here in the photographs—something tangible you can hold in your hand. The other aspect of my research is the psychical. I do hypnotic regression work, and I have come up with quite a bit of information on what we call Atlantis. If you wish to follow this information, it indicates that we are dealing with a number of very different types of civilizations which followed one another.

A lot of people tend to think of Atlantis as a lost island or city under the ocean, but we believe that it was a fairly massive continent. A great deal of work has been done linking Atlantis to the Minoan culture. I don't think this association is entirely satisfactory, but it may be part of the answer. We feel that the Atlanteans were advanced enough to be an expanding civilization with outposts. These outposts would be affected by the great cataclysm, of course, but not to the degree that the main continent was. We feel that some of the findings in Central Mexico and the Yucatán indicate that there was communication with Atlantis. There is so much universality of culture and cultural designs around the world that we feel the Atlantean influence was extremely far-reaching.

How advanced were they? Would you put their civilization about equal with our own?

I will go along with Edgar Cayce and some of the clairvoyants who say that the second civilization was the one that really reached an advanced state of technology. They certainly had the capability of heavier-than-air flight, subterranean areas with self-contained atmospheric conditions, and an energy source far beyond that which we have attained.

I think our civilization has overlooked some tremendous source of energy that is basically very simple. A lot of people tend to agree with this, and they say that the second sinking of Atlantis was due to runaway energy and a terrific implosion. This was also what we saw in one psychic reading.

We feel that the site that I have photographed here is probably from the third phase, which was technologically less advanced than some of the others. Edgar Cayce said the final sinking took place about 10,000 years ago. Dates are extremely hard to get psychically, but that is what I received too—about 10,000 to 12,000 years ago.

I asked Dr. Valentine a similar question: "Do you feel that this world before our own was on a par with our technology, or would it have been farther or less advanced?" Dr. Valentine said, "I think it was far beyond us."

6

TECHNOLOGICAL WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS

It should make sense that the further back you go, the more *primitive* the artifacts, of course. But even orthodox archaeologists are beginning to admit this is not always the case. *The New York Times* (November 18, 1973) reported "New Findings May Place Man in America 250,000 Years Ago."

> ". . . We have apparently found geological data that lead to a head-on confrontation with apparently sound archaeological data," said Dr. Roald Fryxwell of Washington State University. . . . Dr. Fryxwell and Dr. Harold E. Malde and Virginia Steen-McIntyre, both of the United States Geological Survey in Denver, told the annual meeting of the Geological Society of America . . . that they had found realtively sophisticated stone tools in an ancient Mexican stream bed. . . .
>
> The main problem . . . was that the tools were considerably more advanced than [those] used in Europe and Asia 250,000 years ago . . . the least sophisticated . . . were of a type used in the Old World 35,000 to 40,000 years ago.

Many pieces of scientifically respectable evidence suggest that the principles of twentieth-century technology were known long, long before A.D. 1900.

Gynecology was an unknown science until the latter half of the nineteenth century. Then, according to the October 20, 1900, issue of *Scientific American,* excavations at Pompeii revealed gynecology to be but a "re-invention in the

world of surgery." Instruments buried in the Temple of Vestal Virgins since the eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79 were found to demonstrate that "gynecology was a science flourishing in its perfection long before that date . . . in every instance the instruments are almost in the minutest particulars exact duplicates of those in use by the most approved modern science of today. . . . The workmanship is as fine as anything to be produced in this line in the twentieth century. The instruments are hand wrought, the screws as threadlike and capable of delicate manipulation as anything to be found in today's achievements."

The ancient Greeks built steam boilers that worked, but they used them only as gadgets and toys rather than as practical sources of power. On Easter Sunday, 1900, a Greek sponge diver off the isle of Antikythera brought up a misshapen bronze curiosity that, in 1958, would be recognized by Dr. Derek J. de Solla Price as a mechanism as amazing as "a jet plane in the tomb of King Tut."

The instrument, with its sophisticated assembly of gears and gear wheels, provided a precise model of the Earth, sun, moon, and planets and had probably been used to compute planetary orbits. "It is a bit frightening to know that just before the fall of their great civilization the ancient Greeks had come so close to our age, not only in their thought but also in their scientific technology," Dr. Price wrote (*Scientific American*, June, 1959).

The Wright brothers, two bicycle-shop hobbyists, stubbornly demonstrated power-driven, heavier-than-air flight after the scientists had proved mathematically that it could never occur. But in the ancient literature of the East, there are many allusions suggesting that the science of aviation was conceived in India as early as 500 B.C. The *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* are among the holy books and the works of the historical poets that mention both "flying carriages" and the use of aerial bombs.

Chinese myths tell of a legendary people, the Chi-Kung, who traveled in "aerial carriages." In *Records of the Scholars* it is recorded that the great Han Dynasty astronomer and engineer, Chang Heng, made a "wooden bird" with a mechanism in its belly that allowed it to fly nearly a mile. Propellers seem to be described in a book written

about 320 by Ko Hung, an alchemist and mystic: "Some have made flying cars with wood from the inner part of the jujube tree, using ox leather straps fastened to revolving blades so as to set the machine in motion. . . ." (*Wonders of Ancient Chinese Science,* Robert Silverburg)

Two thousand years ago the Nabateans, an Arab people, maintained six flourishing cities in Isarel's desolate Negev area. By utilizing an ingenious system of terraces and walls, these engineer-farmers managed to till the soil on an average rainfall of four inches a year. "The more one examines the Nabateans' elaborate systems, the more impressed he must be with the precision and scope of their work. . . . They anticipated and solved every problem in a manner which we can hardly improve upon today" (*Scientific American,* April, 1956).

Conservationists still labor to explain the rudiments of irrigation to farmers in areas struggling to retain fertile land. Some 3,000 years ago the ancient Persians discovered a method of digging underground aqueducts that would bring mountain groundwater to their arid plains. Still extant and functional, the system of irrigation provides 75 percent of the water used in Iran today (*Scientific American,* April, 1968).

Electric batteries were in use more than 2,000 years ago, long before Volta and Galvani. Dr. Wilhelm Koenig, a German archaeologist employed by the Iraq Museum in Baghdad, made the discovery in 1938 while conducting a dig at Khujut Rabu'a, not far to the southeast of Baghdad The electrochemical batteries had central cell elements that included ". . . a copper cylinder containing an iron rod that had been corroded as if by chemical action. The cylinder was soldered with a 60/40 lead-tin alloy, the same solder alloy we use today. The electrolyte . . . was thoroughly dried by time. . . . However, there were a number of usable chemicals around in those days that could have done the job. Willard F. M. Gray, an engineer at GE's Pittsfield, Mass., plant, constructed replicas of these cells, and used copper sulphate as an electrolyte" (*Popular Electronics,* July, 1964).

For centuries, sanitary conditions in Europe were deplorable. The casual treatment of human waste sustained

the horrible plagues that nearly decimated the continent on several occasions. But more than 5,000 years ago in the Tigris Valley near Baghdad, Tell Asmar had homes and temples with elaborate arrangements for sanitation. One excavated temple had six toilets and five bathrooms, with most of the plumbing equipment "connected to drains which discharged into a main sewer, one meter high and 50 meters long. . . . In tracing one drain, the investigators came upon a line of earthware pipes. One end of each section was about eight inches in diameter while the other end was reduced to seven inches, so that the pipes could be coupled into each other just as is done with drain pipes in the 20th Century (*Scientific American*, July, 1935).

Those who scoff at the thought that prehistoric man could accomplish anything more technological than rubbing two sticks together might consider the following item, which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune* on February 16, 1947 (repeated by Ivan T. Sanderson in *Pursuit*, January, 1970):

> When the first atomic bomb exploded in New Mexico, the desert sand turned to fused green glass. This fact, according to the magazine *Free World*, has given certain archaeologists a turn. They have been digging in the ancient Euphrates Valley and have uncovered a layer of agrarian culture 8000 years old, and and a layer of herdsman culture much older, and still older caveman [sic] culture. Recently, they reached another layer . . . of fused green glass. Think it over, brother.

Lightning may occasionally fuse sand, but when it does, the fusing occurs in a distinctive, rootlike pattern. Could anything other than a nuclear explosion produce an entire layer, a whole stratum of fused green glass?

On February 13, 1961, Mike Mikesell, Wallace A. Lane, and Virginia Maxey set out for the Coso Mountains six miles northeast of Olancha, California, with the hope of finding some semiprecious specimens for their LM & V Rockhounds Gem and Gift Shop. Instead, they found

what may be a clue to a precataclysmic world.

"We hiked about three miles north," Mrs. Maxey reported, "after we had parked some five miles east of State Highway 395, south of Olancha, California."

At first no one recognized the object as anything other than an ostensible geode. It was picked up along with a number of stones near the top of a peak approximately 4,300 feet in elevation and about 340 feet above the dry bed of nearby Owens Lake. "We don't know which one of us picked it up, but Mike was carrying the rock sack, and at lunch we put all our rocks together in his sack." At first the only thing remarkable about this one particular geode was that it had an encrustration of fossil shells and their fragments on it. Geologists agree that about 1,000 years ago, the level of Owens Lake rose to the point where the rockhounds were gathering their specimens, so even that encrustation of fossils on that particular stone was not all that unusual. But the next day, back in the workroom of the LM & V Rockhounds Gem and Gift Shop, Mike Mikesell ruined his nearly new ten-inch diamond saw blade when he cut the fossil-encrusted geode in half.

It may not have been so much that the rock was so hard to cut as the fact that this geode did not contain a cavity, as so many geodes do, but a perfectly circular section of a very hard material that appeared to be ceramic with a 2-millimeter shaft of bright metal in its center.

For the first time the rockhunters began to take a special interest in the strange rock. In addition to the fossil shell fragments, they noticed the crust of the geode contained two nonmagnetic metallic objects resembling a nail and a washer. The inner third of the crust seemed composed of a substance resembling petrified wood, but it was somewhat softer than agate or jasper. This layer was hexagonal and seemed to form a casing around the hard ceramic disk. The metal core of the disk responded to a magnet. In the opinion of Mike Mikesell, Virginia Maxey, and Wally Lane, there appeared to be some evidence that the ceramic core had been encased in copper, for a bit of the metal seemed intact while the rest had decomposed.

"The last time I saw the object, five years after it was

cut, the spot where Mike sawed through was still shiny, even though it has been exposed to the air all that time," Mrs. Maxey said.

What was Mrs. Maxey's opinion of the object within the rocks? "One possibility is that it is barely 100 years old—something that lay in a mud bed, then got baked and hardened by the sun in a matter of a few years." (However, Mrs. Maxey supplied the information that in the opinion of a trained geologist who examined the fossil shells encrusting it, the nodule had taken at least 500,000 years to attain its present form.) "Or else it is an instrument as old as legendary Mu or Atlantis. Perhaps it is a communications device or some sort of directional finder or some instrument made to utilize power principles we know nothing about."

When Ron Calais did the basic research on the Coso artifact for Vol. 1, No. 4 of the *INFO Journal*, editor Paul J. Willis accepted the challenge to come up with an idea of what the object might have been. After examining X-ray photos of the geode and doodling a bit with his pencil, Willis ventured his discovery that the hexagonal part reminded him of a spark plug.

"I was thunderstruck," his brother, Ron Willis, writes, "for suddenly all the parts seemed to fit. The object sliced in two shows a hexagonal part, a porcelain or ceramic insulator with a central metallic shaft—the basic components of any spark plug." The Willis brothers then set about attempting to saw a common spark plug in half near its hexagon. They soon found the porcelain was too hard for their hacksaw, but they did manage to get the plug apart.

"We found all the components similar to the Coso artifact," Ron writes, "but with some differences. The copper ring around the halves displayed in the object seems to correspond to a copper sealer ring in the upper part of the steel casing of any spark plug."

It is their belief that the hexagonal area in the geode is probably composed of rust, the remains of a steel casing. The Willis brothers also noted that the central shaft of the spark plug they had dismembered had a tint reminiscent of brass, and they recalled Virginia Maxey's words that the metal core had a "slightly brassy appearance."

The upper end of the object appears to end in a spring, but Ron and Paul Willis theorized that what is seen in the X-ray photograph might be "the remains of a corroded piece of metal with threads." Although the larger metallic piece in the upper section of the Coso artifact may not seem to correspond exactly with a contemporary, ordinary spark plug, the overall effect is certainly that of some kind of electrical apparatus. If it is some bizarre trick of Nature, it is indeed a good one.

The Willis brothers asked an INFO member to call upon Wallace A. Lane, who at that time (*circa* 1969) was residing in Vista, California, and who was in possession of the Coso artifact. Virginia Maxey had told Ron Calais that the object had been displayed at the Southeastern California Museum in Independence for approximately three months during 1963, but when INFO investigated, Lane had the artifact in his home. The Coso artifact, Lane said, could be purchased for $25,000. If a buyer should be interested, Lane went on, he had better hurry, because several museums were after it.

"There is no indication that any professional scientist has ever carefully examined the object, so what it may be is still questionable," Ron Willis concluded his article. "The Coso artifact now seems to join the club with the Casper, Wyoming, mummy, the Voynich manuscript and other Fortean objects whose owners refuse to allow anyone to examine the object in question without an exorbitant payment."

7

A JUNKYARD OF TIME AND SPACE?

No matter how good the Coso artifact may be, it is only a single anomaly. It does not come equipped with auxiliary artifacts, such as fossilized headlamps and fenders, or with the remnants of garage walls to represent a tangible cross section of a forgotten culture. But it may be that these following strange and unexplained artifacts are the silent witnesses to early attempts at colonization by ancient Europeans, Asians, or members of long-silent and forgotten nations.

- Roman coins have been unearthed in Amerindian burial mounds as far west as Illinois.
- An iron fork was found in a prehistoric Indian site near Eddyville, Kentucky.
- Japanese pottery from the Jomon period (3000 B.C.) was found in Ecuador in 1966.
- Viking rune stones continue to be unearthed throughout the United States and Canada.
- The colossal stone heads scattered in the jungles of Veracruz display obvious Negroid features.
- A clay tablet found along the Susquehanna River near Winfield, Pennsylvania, bears a cuneform inscription that describes a short-term loan of an Assyrian merchant in Cappadocia around 1900 B.C.

In the summer of 1972 Dr. William Fitzhugh of the Smithsonian Institution set out to search for evidence that would establish "the possibility of contact between ocean hunting and fishing cultures of northeastern North

America and Scandinavia" in 2000 B.C. In A.D. 986 or 987, Bjarni Herjolfsson discovered Labrador when a storm blew him off his route to Greenland. Similiar circumstances could have driven restless Vikings to those same shores many times (and hundreds of years) before that earliest recorded sighting of North America by a European.

But there are other apparent evidences of Old World contact that make less sense. Many artifacts that have been discovered throughout this hemisphere simply do not make any kind of sense on *anyone's* timetable, whether he be Creationist, Evolutionist, or Atlantean enthusiast.

About 1910 a small boy playing in the tiny settlement of Flora Vista, New Mexico, dug up two slabs of carved rock and released a controversy that has raged unabated ever since. Among the symbols of an ancient language no one has yet deciphered are the figures of a number of indigenous animals—*and two elephants.* Clearly, unmistakably, with trunks and floppy ears and tusks, the figures represent elephants. The boy found the slabs in 800-year-old Indian ruins on the Animas River, opposite the village of Flora Vista.

Can someone draw a picture of an elephant without ever having seen one?

It has been postulated that if you put enough monkeys in a room with enough typewriters and provide them with enough paper, one of them will reproduce *Hamlet.* If countless ancient American artists carved fanciful representations of animals, is it possible that one of them randomly reproduced an elephant?

To examine the alternatives, we might say that one of the following explains the elephant slabs:

1. Mammoths coexisted in the Southwestern United States in A.D. 1200 with men sophisticated enough to wish to capture their image in art.
2. An invasion fleet launched by an Asiatic potentate reached the New World, complete with war elephants, and either an invader or a native captured the event for posterity.
3. A merchant, a soldier, or a traveler from the United States of Iynkicidu set down in stone his

recollection of an African elephant for the edification of his stay-at-home family and friends.

4. The slabs are the work of a hoaxster, who hid his fakes in the old Indian ruins so that sooner or later either an archaeologist or a small boy would uncover them.
5. The slabs found their way to New Mexico via the tradeships of Phoenicians or Africans between 900 and 200 B.C.

Another bit of archaeological nonsense has to do with stone spheres of varying sizes that have been found scattered about the Americas in the most unlikely places. They have been found in Cannonball, North Dakota (name of town derived from their profuse presence), in Tennessee, and by the hundreds throughout the jungles of Costa Rica. Some of the stone balls are six feet in diameter, while others are small enough for children to use as marbles.

Mrs. Alleyne K. Ecker pulled a peculiar object from red clay fifteen feet down in a well workmen were digging on her late husband's farm in Guthrie, Oklahoma. After she had washed off the mud and clay, she found that she had retrieved a figurine that depicted a bearded, robed figure holding a lamb. A man who claimed to be an expert on wood-carving told her that the artifact had been shaped from a tree harder than ebony, a tree that had been extinct for centuries; but no one could identify the figure of the ancient shepherd.

After the object had been in her possession for some time, two Chinese students at a nearby college told Mrs. Ecker that they had identified the figurine as a representation of Shou Hsing, the Chinese god of longevity. The idol was considered by the students to be the earliest representation of the god, who was esteemed as a deity many centuries before Christ.

According to Frank Volkmann, who wrote an article on the artifact in the December, 1955, issue of *Fate* magazine, the figurine was discovered in an earth strata that does not undergo change in a short period of time—another indication that the idol is incredibly old. "Mrs. Ecker has appealed to, and cooperated with, a number of institutions

in an effort to answer such questions as how the idol came to America and who brought it here," Volkmann stated. "Throughout the years, she has received several letters from others who claim to have unearthed similar figurines."

In July, 1945, Waldemar Julsrud, a businessman of Acambaro, Mexico, made a chance discovery of pottery fragments while he was riding on a hillside overlooking the town. These bits of pottery led to the unearthing of more than 30,000 impossible artifacts.

Although hardly any archaeologists or anthropologists have taken the time to examine the Acambaro figurines, nearly every scientist who has heard of them quickly pronounces them as outrageous fakes. And who can blame them? There are pieces that resemble dinosaurs and plesiosaurs, others that depict grotesque dragon and monster-like creatures, still others that represent strange, fish-faced humans. According to the radio-carbon dating of organic substances that adhered to their surface, the figurines may be more than 6,500 years old.

There should have been no artisan in the Mexico of 4500 B.C. who had the faintest notion that dinosaurs had even existed, yet alone knew what they looked like. To add to the preposterous nature of the huge cache of artifacts, there are numerous figurines representing horses, woolly rhinoceroses, tapirs, camels, and other mammals that supposedly passed into extinction on the North and South American continents at the end of the Pleistocene Age, 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. As if to accentuate this uncomfortable fact, there are a number of teeth strewn amidst the figures that have been identified as those of a Pleistocene hore. And all 30,000-at-the-last-count pieces are different. There are no duplicates. There are tableaus of men and animals enacting scenes that may be historically or religiously significant. There is a monster that looks as though it could have served as the inspiration for that old Dana Andrews horror movie, *The Curse of the Demon.* And always those fish-faced warriors, mummies, horsemen, and gladiators grappling with gigantic reptiles.

Do we have in Acambaro a cache of artifacts from some museum of natural history? Were these artifacts fashioned by prehistoric artisans from some lost race on the North

American continent? Were they brought to this country from other cultures by some bold, ancient sea kings?

Any one of these possibilities may certainly be considered an explanation, but each has at least one internal weakness, at least one bit of mental irritant that troubles the brain. (A Creationist could deal with the artifacts because he would accept the coexistence of man and the extinct reptiles and mammals, but he would, of course, wish to amend the dates provided by the radiocarbon technique.) No, by the most liberal kind of orthodox reasoning, the Acambaro figures make absolutely no sense.

As with so many of the artifacts discussed in this chapter, one comes to feel that we have not been given nearly enough pieces to complete the anthropological-archaeological-time sequence jigsaw puzzle. Even when such data is examined with an open mind, no single hypothesis leaps forward—except one. These "erratics" may be, quite simply, some kind of fallout from other dimensions of reality. Any number of strange and impossible objects have dematerialized in one place only to materialize in another, hundreds of miles—even hundreds of years—from their place of origin. Remember that 1852 three-cent piece that suddenly appeared within my wife's shoe?

I am convinced that, on occasion and perhaps more than we can ever realize, Time and Space become intertwined—and totally out of alignment with the borders we have set on our orthodox definitions of reality.

Plastic buttons have fallen from the sky and blanketed several city blocks. Shredded flesh of an unidentifiable species of animal have bloodied acres of land. Fish, tadpoles, alligators, and snakes have suddenly appeared where they had no business even existing. There even are fairly well-documented cases indicating that men and women have gone for after-dinner walks and have been transported to foreign countries—some in the twinkling of an eye, some in the passing of years.

All of these apparent distortions of Time and Space indicate that the reality we like to think of as being solid and dependable and real is actually *plastic*—meaning both that it is pliable and capable of being shaped and that it is an artificial representation of *true* reality. An as-yet-undeter-

mined physical law may be responsible for many breaches of Time and Space and for many of the impossible, incongruous artifacts. If not, how do you explain this next one?

Late in 1972, George Dean of Bacton, England, caught a cod while fishing. Along with his catch, Mr. Dean received a most peculiar bonus. Inside the fish's stomach was a bronze coin that museum officials later identified as an authentic fourth-century Roman piece valued at $240.

I once read a newspaper human-interest item about a young man who lost his class ring while fishing. A week later he caught a fish with the sentimentally valuable ring safe in the creature's stomach. A most remarkable coincidence, of course, but one that can be explained: As the young man dropped his ring into the water, a hungry fish struck at and swallowed the shiny, sinking object. Depending upon your bias, you may throw in a dash of Fate or Divine Providence as well, and it will blunt neither the story nor the explanation.

But how did a *fourth-century* coin find its way into a twentieth-century fish's stomach? It is unlikely that a cod (a surface feeder) would grub around on the bottom and pry up a coin that had probably been resting there for more than 1,600 years. An object that had been dropped in lake, river, or sea even a few years before would soon be covered by layers of sediment.

The only appropriate explanation is that the fish struck at a *falling* object and swallowed it. The question remaining, of course, is how did a fourth-century coin come to be falling into twentieth-century waters?

Did some disillusioned coin collector suddenly decide to disperse his acquisitions by throwing them into the ocean? Did some clumsy examiner of the ancient coin accidentally drop it overboard? Or did some fourth-century Briton haggling at the market drop a coin that—for some yet inexplicable reason—took more than 1,600 years to land?

Speaking of falling things, I remember sitting in the study of the late Ivan and Alma Sanderson and having them tell me about the night that they played "catch" with some invisible rock thrower in Sumatra. They were sitting on the veranda of a large home when small pebbles began

to land about them. At first they suspected mischievous boys, but investigation of all the bushes in the area revealed nothing of a human nature.

The pebbles kept dropping on the people seated about the veranda, however, and Ivan, in what I would deem a typical response, began to toss the pebbles back into the darkness. The small rocks came on in a renewed series of volleys.

Then Ivan had a hunch. He marked a number of pebbles with a bit of white chalk before he threw them well beyond the circle of light from the veranda. Soon those same marked pebbles were dropping in on the men and women seated in their reed chairs.

"Now it was dark, dear boy," Alma Sanderson emphasized. "Tell me how anyone could find those same marked pebbles to toss back in the total darkness beyond the veranda?"

I could not. We seemed to be left with a situation in which Time and Space had gone completely out of whack. Or is it only that our methods of apprehending Time and Space are inaccurate and ineffectual?

"These stones are not really thrown at all," Ivan said. "They are *dropped,* or lobbed, or they just drift around. This is all a purely physical phenomenon, and it can in time be explained on physical principles—though they may not necessarily be Newtonian, Einsteinian, or any of the other big brains that have labeled principles on our particular Space-Time continuum.

"These bloody rocks and things are obeying some law, or, at least, following some pattern that is not entirely random," Ivan continued. "They might be obeying some other so-called 'law' of dynamics. If some body would just be able to measure these rocks' speed of fall on arrival, this might all be demonstrated rather well. If we could somehow establish this other 'law,' we would at least have two principles of dynamics on our Space-Time continuum."

Just assuming there *is* such a law makes things easier. A number of incongruous artifacts suddenly become far more "safe" and reassuring. For instance, a much more comfortable kind of artifact is the one found a few inches beneath the surface by Mr. L. B. Redding while he was

cultivating his vegetable garden in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1928. Mr. Redding found a medallion from fifteenth-century Rimini, a city on the north Adriatic coast of Italy. The medallion is dated A.D. 1446. The obverse bears the portrait of a medieval lady with the inscription, "Lady Isotta of Rimini." The reverse contains an image of what is clearly and unmistakably an African elephant.

According to Dr. J. Reuben Clark III, Latin expert in the Brigham Young University Department of Languages (*Newsletter* and *Proceedings* of the Society for Early Historic Archaeology, February 16, 1966): "The medallion was struck in honor of the beautiful Isotta degli Atti, third wife of Sigismondo Pandolfo Malatesta (1417–68), lord of Rimini, Fano, and Senigallia. It was largely to this member of the powerful Malatesta family that Rimini owed its fame during the Renaissance."

At least we are dealing with *real* places and *real* people whose existence can be proven. Perhaps there was an Italian or two among Ponce de León or Hernando de Soto's conquistadores as they traveled across the southeastern United States. Perhaps the medallion was a part of a collection of a scholar who immigrated to the colonies as many as 400 years after the medallion was struck in 1446. An iron-rimmed wagon wheel strikes a rock; a metallic box is thrown free and sprung open upon the ground; the Rimini medallion becomes lost. But if these explanations don't wash, we can always theorize that some as yet undefined physical law dropped an artifact on one continent from another in the same manner that some force materialized that 1852 coin inside my wife's shoe. With this explanation at hand, the object's isolated nature—the very quality that would perplex an archaeologist—makes the find seem practically familiar.

For example, who would drive an automobile into the dense, roadless jungle in New Guinea and leave it there? When natives began telling of having seen an automobile in the jungle island's interior, a party of Dutch scientists went on safari to find it. Eighteen miles from the coast, snugly immersed in impenetrable wilderness, they found the remains of a 1961 model French car. The area in which the automobile was found supports the densest jungle in

New Guinea, and no roads of any description lead in or out of the green mass of plant growth.

"We haven't a clue as to how it got there," said Dr. Per Windler, who led the expedition into the jungle. "The only cars hereabouts are rugged Land Rovers, the only cars that can stand the jungle. Even they have a hard time. We can only guess this auto was dropped from the air."

Dropped from the air by a large cargo plane? Such a possibility remains, because no one saw the automobile fall and no witness can state whether or not there was an airplane in the area at the time that the car first appeared.

But on November 25, 1961, R. A. Finney was in a position to testify later that there was absolutely no airplane in sight when more than a ton of polyethylene plastic film dropped from the sky near Elizabethton, Tennessee. Finney had been hunting his cattle on a mountain at White Oak Flats when thousands of feet of plastic began covering the countryside.

Deputy Sheriff Paul Nidiffer reported that the huge transparent sheet had no form to it or any starting or stopping place that he could find. Neither he nor any of the men with him found any instruments or any identification tags that could explain the thousands of feet of polyethylene film. The Federal Aviation Agency in Knoxville could offer no additional clues to the origin of the plastic, so the practical farmers made use of their strange find by cutting off large pieces of the sheet to cover their haystacks and tobacco seed beds.

On February 19, 1965, in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, it rained tiny plastic pellets about the size of shirt buttons over an area four blocks wide and five blocks long—twenty square blocks in all. Each pellet was flat on one side and rounded on the other. It is not reported whether or not anyone in Bloomsburg was pragmatic enough to have actually converted the pellets into shirt buttons; but several people scooped the objects up as souvenirs of an impossible rainfall. Everyone wanted to know who had been polluting the air with plastic globules.

The official explanation was really no more than an identification of the pellets as virgin polyethylene, a substance often handled in pellet form since it is volatile in the liquid

state. Everyone already knew that twenty square blocks of Bloomsburg had been blitzed with plastic pellets. What they really wanted to know was where the infernal things had originated. No one had reported any dive-bombing aircraft spewing out the pellets. It had just suddenly begun to rain plastic raindrops.

Large chunks of ice, fish, and toads are the objects most commonly reported to fall mysteriously from the sky. Defrosting airplane wings are traditionally named as the agents responsible for falling ice. Falling fish and toads are blamed on tornadoes and wind storms scooping up lakes and streams. However, chunks of ice have fallen long before heavier-than-air flight; and fish and toads have been seen to fall out of windless, cloudless skies.

The U.S. Weather Bureau has records of ice falls that weighed in at over 100 pounds. The largest authenticated hailstone weighed only 1½ pounds, so the assertion that these plummeting blocks of ice can be formed through a process similar to the natural one that shapes hailstones does not stand the test of our present knowledge. Then too, ice falls do not materialize only in winter or only in the northern climes, and they have never been associated with any abnormal weather condition.

On April 25, 1968, Bert Martin of Lakewood, California, watched a large mass of ice fall out of clear sky above a Hollywood street corner. The largest fragment of the ice weighed twenty-five pounds. There were no tall buildings near the corner to hide some thoughtless prankster. There were no airplanes visible overhead.

A thirty-three-pound ice block crashed into a street in the Ukrainian city of Yagotin in July, 1970. Upon impact, the chunk shattered into greenish crystals.

The *Los Angeles Times* for May 24, 1972, carried an account of an ice fall weighing approximately fifty pounds that smashed through the roof of a downtown Riverside law office building and landed in a third-floor hallway. Authorities commented that the ice might have fallen from an airplane, even though a spokesman for the Federal Aviation Administration said that he knew of no aircraft in the area at the time.

In Vol. 1, No. 3 of *INFO*, the Journal of the Internation-

al Fortean Organization, Ronald J. Willis dealt with the matter of attributing ice falls to airplanes:

> It is difficult to imagine how an ice coating of several inches or more over the surface of the wings and control surfaces of an airplane could avoid bringing the airplane down with it. Older de-icing equipment used an expendable rubber covering to break away any ice layer, and this layer could hardly be more than one-half inch thick at any time. Modern commercial planes use an electrical heating system to melt ice as soon as it forms, so there is nothing to fall.

The Federal Aviation Agency informed Willis that although military aircraft do not have such de-icing equipment, their great speed and construction made the possibility of any appreciable amount of ice accumulation very rare. Willis is also familiar with the theory that ascribes such falls to "ice meteorites" from space. Some astronomers theorize that comet nuclei may have large ice masses within and that the ice falls may be the result of the detritus from broken-up comets. But why should these meteors remain frozen, when the more normal *iron* meteorites are often vaporized by the heat of atmospheric friction?

In order to round out his research with as many scientific opinions for ice falls as possible, Willis contacted authorities at various universities. A number of scientists denied that they had ever heard of such strange and anomalous falls of ice. Others admitted having heard of such phenomena but declined to comment upon them. The explanations of those who did respond to Willis' solicitation are quite interesting to examine.

Professor Davis of Drexel Institute said: "I would say almost positively that the large chunks of ice which have fallen could not have been meteorological in origin. Atmospheric processes cannot form or sustain the masses of ice which have been observed in such falls, especially under the meteorological conditions which have existed at the same time."

Professor Rense of the Laboratory for Atmospheric and

Space Research, University of Colorado, remarked: "The meteorological theory has no reasonable support. Though some astronomers think that meteoritic material composed of ice exists, one doubts whether such chunks could survive the intense heating upon entering our atmosphere."

Professor Stewart of the University of Virginia commented that he had read of phenomenal ice falls and had been mystified by them. He said that he had read of a German who had been killed by a six-foot mass of ice. "No hailstone was ever that big," he went on to say. "Perhaps there are ice meteorites, which do not completely abate away on the way down . . . this is a very mysterious thing. . . . It can be put in the class with the small percentage of UFO's which cannot be explained away."

In the October, 1971, issue of *Fate* magazine, Eula B. Yoder tells of an incident that occurred when she was a child living on an isolated farm in southwestern Oklahoma (*circa* 1909–14). They experienced "a hard rain during which fish, frogs, snakes, and rocks fell to the ground. Some of these creatures were still alive, although they died soon afterwards. There was something very strange about these animals. They were almost colorless. We could see right through them as if we were looking through Jello."

The children's grandfather explained that the peculiarly transparent creatures were God's sick ones, which He sent to them via the wind to bless and to bury. A beautiful thought! But might we wonder if those animals had become "sick" and transparent only *after* they were caught up in some strange vortex of Time and Space?

In Marksville, Louisiana, on October 23, 1947, the weather was calm and foggy, with a wind velocity of only eight miles per hour. There were no tornado conditions anywhere in the area. Yet freshwater fish of several varieties, up to 9½ inches long, fell from the sky.

Although salamanders are not indigenous to Portal, North Dakota, five-inch-long members of the species "fell like rain" in the area in October, 1949.

"Who's throwing monkeys at the Earth?" asked the *San Francisco Chronicle* in response to the experience of Mrs. Faye Swanson of Stanyford Drive, Broadmoor, California. At 8:05 A.M. on October 26, 1956, she stepped

out into her backyard to find the body of a small, furry monkey that had fallen out of the sky during the previous night. The tiny simian body had crashed against her clothesline with such impact that a solid four-by-four post had been shattered. According to a spokesman from San Francisco International Airport, no airliner had been shipping monkeys during the night. No authority from any organization could offer a satisfactory explanation.

Authorities in Japan were also at a loss to explain the carcass of a five-year-old, 1,000-pound elephant that appeared one morning on the beach of Senzu-mara, Oshima. Exhaustive investigations revealed that no elephants had been reported dying aboard any ships and no elephants had been reported missing from any Japanese zoos. It is one thing to have to be alert to falling ice, toads, even monkeys—but the prospect of being struck by a plummeting elephant is decidedly unpleasant to contemplate. Only a trifle less bearable would be enduring the distasteful mess of being caught in falls of blood and flesh.

A classic case is that of the tons of shredded, black, bristled flesh that fell on the ranch of a man in Los Nietos Township, California, on August 9, 1869. Equally well known to students of such phenomena is the wagonload of flesh—minus the wagon, of course—that scattered itself across two hillsides in Bath County, Kentucky, on March 3, 1876.

On August 27, 1968, near São Paulo, Brazil, meat and blood fell over an area of one square kilometer between Cocpava and São José dos Campos. According to *Flying Saucer Review* (November–December, 1968): "The pieces of flesh were found lying at distances of half a metre apart, their size varying between lengths of 5 cm. and 20 cm. The meat was of a spongy texture and violet in color, and was accompanied by drops of blood. The sky at the time was quite clear. No aircraft had been seen just prior to, during, or after the event, nor were there any birds in the sky."

Mysterious globs of foam, wispy strands of "angel's hair," and odd lengths of string, all unidentifiable, have fallen on a puzzled humanity in every country in the world. Most of these peculiar sky falls have one thing in common.

As the late Ivan T. Sanderson noted in the April, 1969, issue of *Pursuit,* the Journal for his Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained, "The list of items both animate, like fish and frogs, and inanimate, like statues and pennies, seems almost if not always to be identifiable as known earthly objects." He conceded that "numerous items said to have plumped to earth . . . are not known on the surface of same." But he maintained that a careful examination of any listing of sky falls would substantiate his point that the great majority are "perfectly ordinary and commonplace earthly items," even though those items might be terribly out of normal context. "This would seem to us to indicate that said items don't really fall from the sky but are teleported, though indeed this performance may involve not only spatial transference but time transference. How . . . come Roman coins and beastly old human skulls [are also reported]?"

Two

THE PLAY BEGINS IN EARNEST

8

EXPLORING OUR PLASTIC REALITY

Teleportation involves the movement of an object from one environment to another without any apparent physical agency, and spatial transference is certainly a regular aspect of Force X. In my files is an account of a man who went out to pick up branches in his yard after a mild windstorm. Among the recognizable branches scattered about was one from a species of tree the man did not have in his yard. The strange branch, which gave evidence of having been violently wrenched from its trunk, was of a kind of tree that was neither indigenous to the area nor present within several hundred miles.

And as Ivan T. Sanderson noted, Time transference is also very much a part of a good many unexplained sky falls. I cannot resist repeating one of my favorites. On February 7, 1958, an artillery shell fell from a clear sky over Naples, Italy, and clanged loudly as it struck the street. The shell casing bore the date 1942. At this point we can but theorize what limbo of Time and Space held that shell immobile for so many years. And if an object can go back in time as well as forward, we have a plausible explanation for our fossilized spark plugs, nails, chains, vessels and deeply-buried statuary.

Most of the time the law appears to shatter our reality impersonally, in the same fixed and physically set manner that gravity splatters a falling egg—with no malice intended toward the clumsy cook. Gravity itself has no thoughts or emotions about impelling an inanimate or an animate object downward, whether it be a thrown baseball,

a dropped crystal, or a pole vaulter. So might this unknown physical force impel an inanimate or an animate object from one point in our plastic reality to another. But I think, rather, the X force may occasionally be suseptible to direct influence from the mind, either on an unconscious or a conscious level. It may be difficult to associate the human mind, consciously or unconsciously, with frogs, ice chunks, or bits of flesh falling from the sky. But when we speak of telekinesis, or psychokinesis, we are suggesting that a human mind was the agency for the transference of an object, that a mind had direct influence upon matter. And in the matter of poltergeist phenomena, which appears to be prompted by the human psyche, we do have instances in which a wide variety of inanimate objects have materialized from one environment into another. All cultures, from the primitive to the more sophisticated, endure the pranks of what the psychoanalyst Nandor Fodor called "a bundle of projected repressions."

Harry Price, the British journalist-psychical researcher, devoted much of his life to an examination of the poltergeist phenomenon. His *Poltergeist over England* is a classic study of the wide range of poltergeist activity, and many of his articles have served as references for other writers in the field of paranormal inquiry.

As might be expected, Price received accounts of poltergeist activity from all over the world, and it appears that he was in the process of writing a much larger work on the poltergeist at the time of his death on April 24, 1948. Price's letters and notes regarding this particular phenomenon went to the well-known British clairvoyant, John Pendragon, who would later serve as the subject of one of my books (*Pendragon*, Award Books, 1968). When Pendragon passed on in January, 1970. I learned that he had made me his heir and that his solicitors had bundled up all the Price papers and posted them to me.

For those students of the poltergeist and those investigators of our plastic reality, I am herewith excerpting selections from the dozens of letters Harry Price received in regard to his inquiries regarding such psychokinetic manifestations:

From Kuala Lumpur, Selangor, British Malaya [Malaysia]:

Some European girls whom we know rang us up one evening to say that peculiar things were happening in their house—knives and spoons wouldn't stay on the table; potatoes and onions kept leaping out of their box; wooden clogs were thrown at people. We all went down to investigate that evening, and after a number of days, we are all entirely convinced that there is no hoax, but that this is a genuine poltergeist case.

I have myself seen with my own eyes, and am prepared to swear on any oath, that the following occurred: 1.) A round stone about an inch in diameter dropped from a completely bare ceiling; 2.) a piece of glazed tile fell out of a tiled roof; 3.) a knife flew past my face when I was the only person in the room; 4.) several potatoes and onions leapt out of a wooden box and rolled across the floor.

The medium, or whatever you wish to call it, of all the manifestations seems to be the Malay maid, as she is always around when these things happen. She has only recently been engaged, and before she came, nothing was reported. All the skeptical policemen who have investigated, and myself, are quite convinced that this is not a put-up job. I have so often read of these things that it is fascinating to have first-hand acquaintance with them, and to be convinced, as I am, that such things do happen by some agency or power that one cannot at present explain.

From a major in the British Army who during April, 1940, had been billeted in a small farm about five miles west of Orchies, near Douai, France:

One evening during the last week of April—I am unable to remember the exact date—I was Duty Officer and, as was the custom, I visited the posts along the Franco-Belgian frontier. Shortly after midnight I arrived back at the farm. It was a very bright moonlight night, and as I had walked back I had noticed the complete absence of any wind or noise.

I undressed . . . opened the windows and shutters

(along the narrow windowsill were my shaving and washing kit), then I put out the oil lamp and got into bed. Within a very few minutes I suddenly heard a sound that appeared to be human hands fumbling along the outside wall of the farm toward my window, but no sound of footsteps, although the road was cobbled. Nearer and nearer came the sound. I lay back watching the window, not knowing what to expect. Then the sound stopped and slowly a dark shape, the head and shoulders of a very small but broad human being, appeared over the windowsill, silhouetted against the bright moonlight background. No features were visible and not a sound could be heard.

By now I had decided that the only action to be taken was to attack. As I moved to leap out of bed, the form disappeared. Then with a crash, the windows and shutters closed, throwing my washing utensils onto the floor. I threw myself out of bed and with all my strength threw open the windows and shutters and brought my fists down against the outside of the house. They hit nothing but the wall.

Within a matter of seconds I was outside the front door accompanied by the dogs. As I looked around, I felt the dogs close up to my legs. They were whimpering and hugging my feet. They were as scared as I was.

I was the only witness to this occurrence, but there are three things which I feel need some explanation: 1.) Why did I not hear footsteps on the cobbles—if it was a human being? 2.) What force could close the shutters? 3.) What scared the dogs?

In my own mind I know that this form was not human, but I can give no explanation to what it was.

The major also presented Harry Price with a second account, that of a drinking glass which had appeared out of nowhere to explode over a table on which he and other officers were studying a map.

No one was injured, although we were all somewhat surprised. On investigation, the following facts were

found out: 1.) Fragments of the glass were scattered not only all over the table but also all over the floor directly *under* the table. 2.) The only fragment of any size was from the base of a glass which was not the type of glass that we had on the sideboard. How did the fragments get under the table? Where did the glass come from?

From a woman in Stalbridge, Dorset, England, who had been beset by ghostly phenomena since, as a child of seven, she would awaken to become aware of a small child lying beside her:

Early in February, 1940, I awoke to the sounds of the most terrific bangs on my bedroom door. I called out, "Who is there?" A short silence, then another set of dreadful bangs. I quite thought the door would give way. I opened it expecting to face a burly ruffian. Instead, all was calm and serene, and not a soul to be seen. I am not particularly nervous, but that did upset me, and in fact, made me ill. For some time afterward I slept downstairs, but eventually returned to my old quarters. . . .

One day last year, five of my windowpanes were badly cracked at about the same time, with nothing whatever to account for it.

On another occasion, I took a ring off my finger whilst in the kitchen, dropped it, heard it run over the linoleum, and after giving a spin, come to rest behind the door. But when I went to pick it up, I could not find it. Many weeks later, on going to my dresser cupboard to get a tall tin from an inner corner of the lower part, I found my ring reposing behind it.

That cupboard was closed when I dropped the ring. Even if it had been open, there is a deep ledge along the bottom of it which the ring would have had to jump over and then get into that far corner behind the big tin, which nearly reached the shelf above it. And even now I can distinctly recollect hearing the ring roll across the floor and give a spin before coming to rest behind the door.

From Worcester, England, the recollections of a woman who had lived with an aunt and her family while they were under siege by a poltergeist:

When I was about thirteen the whole household became disturbed as a result of extraordinary rappings on the windows of the house. Queer noises, shufflings, etc. were the terror of my young life.

The rappings on the windows and showers of stones apparently hurled in handsful from without never seemed to have been connected by the family with myself. The young daughter of the house seemed to be favoured by thse attentions, as they usually happened in a room where she was present and usually when she was alone.

We all heard the rappings; indeed, they were so violent one could not have failed to hear them, even though one might not actually be in the particular room where the demonstration was taking place. . . .

For many years I did not experience anything of the same character, until, in 1913, I went to live in a large house near the Station in Mayfield, Sussex. There we were worried by sounds like deep breathing under door frames, doors constantly being slammed, a barking dog we could never trace, and sounds suggesting the upheaval of large pieces of furniture in the attics, which were devoid of any furniture.

From a radio serviceman, Bern, Switzerland:

. . . After the strange fellow's death, the town of Bern became the owner of this house, because the former owner had no heirs. The town let out the lodgings, but nobody stayed longer than a night in that house—doors opened by themselves; there were cold draughts of air and noises, etc. For a long while the house stood empty.

Finally a parson got in the house during one night to exorcise the ghost to stop erring in the house. In the morning people in the street heard terrified human cries. When the police investigated, they found a man bloody from a terrible beating. It was the parson, and his hair had turned white. He was insane,

unable even to answer questions. He is still alive, in an asylum near Bern.

After that incident, there were policemen staying nights for a long time in this old house, but they could not discover a human culprit responsible for the peculiar happenings. The house was locked for a long while, then, some time later, the authorities decided to use the ground floor of the house as a stable. But even that wasn't possible. In the middle of the night the horses would jump about and show signs of terrible anxiety. The house was closed for good thirty years ago, and 'til this day no one has entered it again."

The letters go on, stacks of them, from men and women in all walks of life. There is an extremely long report from MacKinlay Kantor, who would one day win a Pulitzer Prize in literature, telling of a baffling poltergeist case in his home town of Webster City, Iowa.

Among the letters are theories from learned individuals suggesting various approaches to a more complete understanding of the poltergeist phenomenon.

But the question I am most interested in answering is whether these breaches of our physical laws can be accomplished through *mental effort*—either conscious or unconscious—or if the physical organism is no more active in its participation in the process than are the chunks of ice, stones, and crockery that appear to drop from the sky.

The temptation is to personify the poltergeist force and to endow it with attributes of intelligence. Traditionally, the poltergeist was thought to be a rather nasty, disembodied spirit. The word itself is German for "noisy ghost." But, again, it seems that the poltergeist is most often born when some aspect of the personality is being denied more accepted avenues of expression.

The raw energy of the sex changes that occur during puberty and the sexual adjustments of the marital state have often been identified as having somehow provided the impetus for the peculiar psychokinetic discharge responsible for poltergeist activity. Many "psi" researchers have observed that more often a girl than a boy is at the

center of poltergeistic disturbances, and that the sexual change of puberty is associated with either the beginning or the termination of the phenomena. Since all these letters to Harry Price are *circa* 1947, I found it interesting that a young doctor from London would boldly present an explanation for the poltergeist that included its interaction with the "psycho-physiological phenomena of sex":

> It is, of course, exceedingly difficult to make experiments on these things, as human material is not exactly forthcoming; but so far, I am satisfied scientifically on at least one important point, which is, of course, common knowledge, namely that in the orgasm, both of male and female, very large amounts of energy are used; and this, I think, has a significant bearing on the subject of poltergeist mediums.
>
> The difference between the boy and the girl at puberty is that the boy actually has "wet dreams," or else masturbates himself, thereby using up his sexual energy, if I may so term it; but the normal girl does not have intercourse, or orgasms in any form, so that the sexual energy is latent, though present, and this latent sexual energy . . . [is] . . . large enough even (if all used at once) to move heavy objects, which the ordinary somatic physical strength of one man could not do.

This frustrated desire to more fully express one's self, combined with the chemical changes taking place in marital or sexual adjustment, then literally explodes into violent, unrestrained psychokinetic activity.

It may be startling to consider the mind capable of bursting free of its three-dimensional bonds and utilizing specialized talents that know virtually no limits. The poltergeist seems to offer measurable proof of the mind's limitless creative capacity, but the tragedy is that the poltergeist phenomena represent a perverted, uncontrolled aspect of this ability. The perverse talents of the poltergeist range from the tossing of pebbles to the manufacturing of disagreeable odors. Poltergeists throw things, break windows, and can even cause fires. But, as one investigator

commented, "The phenomena are exactly such as would occur to the mind of a child or an ignorant person."

If the poltergeist is provided with enough phychic energy to develop a voice or the ability to communicate by raps or automatic writing, its communications are usually nonsensical, ribald, or downright obscene.

Sacherverell Sitwell observed that the poltergeist appeared always to direct its power toward "the secret or concealed weaknesses of the spirit . . . the obscene or erotic recesses of the soul. The mysteries of puberty, that trance or dozing of the psyche before it awakes into adult life, is a favorite playground for the poltergeist."

Why the *baser* elements of man's subconscious should find their expression in the poltergeist has been a matter of great speculation among psi researchers. Why shouldn't our noblest instincts be projected too? Physical violence is almost always directed toward the unconscious energy center of the phenomena, and a parent, a spouse, or a sibling may come in for his or her share of the abuse as well.

Because of the poltergeist's general low-level activities, the unconscious energy center, as well as his or her family, will generally declare the manifestations to be the work of some demonic, external agent. On the other hand, the question of external intelligence somehow interacting with the unconscious agent of poltergeist activity is difficult to resolve. Many percipients of poltergeist phenomena have reported seeing grotesque, gargoylelike entities that they felt were in some way associated with the haunting. Whether these beings are externalized projections of the agent's unconscious may be debated extensively—and, at present, inconclusively.

It may be well within the creative power of man's psyche to materialize other voices, other personalities, and junior psyches. (Isn't this what novelists and playwrights do quite "normally"?) If a poltergeist can manifest voices and forms, as well as pebble-throwing and crockery-breaking, then we are still talking about mind shaping a lively piece of our plastic reality. But if a poltergeist is an entity possessing an intelligence independent of the agent, then the noisy ghost is indeed "feeding" upon its medium's psychic and sexual energies and using a human agency to

implement whatever purpose it may have.

On the evening of All Saints' Day, 1972, my associate Glenn McWane, my mediumistic friend Deon Frey, and I answered a call for help from a farm family who had been suffering from poltergeistic phenomena.

The family unit in this case consisted of a man and a woman in their mid-twenties and two preschool-age children. Marital adjustment may have been only peripherally involved. In prior interviews and in discussions conducted that evening (before and after a séance held in their kitchen) it would appear that both man and wife had certain mediumistic abilities; both had certain frustrated desires that might have either created the birth of a poltergeist or the drawing unto them of a low-level, external intelligence.

Quite early into the séance, after Deon described the entity that both husband and wife had observed on a number of occasions, a combination scratching-gnawing sound began underneath the wooden kitchen table. The sounds grew louder until they reached a volume best described as the vigorous ministrations of a 200-pound rat. As the force of the scratching grew heavier, the tabletop vibrated vigorously. It felt as if something was rubbing itself against my legs. All five pairs of hands were visible on the tabletop.

The young couple gave no evidence of fear. They had already expressed their confidence in our ability to handle anything that might materialize. Afterward, Glenn, Deon, and I confessed that for a time none of us were too certain about what we were up against, but each of us knew better than to feed the thing any high-charged emotions of fear.

Our gigantic, invisible rat darted out from beneath the table and banged into a cupboard filled with dishes. Although we found no broken crockery later, it sounded for a time as if the thing were joyously smashing every bit of dinnerware the couple possessed.

After a noisy bit of panting, dish-rattling, and a few more vigorous scratches, the thing's energy appeared severely lessened. It was almost as if by a joint effort of our wills we had been somehow able to reach the entity's cut-off switch. A few more spasmodic scratchings, and the thing

was gone. At last report (only recently) it has never again returned.

In this instance, both Deon and I had the impression that we were not dealing with a product of human intelligence—nor of anything that had ever been human. "Nature spirit" came at once to my mind, and Deon tentatively agreed.

I do not know if either of us really knows what we mean by "nature spirit," but perhaps there are pockets of energy or natural forces that can take on the vestiges of low-level intelligence. Perhaps for centuries an awareness of such things has impressed upon those who lived next to the land that there are "sacred" areas that must not be violated. Perhaps these pockets of intelligent energy may be directed and semicontrolled by human intelligence; or vice versa, perhaps these "nature spirits" may direct and semicontrol human intelligence.

It may well have been that the entity we confronted on Halloween, 1972, felt a proprietary interest in that farm. The farmhouse may have been constructed in the very nexus of what to the Amerindians of the areas had long been a "sacred medicine" area. It may have intended the young farm family no harm at all. In spite of its good intentions or even its indifference, however, it had been consistently scaring the hell out of them.

The problem of where the human mind leaves off and external "help" begins may seem academic, but it's absolutely crucial to defining the rules of the Reality Game. If teleportation can be effected by the unassisted human mind, fine—it's only a matter of time before we bring the technique under control. Already biofeedback methods have taught students to regulate such "unconscious" body factors as blood pressure and heartbeat, and it seems safe to assume that what man can do, he can also *learn* to do.

On the other hand, if teleportation is the exclusive work of external entities, then we have to learn a different set of skills for dealing with them. We may not be able to produce silk, honey, or pearls from our own bodies, but we have managed to domesticate silkworms, bees, and oysters to do it for us. Is it too farfetched to imagine that someday the poltergeist, too, might be tamed from its antisocial

ways and harnessed to do our bidding? Either goal is a desirable one, but we first have to figure out what we are really dealing with—our own powers, or somebody else's.

Certainly it's hard to ascribe any human agency—frustrated or otherwise—behind the Mystery Marksmen of the 1950's, for example. Just try to come up with a workable explanation for the phenomenon that does not involve some kind of intelligent nonhuman agency!

In one of the first few days of May, 1952, an invisible something suddenly shattered the windshield of a car driven by a young girl applying for her driver's license as she drove on the Scunthorpe–Doncaster Road in Lincolnshire, England. Investigators could find no missile or rock that could have caused the damage.

On May 5 on that same English road, the windshield of a truck was smashed. Again, no missile of any kind was discovered.

On the very next day a school bus filled with children traveling the Scunthorpe–Doncaster Road had a window explode in a spray of flying glass. Fortunately—almost incredibly—none of the children was injured. One almost visualizes a rather mischievous, invisible entity that wishes to scare the devil out of people but really intends no harm.

But perhaps popping a window on a crowded school bus was a bit much, so the Phantom Marksman moved his shooting gallery to a road between Esher and Cobham in Surrey. There, on May 9, a motorist named Eric Sykes had his windshield shattered.

Within a short time Police officials were admitting to journalists that they had investigated more than twenty such incidents of windshields having shattered under mysterious circumstances along the road without locating a single missile or finding a single clue to the mystery.

By June 12 the Phantom Marksman had decided to move five miles from Newbury in the Berkshires. Soon motorists in that area were complaining of shattered windshields. The Phantom Marksman missed a couple of times and drilled a few holes in some metal doors as well. Even in these cases, however, no ballistics expert could locate a single pellet, spent bullet, or rock.

When forced to pacify the public with a right-sounding

explanation, some authority released the statement that the more than 100 windshields had all been shattered by one or more of five contributing factors: stress resulting from ill-fitting glass; frame distortion; vibrations from unequal road surface; changes of temperature; and sound waves from the exhausts of passing vehicles.

Rather than pacifying the motoring public, it would seem that any of these explanations would cause British motorists to lose all confidence in their garage mechanics, their highway maintenance departments, or their automobile exhaust mufflers.

But the British had played the Game. They had paid a proper kind of attention to the phenomenon, and they had even set their experts to explaining it with marvelously scientific theories.

The Phantom Marksman seemed pleased. Now it was time to test the Yanks and their much-boasted ingenuity and practicality.

By Thursday of the week of September 22, 1952, fifty businessmen in the city of Kokomo, Indiana, had complained to the police that someone was shooting holes in their plate glass windows.

Investigating officers and ballistics experts found that the offending perforations were all similar—a small opening through the glass, too small to have come from a BB shot or an air-gun pellet, with a crater smashed out of the inside of the glass at the point of impact. The damaged area was about the size if a quarter, and was at eye level or a bit above. It semed apparent that the holes had all been made by the same type of missile, but as in Great Britain, there was not a spent pellet to be found anywhere.

Captain of Detectives C. C. Unger ordered extensive tests conducted with all types of air rifles in an attempt to determine the particular type of gun that might have been responsible. The crime lab soon exhausted the wide variety of domestic and foreign model air rifles available to them without the slightest kind of success in duplicating the manner of perforation.

Contemptuous of the extended vigilance of both police and private citizenry, the Phantom Marksman continued to blast away at windows in the business district. The

police became increasingly frustrated. It was an affront to their professional prowess that such vandalism could be steadily conducted over a sixty-block area without a single glimpse of the elusive sniper. And it seemed impossible that such an extensive shattering of windows could be accomplished without at least one spent pellet being found somewhere on the inside of the glass.

Police Chief Don Scott issued a front-page appeal in the *Kokomo Tribune,* urging anyone who might have any knowledge pertaining to the steadily rising damage to step forward and volunteer the information.

No one came forward to declare himself. The entire city of Kokomo seemed thoroughly baffled.

To complicate the affair, it seemed that the Phantom Marksman had also managed a brief safari twenty-one miles north of Kokomo to Peru, Indiana, during that same week in September. Kokomo was evidently a more fun city, however, for he had picked off only six windows in Peru.

Then it must have been time to hang up the trusty rifle for a while, for the Phantom Marksman, whoever or whatever he might have been, went back into whatever dimension he called home.

He did not find time to go hunting again until April, 1954—or at least no one played the Game and recognized his existence until that date—when he succumbed to the lure of the shiny automobile windshields of Bellingham, Washington. In one week the area newspapers reported that an undetermined "someone" had cracked more than *1,500* windshields.

The Phantom Marksman carried out such an energetic siege in Bellingham that *Life* magazine carried an account of the mysterious vandalism in its April 12, 1954, issue.

> With ghastly regularity the tiny pellets flew through the air and glass cracked, sometimes as cars were in motion. But drivers failed to see how the deed was done. The phantom respected no one. Jagged, ugly scars appeared in the windshields of police cars. Angry businessmen stalked one another, but glass kept breaking.

Numerous theories, from cosmic vibrations to pollution fallout to carloads of demonic vandals were put forward. But once again, no investigator found a single spent pellet or any other kind of residue at the scene of the many crimes.

On April 15, the Phantom Marksman decided to aim his sights at the much larger city of Seattle, Washington. And this time he went berserk. The Seattle *Daily Times* carried a front-page story soundly castigating the "windshield-peppering hoodlums" who had cracked hundreds of windows in a single night. Police Chief H. J. Lawrence stated that he had called a conference of police officials in a cooperative effort to correct the situation that had spread from Bellingham to Seattle and other communities to the north.

"It would take 200 people to do the damage being done in Seattle," Chief Lawrence told the press. "It seems a physical impossibility for any group to have done this damage. It would take a carload of whatever material is being used to do the damage already inflicted in Seattle."

In spite of extensive tests conducted by the police ballistics department, the Seattle police were unable to duplicate the mysterious perforations in the laboratory. The fact that not one single BB or pellet of any kind had been found was enough to drive the beleaguered authorities up the wall. Some victims had reported having heard a high-pitched "ping" at impact, but no missile had found its way to dashboard or car seat.

The Phantom Marksman must have sent word back to his shooting companions that a fellow could have a lot of fun plinking away at windows, for an extensive safari seemed to be suddenly under way.

On April 17 three counties in northern Ohio were raided by the plinking pranksters. The sound of shattering glass was heard in Los Angeles, Chicago, Cleveland; in Kentucky and New England; and in a dozen Canadian cities. Reports from Italy concerned a "cancer" that suddenly attacked windshields and shattered them.

At last, after thousands of windows and windshields had been smashed, someone in Portland, Oregon, saw some tiny, round, blackish pellets, not more than 1/32 inch in

diameter. One woman claimed to have seen mysterious pellets strike the windshield of an automobile and *eat* right through the glass in a kind of "bubbling action."

No other witnesses to the Phantom Marksman's vandalism could support the Portland woman's account, and there were still no missiles for laboratory analysis since those pellets had apparently self-destructed after—or in the process of—eating away her windshield.

However, there were some percipients of the phenomenon who stated that they *themselves* had been struck by the Phantom Marksman's invisible bullets.

Mr. and Mrs. Gary May of Port Weller, Canada, had been sitting in their automobile when they heard sharp, pinging sounds on their windshield. Mrs. May had put an exploratory hand outside the window and had received a sharp, stinging pain in her right thumb. A doctor later treated her for what was described as a small burnlike welt.

According to a report from Binghamton, New York, a man there was treated for a minor flesh wound when one of the invisible pellets struck him on the arm.

As far as I have been able to determine, these were the only actual physical wounds suffered by any of the Phantom Marksman's missiles. Of course, there were thousands of injuries to the budgets and bank accounts of window owners, and the insurance companies must have been driven to the point of offering a bounty.

Robert Cubbedge, a newspaper reporter in Cleveland, did serve as a witness to the Phantom Marksman methodically picking off ninety windshields in a used-car lot. Cubbedge wrote that he felt some strange kind of "transformation" was taking place. He saw no gravel, sand, or pellets falling on the clean windshields, but he stated unequivocally that he had watched "the mysterious something that pockmarks automobile windshields develop before my eyes."

Two sheriff's deputies in King County, Washington, had stood by in awe as they watched truckdriver Robert M. Noble's windshield being shattered. When they walked back to their patrol car to radio in their report, they discovered that their own windshield had been pitted.

A well-known attorney and Realtor of Ensenada, British Columbia, Manuel Careaga, heard something thud against the rear window of his automobile. When he stopped his car to invstigate, he could only watch helplessly as his rear window "melted like snow."

About the time that bewildered motorists from coast to coast were beginning to make loud noises to the authorities, the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company permitted a spokesman to attribute the epidemic of pockmarked glass to pitting caused by flying sand, gravel, or the chemicals used to de-ice highways.

If I had been an executive at Pittsburgh Plate Glass, I would have encouraged the story of a Phantom Marksman from another dimension of reality rather than go on record as announcing that my company produced safety glass so fragile that a grain of flying sand could cause an entire windshield to shatter, "melt like snow," or break out in poxlike craters.

Shortly after the PPG pronouncement, the Phantom Marksman evidently decided to hang up his guns. It is impossible to determine whether the various experts' theories had caused him to go away offended or doubled up with laughter. Then, too, even a fun thing like breaking windows can become boring after so long.

I fully concede that I have indulged my writer's prerogative in personifying what may have instead been some short-lived phenomenon or some baffling natural law suddenly set in motion by factors as yet beyond our grasp. Who knows at this point in Time if we might not have been witnessing the offended forces of Nature protesting in a rather straight-forward (albeit primitive) way against the polluting poisons of the internal combustion engine?

There is also something rather poltergeistic about our Phantom Marksman. Poltergeists are famous for breaking things in a childish, mischievous, even petulant manner, and they usually dissipate their energy within a relatively short time if not "fed" fresh vibrations through the mechanisms of fear, exorcisms, or excessive attention. The poltergeist's activity field is usually limited to one specific area, and in the case of the Phantom Marksman, it becomes more than a bit eerie to think of an entire nation be-

ing haunted by the collective unconscious of psychically troubled men and women. But as we mentioned earlier, poltergeists do show the astonishing ability to materialize human or beastlike entities, complete with voices and intelligent responses. And as we'll see in the next chapter, such beings have become frequent visitors within the boundaries of the latter-day United States.

9

SOME VERY PECULIAR PETS

It seems as though Time and Space can become confused enough without any human agent to add to the chaos. Each year the wire services are filled with accounts of African animals appearing in metropolitan North American cities, of dinosaurlike creatures emerging from lakes and oceans, and of the old reliable Abominable Snowman (or Bigfoot or Sasquatch) lumbering about the forest wilds of such widely scattered areas as Canada, California, Oregon, Florida, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Missouri. Anyone who has seriously examined the reports and interviewed eyewitnesses soon realizes that the percipients are indeed observing some unfamiliar lifeforms. These often monstrous creatures leave their footprints, their droppings, even the remains of their meals of livestock and dogs. But as yet, no one has shot any of these beasts (although there have been such claims) or found a carcass moldering away in the backwoods.

In the October–November, 1970, issue of *National Wildlife,* managing editor George Harrison reported his personal sighting of Sasquatch tracks while on the American Yeti Expedition led by Robert W. Morgan and cosponsored by the official publication of the National Wildlife Federation. Harrison tells how he was able to place his own size 10½ B foot next to the six-inch-wide track of what must have been Bigfoot, the Sasquatch. Whatever had made the naked footprint, Harrison knew, weighed far more than his 170 pounds, for the print was sunk more than an inch into the earth near a stream.

Harrison quotes Ed McLarney, a United Press Interna-

tional wire service stringer in Stevenson, Washington, as admitting that he was dubious about Bigfoot reports, but ". . . after seeing the tracks and hearing the stories from people who have seen Bigfoot, I'm 90 percent sure that something exists which is beyond my own experience."

Harrison himself confesses to being "85 percent" certain of Bigfoot's existence after returning from the expedition. "Reputable scientists agree there is no biological reason why Bigfoot cannot exist," he concludes. "In view of increasing evidence and the abundance of tracks and sightings, it now seems appropriate . . . to face up to the next obvious question in the Bigfoot investigation: Should a leading scientific group, perhaps with the aid of the Federal government, now take up the search?"

On July 11, 1972, 3:30 P.M., in Louisiana, Missouri, a low throaty growl first caused eight-year-old Terry Harrison to look up. What he saw may have been a husky "Bigfoot" member of the undetermined species of man-animal that has played a featured role in the walking nightmares of many men and women throughout North America for centuries.

The growling monster was nearly seven feet tall and huge. It had a round, pumpkin-shaped head and was covered with shaggy black hair. It kept making deep, growling sounds as it stood watching the boy. Then, as Terry stared in fearful fascination, the giant apelike creature began to move swiftly up the hill behind the Harrison home.

Terry left his scattered toys and ran into the house to tell his fifteen-year-old sister. There was something about the way Terry's eyes bulged and the way he stammered that made Doris Harrison look out the bathroom window toward the hill behind their house.

"That's no bear," Doris gasped. "I don't know what it is, but I'm scared. I'm calling the folks!"

On August 19 Glenn McWane interviewed Edgar Harrison, Terry's father, in the company of Louisiana Police Chief Shelby Ward. Both men were extremely cooperative and showed no reluctance to discuss the matter of the "Missouri Monster" ("Momo"):

EDGAR HARRISON: My daughter [Doris] got on the phone to her mother at our café, and Betty called me. Then Doris looked out the bathroom window. The thing was standing up the hill from the house. It broke some brush completely 'round in a circle where it stood.

Press reports said that Terry saw the creature holding a dog in its arms.

Right, and Terry said the dog had red stuff on it. Now I said, "Son, why do you say this was a dog?" And he answered, "Cause it had four legs. . . ." And he said it was black, the same as the other thing was black.

But it was seen to have "something" in its arms only when it appeared near the top of the hill.

That's right. When Terry first saw it standing up, he could see between its legs. It was big and it was weaving back and forth. It had long black hair hanging down all over. He could not see its face. But, you know, I've been wondering whether or not it was really a dog that Terry saw. It didn't have anything in its hands when it ran up the bank, but when they looked out the bathroom window and saw it at the top of the hill, it held this something. I was home within thirty minutes and standing where it had been standing. There was no red stuff, no blood or anything on the ground around the stamped-down circle where it stood. I wonder if the thing might not have picked up its young one, then set it down so they could run away from my place.

CHIEF WARD: Now, Edgar, don't go saying things like that! I have my hands full looking for *one*. Now don't go getting me looking for two!

Harrison persisted in his theory that the area might be supporting a family of Momo-type creatures. To back up his theory, he told McWane that he had noticed a black sootlike substance in the area near the monster tracks. The abandoned Lincoln schoolhouse, Harrison said, had an old coal bin in its basement. He added that since the Momo reports had been publicized, a family in the area told him that their son had seen a "big, tall, black, ugly thing" standing near Lincoln School in July, 1971. Might a family of monsters be living in the old school basement?

McWane asked Chief Ward if the Harrisons and the other monster-sighters in the area might not have seen bears.

Chief Ward replied that in his opinion, one could "just rule a bear out. A bear will let out an awful roar, but I will still rule out a bear after all these people heard it. There is a livestock auction barn about five blocks over, and the owner said that on that same Friday night [July 14] that Edgar and others heard the growl, people heard the roar clear up there.

"About fifty people heard the thing roar that Friday night when we had the church meeting at our house. I was standing outside and it scared the hell out of me. It sounded like a real low growl. All at once you could hear this growling getting closer and closer. Pretty soon you could hear the trees and brush cracking up in there. Then there was a loud, piercing scream. And that was the end of it. About five minutes later it did the same thing over again, three times in a row. Then that was it for the night.

"If there's a bear up in those hills, you're going to find bear tracks. We've looked these hills over, practically inch by inch, and we've found none."

Mrs. Clarence Lee, who also lives in Louisiana, Missouri, remembers that she had been watering flowers on that Tuesday afternoon when members of the Harrison family, who live a short distance away, came running past her house. A short time later Edgar came home, and she learned that Terry and the other Harrison children had seen "something like a big bear."

Mrs. Lee had also heard some kind of animal "carrying on something terrible." Later she talked to a farmer on Route 2 who claimed that a dog he had recently given his daughter had disappeared. The man wondered whether or not the monster might have been seen carrying their dog's remains. Gus Artus, a Missouri State Conservation Department wildlife official, tried his best to quiet the talk of incredible beasts stalking the area of Marzolf Hill, the snake-infested, cave-pocked terrain where the Harrison children first spotted Momo. Artus had nightmares of some adventure seeker shooting another hunter—or himself! In the Louisiana *Press-Journal* on July 18, Artus warned that

outsiders with guns would not be allowed to use Marzolf Hill as their safari grounds for a giant monster hunt.

"Whatever it is, it runs from people," Artus said. "My advice is that people in that neighborhood should go inside their homes. If they are frightened, they should lock their doors. If something comes around their houses, they have plenty of time to call the police, or a neighbor. They can defend themselves from inside their houses, if necessary. They should ask the outsiders to go home."

But by July 18, little more than a week after the initial sighting, monster reports had begun to pile up. One area resident reported to Chief Ward that he had seen Momo walk across Highway 79 with either a sheep or a dog in its mouth. Many people saw giants with red eyes staring at them from out of the darkness. Three-toed tracks were found to confuse the question of the number of digits on Momo's feet.

On July 19 a "posse" of about twenty-five men scoured Marzolf Hill and didn't find even a rabbit. Chief Ward told the press that he was satisfied that there was no longer a monster on Marzolf Hill. He also announced that he would keep the hill off-limits to the general public in order to keep kids from going up there after dark and getting hurt.

After the search party finished combing Marzolf Hill, there were grumbles of discontent, disbelief, and disgust. Some men called the whole story a lot of nonsense, and one man wisecracked that perhaps the Harrison family had seen the guy who was dating his sister.

However, Edgar Harrison wasn't laughing. An employee of the Department of Public Works, he began to take his lunch hours on the hill looking for Momo tracks. Some nights he would stake his dog out on the hill, while he sat out there waiting for the monster to reappear. Although he never saw it, he had *heard it*—and so had many others. And the Harrisons and others had *smelled* the creature, also.

Mrs. Betty Harrison and the children moved in with her sister Vivian Houchins and brother-in-law. Houchins, a former service station attendant, wasn't laughing either. He had caught a good whiff of the creature's scent when it was thrashing about on Marzolf Hill.

"The odor is worse than any old goat you'd ever smell," he declared. "It growls like a bear, but it runs on two feet."

EDGAR HARRISON: To me, it smelled just like a moldly old horse pen. It burnt your nose, like sulphur.

Did the odor last long?

No, I only detected it when the thing came. Twelve reporters came from Chicago to spend the night in the front yard. My dog took off right up the ridge and up on top of the hill. They took off after the thing when they heard it. Boy, you should have had a recording of those men when they hit the smell! I was with them, and it stank so bad that you would've thought you were walking in horse manure. It was that strong.

Chief Ward, did you smell anything when you came up to investigate?

CHIEF WARD: No, I didn't smell a thing.

HARRISON: When my dog chased it that night, it went right up a hollow and we followed. The dog went 300 feet up there, then he came back with his tail between his legs. He laid right down in back of the house and just got sick as can be. His eyes got bloodshot and he lay there for over an hour throwing up. Finally, he became okay, but now I can't get him to go back in there. He just won't go. [Harrison then told McWane that he had been setting out fish at night to bait Momo.] You can see right where it reached up to get that fish. That's about 12½ feet high. That's why I figure the thing must be at least 7½ feet tall in order to reach those fish. If it had arms that hung about its knees, it could easily reach 12 feet high.

John F. Schuessler, an aerospace engineer and assistant director of Midwest UFO Network, visited the area where Momo was spotted with MUFON's technical artist Lawrence Hanna and managed to uncover several unpublicized reports.

According to a summary of the cases that Schuessler provided McWane, Momo and his kin were aquatic as well as land-based creatures:

Within days of the Louisiana incident, a middle-aged Foley [Missouri] couple surprised a creature in the water, as the man sought a secluded place to fish. This couple, still frightened by the incident, is cooperating in an investigation and research, while desiring no personal publicity whatsoever. They have furnished a map of the area and a sketch of the creature.

Much background data is available to demonstrate that Momo is not something new and imaginary, but rather a well-established creature, roaming the Midwest. Missouri Monster sightings date back as far as twenty years ago, perhaps much further than that. Keeping with fairly fresh reports, however, we must consider that something is going on, based on the number of Missouri and Illinois sightings.

About June 30, 1972, two Troy [Missouri] fishermen were spending an afternoon on a secluded section of the Cuivre River near Cuivre River State Park. They had fished this section of the river for the past five days with better-than-average luck. This particular afternoon was clear and bright, the area quiet, the river flowing slowly. The curve in the river at this point creates a situation where the current is so slow and the surface of the water is so smooth that it is hard to tell which way the water flows.

About 250 feet upstream a tree had fallen two-thirds of the way across the river. This caused a silt accumulation on each side of the river and formed gently sloping banks. Noticing a splash, V.M. looked up to see someone, or something, wading into the middle of the river. The someone was big and hairy.

"Hey, Tim, look at that silly hippie," V.M. said.

Then almost immediately they both noted that the intruder was not a hippie, but a large creature wading armpit-deep across the river, estimated to be 5½ feet deep at this point. The creature waded with ease, appearing to be extremely strong by the way it crossed the river. As it came out of the water, Tim scrambled away to climb the rock hillside.

V.M. held his ground, apparently unseen by the creature, while it turned to walk along the riverbank

straight toward him. When the monster was about 150 feet away, V.M. panicked and started to run. When he looked back, the obviously frightened creature was also scrambling up a hillside.

V.M. and Tim left their equipment and went to report what they had seen. The conservation officer and the policemen all thought the incident was a big joke. Later, V.M., his brother Bob, Tim, and a conservation officer returned to the scene so the fishermen might recover their fishing gear. The men found a fresh, partial, three-toed footprint about an inch deep. It was located in the area where the creature had come out of the river. Some smaller and older three-toed prints were also found in the general area.

Two teenaged girls from O'Fallon, Missouri, saw a bearlike creature walking upright near the edge of a wooded area just a few miles out of town. This occurred near sundown on July 24. Two days later, a young boy saw a similar creature nearby.

On July 26 an early morning jogger in Cairo, Illinois, saw a tall silver or white creature walking upright.

How much of the entire Momo affair had occurred in the imagination of the witnesses?

Dr. Hobart Landreth, research director for the Oklahoma City Zoo, announced on August 3 that the alleged hairs from Momo that had been sent to him for analysis were nothing more than raccoon and dog hairs. Zoo Director Lawrence Curtis said that the plaster cast of the supposed beast's footprints had been made by a rubber glove.

"They are both very normal looking hairs," Dr. Landreth said, referring to the hairs supplied to him by Hayden Hewes and Dan Garcia of the International UFO Bureau. "One is from a dog and the other is either from a bear or a raccoon.

"It is fairly easy to classify [hair] within an animal group, but pinning down the actual species is a bit more difficult. And the other hair is not in the best shape possible,

but we can narrow it down to one of the two animals [bear or raccoon]."

The skeptics and the scientific Establishment cannot brush aside Momo and his brethren quite so easily. Chief Shelby Ward and Edgar Harrison told Glenn McWane that Harrison had found the hairs that he delivered to Hewes and Garcia near Momo's tracks and on trees in the immediate area. There is nothing that says that those hairs came from the creature's body. Raccoons abound in the area. The pronouncement that Dr. Landreth had determined the hairs to be from common, identifiable animals hardly explains the sightings of Momo. Such an analysis proves only that Dr. Landreth was supplied with raccoon and dog hairs.

As to the prints having been made by a rubber glove, in the words of Chief Shelby Ward: "I can't see for the life of me how anyone could tell from a cast whether it had been made from rubber or not."

Chief Ward told Glenn McWane that the first print cast they had made was far too big to be a bear. Edgar Harrison mentioned the names of several people in the area who had discovered footprints on their property.

Kim Sexton of the Independence, Missouri, *Examiner* traveled to Louisiana fully prepared to write a satirical account of "a bunch of rumors and foolishness." Instead she found nervous, in some cases frightened, men and women of high character, who did not seem to exaggerate or to seek publicity.

"I believe those I talked with did see, hear, and smell something unusual," Ms. Sexton wrote. "I talked to nearly 100 persons, and most of them convinced me there is something in those hills of Pike County that is strange to our country. It wasn't so much what they said that convinced me. It was the way they said it."

On July 21 Kathy Hickman of the Fulton, Missouri, *Kingdon Daily News* spent the evening looking for Momo with Edgar Harrison, several members of his family, and two women representatives of UFO Research Associates, Inc., of Topeka, Kansas. Ms. Hickman seemed to feel that Harrison was sincere and not out to create a hoax for per-

sonal profit. As a matter of fact, Ms. Hickman quoted Harrison as saying that he was suffering financially from Momo's visit: "I've already lost $90 since this thing was seen," Harrison said. "My wife and kids have moved out and say they aren't coming back. And we've worked hard for this house and land."

Ms. Hickman reported that she and the others heard the loud cracking of a branch while they sat on the front steps of the Harrison home:

> The night sounds in the woods stopped for a brief period. We saw nothing more, but Harrison and Kietha Fish, of the UFO Research Associates, remained longer and said they had caught a whiff of some foul-smelling odor.
>
> Harrison and his son-in-law had investigated the abandoned houses around the area earlier and both had remarked that while in one old house they had smelled an odor like a dead horse.
>
> They also found a larger circular area where some big animal had made a "nest" to sleep in, and the son-in-law had noticed that the odor had burned his nostrils.

"I don't believe the people in Pike County were suffering from overworked imaginations," Glenn McWane said when he returned from his trip to Momo land. "I believe they did smell an odor foreign to them, that they did find unfamiliar footprints, and that they did see an animal alien to their environment. The majority of these men and women are extremely well acquainted with the wildlife of their section of Missouri. If the creature had been an animal that belonged, someone surely would have identified it. I don't know if Momo is some kind of prehistoric man that comes up from the caves from time to time. (And there are a lot of caves in Pike County, Missouri!) But I do believe that these Bigfoot-type creatures exist and we must discover what they are."

It has occurred to me that these entities may emerge from another dimension and vibration of Time and Space,

prowl about for some time frightening human percipients and devouring animals, and then either find the aperture back to their own dimension or begin to disintegrate or literally explode, as their vibratory rate fails to adjust to the vibratory rate of our particular dimension. A number of people have pointed out that these things are very often seen in areas where there has recently been a great deal of UFO activity. As might be expected, some investigators loudly decry such an association, while others laugh at anyone who would take a report of either a monster or a UFO seriously.

On the evening of July 21, shortly before Edgar Harrison and several witnesses heard Momo emit "a big, loud, scream-noise" from the hill, two lighted objects had been seen falling from the sky.

EDGAR HARRISON: Just before the sound came from the hill, there were two lights that came out of the south and went to the north and fell behind the Lincoln school.

Would you say they fell or just disappeared?

They glowed and went right across the top of those trees [he pointed to a stand of trees south of the Harrison property, around the abandoned schoolhouse]. Now there were two coming from this way [southeast] and glowing over the top of those trees.

How fast were they going?

They weren't moving real fast. They were slow enough so you could see them real good and tell approximately how big they were.

CHIEF SHELBY WARD: That was the same night a report came in from Fulton [Missouri] telling me that people had seen three lights over King City.

HARRISON: Up at the bowling alley, two doctors said they saw a flying saucer last Saturday [August 12]. The same night, Ernie Shade, his wife, and my wife and kids saw a thing on top of this big hill up there, and it was just sitting there blinking on and off. I went up there at 1 P.M. that night and watched it. Some people who saw it said it had square-looking windows in it, approximately two feet in diameter. Some say it shot red lights out of it.

What color were the window openings?

HARRISON: Kind of yellowish-orange. The guy that runs the filling station up there on River Road said they saw the thing on the same night. It was coming down the Mississippi. It was up high and it went south down the river.

On the evening of July 21 a young, pregnant housewife in Bowling Green, Missouri, reported that she had seen two balls of fire land in a cow pasture near her home. Later, she smelled a nauseating odor and said that she and her family had heard grunting and screaming noises, "like nothing we'd ever heard before." The woman refused to divulge her name, stating that she had been threatened by her landlord with eviction if she disclosed the sites of the occurrence.

Again on the night of July 21, Ellis Minor, an experienced outdoorsman, directed the beam of his powerful searchlight on something that should not have been prowling the area near his Mississippi River home.

"It was standing there, hair black as coal," Minor said. "I couldn't see its eyes or its face—it had hair nearly down to its chest. As soon as I threw the light on it, it whirled and took off. It was the first time that I had ever seen an ugly-looking thing like that."

At 8:05 on the morning of July 20, Other Dimensions researcher George McArthur learned that Mrs. G.R. of Bonneville, Mssiouri, had seen an "ugly-looking thing" while driving on Highway C near New Haven.

MRS. G.R.: It was walking in a field. It was very tall and it had what looked like silver or white fur.

Fur or hair?

At that distance I couldn't really see. I could tell it was tall. I stopped and watched it walk away, then it turned around and started to come back. That's when I left. Terribly fast, I can tell you!

Did it make any noise?

Not that I heard. I had my windows closed. When I got to my father's house in New Haven, I was shaking. My father thought I was stupid for stopping the car. When he pointed out that the engine could have died or something,

I really got scared. I didn't see any features, because I left too fast. My estimation of its height was about nine feet. And it was a very clear day.

Did it act like it was hostile, or curious?

It acted curious, I would say. It didn't come charging at me. It just kind of nonchalantly started walking back toward the car, like it wanted to see what I was all about. Like my father said, I was probably stupid for stopping the car. This has given me a few bad nights, especially when I am here at home alone.

Had the "balls of light" brought the growling "giant hairy biped" to Marzolf Hill and to the pasture near Bowling Green on the same evening?

Had Mrs. G.R. seen a Momo with silver hair—or an extraterrestrial astronaut in his shiny space suit?

The night of July 22, Hayden Hewes and Dan Garcia of the International UFO Bureau in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, camped out on Momo's hill, with the hope that they might record the monster's growls. Although the researchers stated that they neither heard nor smelled anything, Hewes expressed the opinion that Momo could be a programmed creature from outer space that UFO buffs have come to identify as "the great hairy biped."

Walter H. Andrus, Jr., of the Midwest UFO network also visited Louisiana, Missouri, and interviewed the people involved in the Momo sightings. Andrus said that although a direct tie between UFO's and Momo-type creatures had not been thoroughly proved, the possibility existed that such "great hairy bipeds" could be experimental creatures from spacecraft sent to Earth.

James C. Wyatt of Memphis, Tennessee, sent me an account which, if interpreted literally, may indicate that an association between Bigfoot-type creatures and the UFO's has existed for quite some time. In a journal dated 1888, Wyatt's grandfather records that he was somewhere along the Humboldt Line in the "Big Woods Country" where his father and several cowhands had wintered with a tribe of Indians after delivering some cattle to a fort further north. Grandfather Wyatt was fluent in many Indian languages,

proficient in sign language, and partook of most of the tribal activities.

One day he came upon an Indian carrying a large platter of raw meat. At first the man seemed afraid to answer Wyatt's questions concerning his errand, but he finally bade the cattleman to follow him.

In a shallow cave in a cliff face dwelt a beast with long, shiny black hair that covered its entire body, except for its palms and an area around its eyes. The manlike creature did not seem wild or vicious; it sat cross-legged, Indian-style, to wolf the raw meat. Wyatt described the creature as built like a big, well-developed man, except for its lack of neck and its long body hair. The creature's head seemed to rest directly on its shoulders.

Wyatt visited the man-beast in the cave more than a dozen times. After much questioning and receiving two pounds of tobacco, a compass, and an axe, the Indian took Wyatt to a high pinnacle of rock one clear night to tell him of the creature's origin.

"Crazy Bear," as the creature was called by the Indians, had been brought to the "Big Woods" from the stars. A "small moon" had flown down like a swooping eagle and had landed on a plateau a few miles away from the Indian's encampment. The beast in the cave and two other "crazy bears" had been flung out of the "moon" before the craft had once again soared off to the stars.

The Indian told Wyatt that other "crazy bears" had been left in the vicinity over the years. The Indian guide and several of his fellow villagers had occasionally seen the "men" who put the crazy bears off the small moons. They did not look like the giant hairy ones, but appeared to be more like men such as themselves. The men from the small moon had much shorter hair than the Indians, though, and they wore shiny clothing. They always waved to the Indians in a friendly manner before they closed the door in their small moon and flew back to the stars.

The crazy bears had been led to the village by the Indians, and at no time had the hairy giants offered any resistance to their benefactors. The Indians believed that the crazy bears from the stars had been sent to bring them

powerful medicine, and they would not permit the creatures to stray away lest they be captured by rival tribes.

I cannot help wondering if the oft-reported monsters and robots seen near UFO landing sites are the "crazy bears" that certain Amerindian tribes were well aware of back in the last century.

"Perhaps," Glenn told me, "the Bigfoot-type creatures are deposited here by extraterrestrial UFOnauts to test our environment in the same manner that we might deposit chimpanzees on a planet whose atmosphere we wanted to evaluate in terms of a potential landing."

In a lengthy letter to me, James Wyatt speculated:

> Who is to say the "crazy bears" weren't exiled to our planet for some crime or other infraction of the laws of another planet [or dimension, we might add]?
>
> On the other hand, it is not inconceivable that the hairy ones are the food animals of some distant world and have been planted here on Earth to produce herds, just as the old shipmasters used to place pigs and goats on islands to multiply and furnish food for later voyagers.
>
> That they have not proliferated in great numbers may be due to their inability to provide for themselves, if they have been kept as produce animals for generations. Or, perhaps, the climate, the atmosphere, or the food available to them is against their best survival purposes. Who knows?

Who, indeed? I do know that my associates and I have spent a good lot of time and money attempting to find out. It may be a bit unnerving to suggest that these monsters might be the property of some other-dimensional interlopers. But certainly their "owners' " presence is even better documented, and by hard, physical fact.

10

PHYSICAL EVIDENCE OF VISITORS FROM OTHER REALITIES

I have sat in an automobile until dawn, watching UFO's rise from tree-top level to soar high in the night sky above the Mississippi River. I have seen UFO's cluster in groups and "shoot" what could have been energy feelers at one another. I have watched UFO's move rapidly and erratically across the sky in a motion that reminded me of a waterbug skimming across the surface of a pond. I have joined a farmer in his field to watch the UFO's appear, as he promised, "same time every night, so regular you can set your watch by them."

Was I observing a form of intelligent life that exists as a neighbor, right around the corner in another dimension?

Ted Phillips of Sedalia, Missouri, an inspector for the Missouri State Highway Department, has devoted the past four years to conducting specialized research on the physical traces found at alleged UFO landing sites. Phillips has been working closely with Dr. J. Allen Hynek, chairman of the Department of Astronomy and director of the Lindheimer Astronomical Research Center at Northwestern University (Dr. Hynek was consultant to the U.S. Air Force on UFO's for many years). Phillips, an amateur astronomer of twenty-two years' standing, has personally investigated 150 UFO reports during a nine-year period.

How did you become specifically interested in this phase of UFO research?

TED PHILLIPS: In the very first part of October, 1969, I was having dinner with Dr. Hynek in St. Louis. "You know," he said, "after all these years, it seems that it is about time

we started looking into specific pieces of the puzzle, rather than running around trying to get all the information from all around the world."

At the time Dr. Hynek suggested that I specialize, I have to admit that I had in my mind the idea of looking into the cases of UFO occupant sightings. But then I thought about it, and I decided that, in my opinion, the hardest evidence available is a ground effect. In most UFO reports, the object flies away and we are left with a visual impression in the mind of the witness. In the case of ground effects, of course, we have not only the visual impression of the witness but something tangible that remains behind —in some instances, for a very long period of time. Something that can be photographed, measured, studied, samples analyzed, and so forth.

Why are there so many more UFO's reported in the United States?

I think, possibly, the general communications setup is much better in the United States. We also have more people actively investigating reports and gathering information.

I noticed that in France, though, the police are instructed in the proper manner of investigating UFO's, even what to look for at landing sites. They have diagrams of Valensole and some other landing sites in a copy of a French police magazine I have. I think this is a beautiful idea. I wish it could be done here.

I know that there is a great deal of interest in the UFO in England and France, but I don't see a lot of major groups doing fieldwork, such as we have here in the U.S. One wonders how many landing sites are as yet undiscovered and unrecorded in Africa, Antarctica, and many places in Canada. I think that if we had the sum total of all the physical trace reports, it would be mind-staggering.

This may be difficult to answer, but what percentage of UFO sightings leave behind some kind of physical residue?

Well, of all of the 2,000-plus reported landing cases, 28.5 percent involved ground effects. Now I know that David Saunders [University of Colorado] has between 60,000 and 70,000 entries in the computer catalog, but to my knowledge, only 571 involve ground effects. Of course,

when you begin to tear apart a 60,000-plus figure, you are going to come down to a much smaller figure, as far as really reliable cases are concerned. And in my opinion, the landing cases are of higher quality, because as soon as you have a landed object, you have eliminated a number of natural answers.

What qualifies as a ground effect?

All kinds of things. Plants or soil dehydrated or burned. Depressions of the soil. Imprints that seem to indicate landing gear. Generally, the ground traces involve damage to plants or soil of three types: circular, oval, or irregular. There have been instances where the soil and plants have been totally removed from a given site area.

In many cases they appear to have been dug up. There was an instance I can recall in Iowa where a fifteen-foot circular area was found in a field. The soil in the area had just been totally removed. Removed to *where*, I cannot say. It was not deposited anywhere around the area, and there were no tracks leading up to, or away from, the area.

People are always asking about radiation traces.

Of the 571 landing traces cases in my files, I have five that involve radiation of a very low order. It is my opinion that since Geiger counters have been taken into landing areas within hours of landings and no radiation has been found, the percentage of cases involving radiation is extremely low. To my knowledge, less than one percent of the cases involve metallic fragments or a fibrous material commonly called "angel's hair." Footprints are even more rarely reported. I can think of only ten or twelve reports involving footprints.

I have never personally investigated a case where footprints were found. It is curious to me that reports of footprints should be so low, because 22 percent of the trace cases involve occupants, and one would expect occupants to leave footprints. Of course, in the Valensole case in France the occupants were seen not walking but floating back to the UFO, which is also very interesting.

Any ideas why Iowa has more landing sites than any other area in the United States? Is it because farmers naturally notice such things as burned holes in their fields?

I think that is a good point. Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, and

Illinois have been running rather high in reports over the past several years. The things do seem to frequent the farmlands. As you well know, the soybean fields are hit quite frequently with burned areas attributed to UFO's.

The first ground effects case I have on file was in 1490, and I am trying to get additional documentation on it. This was a case in Ireland, where a silvery disk was said to have flown over a church and was seen by the priest and the congregation. As it flew over the church, it dislodged the church bell, and some cattle received burns on their backs.

Just last year we had a report in Kansas. A young man was driving along and a bright light appeared to fly just in front of his automobile. When he arrived home, he noticed that the object was hovering over a corral nearby. He didn't venture outside again until the next morning. At that time, he and his parents found that some of the corral fence had been twisted and broken and forced to the ground, and that some of the cows in the corral area had suffered circular burns on their backs.

Of course, these kinds of animal burnings have been reported down through the years. The case of Snippy [well-known incident wherein a horse was found near Alamosa, Colorado, September, 1967, with its vital parts removed, as if by scientific inquiry rather than natural scavengers] is a good example. We can't say, perhaps, that there was *definitely* a UFO involved, but I have talked with Don Richmond, who did the investigation, and I feel that there is a very good chance that this is a UFO-related case, because many strange things happened in conjunction with the animal.

When an animal is burned in conjunction with a landing effect case, do you see this as some sort of testing or analysis of the creature? Or is their burning accidental?

Other than the Snippy case, all of the reports that I have seen wherein animals—generally cows—were harmed in some way, it would seem as though the burning were accidental.

Do any of the UFO percipients ever report any effects upon themselves?

Witnesses have reported all kinds of effects. In the Valensole case the witness claimed that he would fall asleep

for very long periods of time following the event. In other instances witnesses claim that they are *unable* to sleep. I am thinking of a case in Spain involving a priest and three other witnesses, wherein they noticed a dryness in their throats and the nasal area while they observed the object.

There are other effects, such as irritated eyes and severe headaches after witnessing a UFO. And, of course, some animals, especially dogs, have a very violent reaction in the presence of UFO's. Let me tell you about a case I recently investigated in south-central Missouri. This witness has three large security dogs, extremely vicious but well-trained animals. The night of the event, the witness and his wife were awakened by the dogs barking, growling, and behaving in a very agitated manner. They went outside but could see nothing except the dogs pulling at their chains toward a wooded area to the east.

The witness, who had been a hunting guide in Washington State and who is not afraid of the dark in any sense of the word, decided to turn the dogs loose and see what they would do. As soon as he unsnapped the chains, the dogs began to back up, digging their paws into the ground. They would look toward the wooded area, growl, then back up. He gave them the command to go, but they would not move.

This was very strange for these highly trained dogs. This indicates to me that they could sense something they had never confronted before in their experience. As the witness watched with his wife, they saw a brilliant flash of light, which was on, or near, the ground in the wooded area. The next morning they investigated and found the landing site.

In my opinion, in many cases dogs are agitated by a high-pitched sound of some kind, but most of all they are very frightened by the events. There have been reports where dogs have run under a shed, for instance, and remained there motionless, not barking. These actions are very untypical for these farm dogs, which are generally very effective and fearless watchdogs.

Have you ever considered the thought that the UFO's themselves *could be the intelligence and that the so-called occupants might simply be some sort of mental projection?*

It is my opinion, based on the reports that I have seen,

that the UFO's are artificially constructed vehicles rather than any energy or lifeforms. One can speculate about whether the UFO's are projecting a three-dimensional image so that the witness may see what they want him to see in regard to the occupants, but I feel that, based on the consistency of percipients' reports, the UFO's are constructed vehicles of some sort. Of all the reports I have where beings have been observed, the accounts are of humanlike creatures. And 69 percent of these are less than four feet tall.

Have many of the percipients seen the occupants close enough to describe them in detail?

As a matter of fact, there was a report here in Missouri where a sixty-year-old farmer was within fifteen or twenty feet of the object and approached within about sixty-five feet of the occupants—in daylight. I have talked to this man for many, many hours. It took me almost a year to track him down. He wants no publicity, so I promised him that his name would not be used, and he finally talked to me.

It was an excellent report. He described the beings as about three feet in height. They appeared to have a gray-green coloring and to wear a coverall-type suit. He couldn't really be sure if they had arms or levers, because the beings had a rather mechanical motion and they moved at a high speed. They appeared to have a kind of extension or protuberance on the front of their heads. He couldn't tell if it was a helmet or if he was seeing the actual head. I have no doubt in my mind that this man is telling the truth.

Of course, we know that a good hypnotist would make you see a piano where there was none.

Absolutely. I do have an open mind about such speculations that suggest we may be seeing only what we are supposed to see. This business is so complex that the possibilities are unlimited. But my method is to go out and get the facts as best I can. And in my opinion, the most tangible facts in the UFO egnima are the actual physical traces that the objects leave behind on the ground.

July 13, 1969, was a rainy night in Iowa's Cedar River Valley. On the Warren Barr farm, about seven miles south

of Garrison, Pat Barr, fifteen, and her visiting cousin Kathy Mahr, nineteen, were preparing for bed at about 11 P.M.

"It was like a real low-flying jet," Pat Barr said, "so I got up and looked out my north bedroom window, and I saw this object. It was like two saucers, one on top of the other, and it had two sections of lights, one on each side. It was almost a circle, but more oval-shaped. It used a spinning, circular motion to get to where it was going. And after I couldn't see the object anymore, I could still see two red, glowing, triangular-shaped lights."

Kathy joined Pat at the window and she, too, saw the metallic shine of the UFO and its row of lights in the middle. Pat estimated the object was moving at a speed that could allow it to travel three miles in thirty seconds, "so it couldn't have been a helicopter or an airplane."

According to Kathy, "The object hovered over a field north of the house, then it just disappeared so fast we couldn't see which way it went."

At breakfast the next morning, Warren Barr laughed off the girls' story. But when he went out to do his chores a few minutes later, he discovered a fifteen-foot scorched circle, some forty feet across, in a bean field just thirty rods from his house.

"I know that those beans were perfectly healthy the day before," Barr later told journalists from the *Cedar Valley Daily Times* and WMT-TV. "And I know that circle wasn't caused by chemicals or armyworms. It just looked like extreme heat had been there in that circle. There wasn't any sign of flame. It just looked like things had been wilted down and turned brown."

The Barrs decided to keep the incident quiet. They didn't want their friends and neighbors to think that they were flying-saucer nuts. But a few weeks later, Kathy's brother attended a class reunion in Minnesota and a man connected with a St. Paul TV station overheard him telling about the mysterious hole in the Iowa bean field. Almost at once an investigating team was on its way to Iowa to get the full details of the UFO landing.

On August 6, 1969, *Cedar Rapids Gazette* Farm Editor, Al Swegle, commented: "The Barr family doesn't say

that the object was from another planet. But their beans haven't had any trouble with armyworms either. . . ."

"When lightning strikes, the center of the circular area is usually barren, but the edges taper off," Vivian Jennings, Cedar Rapids area extension crops specialist said. "In Barr's field, the whole fifteen-foot area was barren, and other portions of the field were not affected."

WMT-TV mused: "The thought occurs—and wouldn't it be wild—if scientists somewhere in the universe are poring over soil samples and have almost reached the conclusion that the Earth is made of green beans!"

My associate, Glenn McWane, made plans to drive to the Warren Barr farm and investigate matters for himself. On Monday, August 11, 1969, McWane arrived in Van Horne, Iowa, around 11 A.M.

"My first stop was the local filling station where I got some gas and started up a conversation about the sighting," McWane stated in his report. "Everyone seemed to like the Barr family and to think a great deal of them. In short, they were respected as sober, reliable citizens."

McWane next went to the bank in Van Horne where Mrs. Warren Barr is employed. "She was very nice to talk to," McWane noted. "Although she was reluctant to speak at length about the sighting, she did call her husband and arrange a meeting so that I might discuss the matter with him."

McWane drove to the farm, found Warren Barr friendly and cooperative. Barr showed the investigator the bare circle in the bean field and politely answered all questions.

"This spot was most interesting," McWane commented in his report. "Even though almost a month had elapsed from the time of the alleged landing, there was still hardly anything growing within the circle. A couple of small bean plants were beginning to grow again, but the circle was basically clean. I found no evidence of the plants having been pulled out, but I did find a number of plants just beyond the periphery of the ring that appeared to be dying.

"The few small plants within the circle that seem to be growing back appear to have a dead stem about two inches from the ground. The area immediately below this apparent dead area and the portion of the plant above this

brownish band both give the appearance of a normal, green, healthy stalk. I have taken samples of the soil and will provide an analytical report as soon as possible.

"Although Mr. Barr was very friendly, he emphasized that he did not wish publicity. He does not seem even remotely interested in 'cashing in' on his experience."

After McWane had examined the circle, he hired a private airplane and arranged to have aerial photographs taken.

On September 10, 1969, he sent me a copy of the analysis done on the soil sample by a contact of the University of Iowa Medical Department.

> My contact's findings were a slightly higher than normal radiation yield. In addition, from the grass enclosed with the sample he found that the strontium 90 was also just a little higher than normal.
>
> On reminding my contact that the alleged landing occurred on July 13 and that my samples were taken on August 11, he went on to state that the count must have been higher, because the amount of rain that had fallen in the area between the time of the sighting and the time that the samples had been obtained . . . would have diluted the count.
>
> My contact has taken into consideration the amount of fallout considered normal for this area and any nuclear testing that might have been done at this time. My contact is among those employed to keep a close check on the amount of radiation in the Iowa air and soil, and he is always informed on how much fallout is absorbed by plants and how much is absorbed by cows eating grass and how much is consequently given out in milk.

Within a month after McWane's investigation of the alleged UFO landing on the Warren Barr farm, I received a letter from a lineman employed by an Iowa power and light company who had noticed a series of "burnt circles" near one of the power lines. When he made inquiries of the farm family who lived there, they openly stated that they

had seen UFO's hovering over the power line and landing in the nearby pasture. So I called Glenn McWane, who readily agreed to conduct a preliminary investigation of the case.

McWane found the farm, located in Clayton County, Iowa, literally covered with scorched circles similar to the one he had examined before. The greatest concentration of circles were to be found along the power line. (Certain UFOlogists contend that UFO's somehow withdraw electrical energy from the lines. There does seem to be a great deal of circumstantial evidence in support of such a theory, but no actual proof that such kilowatt kidnapping exists.)

In addition to the scorched circles, McWane noticed definite impressions of what appeared to be indentations caused by some sort of landing device. He assessed the farm's successful owner as "levelheaded, calm, not likely to jump to excitable conclusions," who had had military service at various missile sites around the United States. His wife told McWane that "odd things" had been occurring on their farm for about two years. It seemed that all the neighbors had seen the "odd things" as well—red objects streaking across the horizon, that everyone was certain could not have been airplanes or satellites.

Then, early in the spring of 1969, the children had seen a round red object hovering over the power line. One of the boys climbed a tree and the other watched the thing cautiously from around a corner of the barn. Seemingly aware of their presence, the object shone a red beam of light at each of the boys.

Later, the boy in the tree said that he had seen the object rise, then lower itself farther down the line and land behind a clump of trees. The next morning when the family went to investigate their sons' story, they found a circular burned spot and the impressions of what they assumed must be landing gear.

"And now you say that your family has seen these objects on several occasions?" Glenn McWane asked Mrs. S.H.

"Oh, yes," the farm wife answered. "They usually land right after 5 P.M. You know, late afternoon. In the winter

months, it can be pretty dark by 5 P.M. There's only been one exception. One Sunday afternoon an object landed about two o'clock."

"No one in the family has reported having any nightmares," McWane said, "but I certainly had an eerie feeling as I walked among the dozens of burned, circular areas of this farm. It is almost as if some alien air force might be using this farm as an informal landing base.

"According to the family and the neighbors who have witnessed the landings, the UFO's are not seen until they are relatively close to the ground. Then—bang!—they suddenly appear and lower themselves to Earth.

"It would appear that the objects are somehow able to remain invisible until they reach a certain altitude. Or, to conjecture a bit, they may be entering our dimension through a doorway that just happens to be open on the S.H. farm.

"It may be, as some UFOlogists suggest, that the UFO's come from another world existing outside our Space-Time continuum and that they are most often seen in areas wherein these 'doorways' exist. Such a theory might explain how UFO's have suddenly disappeared with jets in close pursuit.

"At any rate," McWane concluded, "my opinion is that if a mysterious 'someone' did not want to be observed by a lot of people, the area in which the S.H. farm is located would be a perfect spot to conduct secretive activities. It has heavily wooded areas, and a river runs through the farm. There is also a large cave in the area."

In November, 1969, Glenn McWane visited yet another farm that had been spotted by burned circles the family said had been left by a UFO. The farmer's teenaged son swore that he had seen an occupant of the craft as he went to bring the cattle home for milking.

Slightly abbreviated, this is the story he told Glenn:

> When I walked out into the pasture I could see that the cattle were all huddled together near the far side. Between me and the cows was a shiny thing that looked like an upside-down mixing bowl. There

was a red light flashing on and off, scaring the cattle.

I heard someone walking off to my left, and when I turned, I saw this little man coming toward me. He was three, maybe four feet tall, and he was dressed from head to toe in a white suit like our astronauts wear. The suit was tight-fitting and covered his hands and his feet, as well as his body. He also wore a yellowish-brown helmet, and his head seemed out of proportion to his body.

His arms were awfully long, and they hung past his knees. His hands looked normal, like ours, but his feet seemed to have two prongs.

The wildest thing was when he took off his helmet and looked at me. His skin was colored a light pale green, and his head was completely bald. No hair at all. His eyes were really big, but his nose and mouth were nothing but slits. His face didn't have any expression at all; it was just blank.

He wiped his forehead with the back of his free hand, like someone who has been working hard and sweating, then he got into the UFO and it took off.

Whenever we receive a report about another scorched circle in a farmer's field, I wonder if this is really a continuation of a very ancient phenomenon that has been misinterpreted and hallowed by folklorists down through the ages. It has occurred to me that the legendary "Fairy Ring," wherein the wee folk wear down the grass in a circular area with their merry dancing, might appear very similar to these circular areas that have been found scorched into farmer's fields throughout the world.

And what of the "wee folk" that were glimpsed from time to time cavorting about the shimmering lights of the fairy ring? Might they, with their traditional fairy green complexions, be one and the same with our pale-green-complexioned UFOnauts? But I do find it hard to believe that anything that leaves scorched circles, occasionally burned cows, and blips on radar could possibly be an offshoot of the *human* mind.

I fully realize that at this point in the book you may be somewhat bewildered. You've been dragged across 600 million years and have had to endure shocks and insults that no self-respecting human being should have to. Even worse, you have probably noticed that the explanations for these phenomena keep proliferating—and it may seem that I intend to leave you even more confused than when we started.

Rest assured, this mind-boggling scavenger hunt *is* leading us both somewhere. There *is* a single explanation that accounts for everything we have discussed. But to reach it, we have to stretch our concept of "reality" even farther. Indeed, we *must* be able to sort *all* the beads of the Reality Game, or lose the game by default.

11

THE ELECTRICAL CONNECTION

Other writers have discussed the Soviet technique of Kirlian photography, which resulted in some of the photos reproduced in this book. Briefly, an electric field seems to make it possible for a photographic plate to record the fluctuations of the human aura—a kind of natural aurora borealis continually emanating from the body and broadcasting the changes of both mind and body.

Other writers have also discussed the phenomena of Ted Serios, who seems able to impress his thoughts directly on a photographic plate, without benefit of an electrical field. And there is spirit photography, in which the camera seems able to pick up images, symbols, and figures not visible to the naked eye. (Again, please refer to the illustrated section.) What I would like to suggest here is that photography and electricity—singly or in combination—seem the best experimental avenues toward conclusive proof of Reality's parameters.

"There is a very interesting kind of physical anomaly in the [Bimini] area," Captain John Alexander told me. "In a conversation with Dr. Valentine, we began to discuss the astronauts and their interest in such things, and Dr. Valentine said that he had received some fascinating information.

> On some photographs taken by the astronauts, peculiar white lines show up in the Bahamas area. The lines appear to be *on top* of the water. When the astronauts were departing on their lunar mission, the last recognizable feature on Earth as they left our planet's orbit were these long white lines going across

the ocean in the area where the sites—and the so-called Bermuda Triangle—are located.

We feel that those lines are indicative of an electromagnetic disturbance of some sort and are definitely not due to waves breaking or anything of that nature.

An anomaly that shows up on many of the photographs—I don't know if you noticed them—are these tiny white bubbles. We thought initially that these were air bubbles. Then people started to check and say, no, these bubbles appear in *all* the photographs.

A theory is that these bubbles are indicative of electromagnetic disturbances of some kind, which in some way affects the film. They are definitely not air bubbles from another diver submerged ahead of the photographer. This phenomenon does affect the film directly—and it happens to everybody.

Fay Clark told me of one remarkable incident in which it appears that a buildup of electricity was able to bring in a scene from some other era or dimension of being:

FAY CLARK: I was working at the Northern State Power Company in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, in 1931. One evening the image of a woman began to form above the generators. I did not witness this myself. I was in the boiler room, because the Mississippi Valley Power Company had asked us to carry part of their load that night. Whenever they would ask this of us, we would have to put in our extra turbine. We operated three boilers with one on standby, and that night it was my job to rake fire from the one silent boiler so we could put it on the line and have all four operating at maximum.

The standby boiler had just been put in the line at its full maximum when a cloud began to form over the turbine. The men in this area thought that the turbine was overheating and was about ready to blow up. But they checked their gauges and everything appeared to be operating normally.

Then in that cloud there appeared—as clearly as could be—the image of a woman lying on a couch. One of her

arms was covered with jewels, and there were rings on her fingers. All of the men witnessed this for about twenty seconds before it faded out. That's when the commotion began, and I was called in to be told about the phenomenon.

How would you explain such an occurrence?

If everything is vibration, and if we are vibrating at a certain frequency that makes us what we are and the surroundings around us what they are today, then if our vibration was changed even slightly, we could be put out of phase with our civilization and be moved either forward or backward in Time. In this particular case, the engineer was very positive that we had somehow attuned to the Past, and he was a very hard-nosed electrical engineer.

To pacify some of the men, who had become rather frightened, the engineer told us that he had witnessed similar phenomena once before in England. He said that he believed that the tempo of the electrical generator had thrown the area out of frequency with our era of civilization.

Again, I am reminded that UFO's are often reported hovering near high-tension power lines. Is it possible that the electrical field actually enables them to enter our reality and become visible, in the same manner as the lady on the couch?

One of the most astounding photographs that I have ever seen was taken by a woman in a small town in southern Minnesota. This woman has absolutely no interest in the paranormal, in attempted communication with the "other side," or in calling any special attention to herself. She seemed embarrassed when I telephoned her and she learned that I knew about the strange photograph.

It seems that on Christmas, 1967, she had seen the image of a human hand appear in her home. The thing faded from view and was not seen again.

On Christmas Eve, 1968, however, as she snapped a picture of her husband assembling a farm set for Santa's morning visit to the children, her attention was drawn to the television set. There she saw the image of an outstretched hand fading away. She wished that she might

have noticed it in time to have obtained photographic evidence of the hand's occasional existence.

It was not until the following May, when she was recounting the story for some friends, that someone suggested that she may have captured the image of the hand unknowingly while she had been concentrating on taking a surprise photograph of her husband. As might be the case in so many families, she had not yet taken the film of the Christmas past to be developed. Intrigued by her friend's suggestion, she quickly exposed the remaining pictures on the roll and sent the film away to be processed. When the prints were returned, she discovered that she had most certainly caught the image of the hand on film.

The television set was unplugged. The perfectly proportioned hand is *not* a flickering, televised impression made stationary by what would have to be the accidental timing of the simple Instamatic's factory-set lens. The picture on a television set is the result of electrons being beamed at the screen. Therefore, for any picture to appear, *something* had to be beaming electrons at the screen to make that hand visible.

And if "something" needs electricity to manifest itself, there's a good supply of wattage available right in the body of the nearest human being. Certain researchers have studied the case of those people who seem to be able to store up large amounts of electricity in their bodies. This ability is not so strange and uncommon as one might suppose. In England, Brian Clements of Harrow is such a person. His body stores such a tremendous amount of electricity that when he touches metal, there is a blue flash. By touching the terminals, he can push the dial on a voltage meter up to 4,000 volts. Clements himself believes that a truer reading would be nearer 10,000 volts, "but I haven't got a machine big enough to measure such an amount."

His wife and children have no need of the bigger machine to prove his point. As it is, Clements must touch a metal pole when he returns home before he even dares touch his family. Were he to hug them before he had grounded himself, he would deliver enormous electrical jolts into their bodies.

On March 29, 1964, when he lived in Hiawatha, Iowa, Fay Clark conducted a number of experiments in aura photography. Certain of these attempts were quite successful, especially one in which a spiral of electromagnetic energy could be seen leaving Clark's head.

The experiments were performed in a fallout shelter, forty feet long by twnty-four feet wide, under two feet of concrete. The only source of light for the entire area issued from a 1½-watt argon bulb. As an adjunct to the experiments on this particular evening, Clark had brought an ultrasonic sound generator into the shelter.

We moved the sound generator to various frequencies," Clark said, "and at one particular frequency, a number of dots of lights began to appear. They would group themselves in formation, and in some cases grow larger. Some of them developed 'tails.' At times they appeared to be responding to our thoughts. One almost had the feeling that the lights were somehow intelligent."

Did Fay Clark *create* the formations of fireflylike blobs of light with the combination of the ultrasonic sound frequencies and his own mental set, or did that same combination open a doorway between dimensions? Could Fay in some way have summoned UFO intelligences by striking a particular frequency that enabled them to enter our world and to interact with him on some level of consciousness?

On September 6, 1967, at about 10:30 P.M., Edward W. Goldstein, a physician, was traveling to his home on Long Island along a particularly desolate road that circled the Bethpage (New York) State Park when he saw an oddly illuminated, cigar-shaped object in the western sky. The UFO appeared to be about 300 feet distant and was hovering approximately 50 feet from the ground.

Dr. Goldstein scarcely had time to react when a second UFO began to glow to the south. As if the rose-colored objects were not enough, the doctor's car began to go slower and slower until it came to a complete stop.

At that point Goldstein said he heard ". . . some sort of faint, weird chatter" that seemed to come from his car radio. This was all the more startling when he recalled the radio was turned off. The voices, the doctor said later,

seemed to represent four different "men," but he was unable to understand anything they said.

Dr. Goldstein was forced to remain an unwilling audience to the chatter from his dead radio and the twin cigar-shaped objects in the sky until about half an hour had elapsed. He told newsmen that he had sighted UFO's on that same road in that same spot in April of that year.

John A. Keel wrote in the November, 1968, issue of *Saga:*

> Radio signals of undetermined origin have been flooding our atmosphere since 1899. Two generations of scientists and astronomers have argued indecisively about their possible meaning and purpose, even though dozens of carefully worded and very explicit messages from some mysterious source have been received all over our muddled little planet. These messages have been too "far out" to be accepted by either the scientific Establishment or the press. They are allegedly from some alien group in outer space. . . .

Recently, astronomer Duncan Lunan said that he had deciphered a message sent to Earth from another solar system, and he made his claim in *Space Flight,* the journal of the prestigious British Interplanetary Society.

According to Lunan, an unmanned "probe" robot satellite, placed in orbit around our moon between 13,000 and 15,000 years ago, has been transmitting the message at intermittent periods since the 1920's. The satellite was placed in orbit by dwellers of a planet that orbits a star called Upsilon Bootis in another solar system. Lunan claimed he had even translated the message as stating:

> Start here. Our home is Upsilon Bootis, which is a double star. We live on the sixth planet of seven, counting outward from the sun, which is the larger of the two.
>
> Our sixth planet has one moon. Our fourth planet has three. Our first and third planets each have one.
>
> Our probe is in the position of Arcturus, known in our maps.

His report in *Space Flight* indicates that computers on the robot probe transmit the message whenever they are triggered by radio waves sent from Earth at an undetermined frequency.

The executive secretary of the society, Leonard Carter, said that Upsilon Bootis is about 103 million light-years from Earth. The "robot probe" referred to in the message is only about 170,000 miles from Earth, near the moon, and was placed in orbit about 11,000 B.C. As is commonly known, radio echoes have been received since the 1920's, but they could not be explained as having originated on Earth.

According to Carter: "Lunan plotted the echoes on a graph. Oddly, they seemed to make up a series of dots outlining the known constellations. But they were slightly distorted. However, Lunan has gone into the question of this distortion and alteration, and the dots related to the constellation as they were about 13,000 years ago."

Duncan Lunan's claims have been met with the reserve that one might expect from even open-minded scientists. But Professor Ronald N. Bracewell, one of the leading radio astronomers in the United States, said that even though he had reservations about Lunan's interpretation of the signals, he would not discount them altogether. Professor Bracewell advanced a similar theory to explain radio echoes noted in 1927, 1928, and 1934, and he said that he had been exchanging research notes with Lunan for the last few years.

John Keel's *Saga* article went on to say:

> There is now abundant evidence that somebody . . . apparently a *very foreign somebody* . . . has developed a technique for broadcasting not only to HAM operators, but to civilian band radios, car radios, cheap walkie-talkies, and even over telephones. Television sets have also begun to chatter in strange voices and Morse-code-like signals everywhere. The activity is now almost universal—and is largely unnoticed. A good deal of this "interference" is conducted in a rapid-fire, guttural language that sounds like a bastardized mixture of German and Spanish.

> . . . It is most prevalent on the low frequencies . . . on bands used almost exclusively by a few government stations for the transmission of time signals. But if you own a decent short-wave receiver, you might be able to pick up this strange chatter at the low end of the amateur band after midnight during UFO "flap" (active) months, March–April and July–August.

One night an engineer at an Iowa radio station threw the transmitter on full power, long after the station had "officially" gone off the air. "If any spacecraft are up there, come on down," he invited, then shut off the controls to avoid violating FCC rules and regulations.

The engineer had sent his message as a whim, but later, as he left the station, he became aware of an eerie silence, then a series of "musical beeps" that seemed to bounce back and forth between two points somewhere out there in the darkness. The engineer later described the scene as "listening to two flutes talking back and forth to each other. There definitely seemed to be two points of sound emanation."

When I published a brief treatment of such experiences in my *Notebook* and asked for feedback from readers, I might have guessed that the knowledgeable Lucius Farish would be among the first to respond. The Arkansas researcher referred me to three back issues of *Fate* magazine, then provided me with an account from his own files.

Briefly, the first reference ("The Number from Luna Earth," G. D. Kaye; September, 1964; pp. 61–62) told of a used-car salesman from Jackson, Ohio, whose radio listening was interrupted by a metallic voice repeating: "The number from luna earth—yellow, blue, gold, maroon, brown, blue, and dark green."

Several people heard the strange voice reiterating its meaningless message. The editor of the *Jackson Herald* described the sound as ". . . a metallic ark, ark, ark."

A follow-up letter in the December, 1964, issue of *Fate* (p. 128) suggested that someone in the area was using unauthorized transmitters in order to broadcast a secret telephone number. According to letter writer Roger Lent:

"In the standard RMTA (Radio-Television Manufacturer's Association) color code, the colors black, brown, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, gray, and white represent the numbers 0, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 respectively. Gold is sometimes used in the third position and means to multiply the preceding number by 1. . . ."

The third article recommended by Farish, "They Hear Sound—And See Color" (*Fate*, January, 1965, p. 94), reports the research of Dr. Peter F. Ostwald of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of California on the phenomenon of synesthesia, in which colors flash through the mind when sounds are heard.

For example, a young woman patient, when hearing the spoken sentence, "You get the cat," saw the colors dark green, beige, putty, and cream in rapid succession. When Dr. Ostwald counted out the numbers "1, 2, 3, 4, 5," the woman stated that she had a rush of silver-gray, dark green, cherry red, yellow, and lavender.

Synesthesia seems to appear early in childhood. "The sensations have a scalelike relation, the colors seen becoming progressively brighter as the sound pitch goes up." Although theories about the cause of the phenomenon vary, synesthesia may be ". . . an indication of sensory 'crossed wires,' or a missing link between normal perceptions and hallucinations."

Now to quote an account of a most intriguing bit of "numbers play" from Farish's files:

> *Date of occurrence: March 24 and 25, 1961:* March 24, at 8 A.M., Mrs. Sherman P. called a neighbor, Mrs. Daisy S., who lived close by, to inquire how she was feeling. Just as the conversation was beginning, the line went completely dead—different than if someone had lifted a receiver (there are ten parties on each line)—then, the line being still apparently dead, a man's voice broke in very distinctly and clearly, saying in good English, "Wake up down there."
>
> Mrs. P. was irate, thinking someone had rudely broken into the conversation, and she proceeded to voice her opinion. The voice started to speak in

Spanish, and after saying, "Sí, Señor," three consecutive times, it became silent when Mrs. P. had completed her statement. The line then became "alive" again, and the women's conversation continued. Both were puzzled by the unusual occurrence,

March 25, at the same morning hour, the two women had started to talk over the telephone when the same voice again said, "Wake up down there." The line had again gone dead. This time neither woman spoke while listening to the sounds: "Twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five."

There was a pause, then Mrs. P. said: "This is number twenty-five."

The voice said: "Sí, Señor Sí, Señor."

There was another pause, then, again, the numbers—"twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five . . . forty, forty, forty." The numbers were immediately followed by several sentences spoken in Spanish at what seemed to the women to be a normal tempo (although neither woman understood Spanish). The last sound that came was the word "Señorita."

The line then became alive again, and the two women discussed the happening. They believed that no one on their line (in Prospect, Oregon) spoke Spanish. Neither woman can associate the two numbers with anything familiar to them.

12

OUR COSMIC TUTORS . . .

Some UFOnauts have apparently attempted signaling Earth via flashing codes. On August 12, 1964, numerous residents of Loveland, Colorado, reported a flashing red object over their city. Marvin E. Watson contacted police and claimed that the UFO was sending Morse code according to dots and dashes. Watson said he picked up "M. A. Ten," missed the next five-letter word, then, before the UFO vanished, managed to catch "Either Send."

The night was warm and the sky clear on Friday, April 2, 1971, as Morris Heflin traveled east on the Crosstown Expressway in Oklahoma City. He first noticed the flashing light in the sky about 10:30. He was approaching the May exit when he saw two or three brilliant spurts of light, then a steady beam shine down on the road.

Although only emergency stopping on the expressway was legal, Heflin pulled over to the side. Whatever he might have been theorizing as to the source of the mysterious light, Heflin was not prepared to see a round, saucer-shaped metallic object directing a beam of white light about the area, as if searching for something. He judged the UFO to be moving about sixty miles per hour, basing this estimate on the speed of the automobiles traveling the expressway.

The seemingly inquisitive craft maintained an altitude of about 300 feet to the north of the highway. Heflin could see a dim green light underneath the UFO. A greenish-hued illumination also issued from a large, square window and two porthole-type windows on each side of the larger opening.

Heflin did not claim to have been able to see inside the craft, but he did feel qualified to provide a reasonable estimate of the UFO's dimensions ("seventy feet across and twelve feet high"), and he took note of what appeared to be model numbers about two-thirds of the way up the curved bottom. "I could see the numbers 1X-1478 in large black stencils," he said.

Heflin noticed two motorcycle policemen, as absorbed in watching the craft's progress as he. The UFO moved down the expressway with its white beam probing the darkness, then disappeared from sight in about ten minutes.

When he telephoned his sighting to the police, Heflin was told that he had probably seen a traffic helicopter. Heflin was not satisfied with such an explanation. He had seen helicopters before, but none of them had ever been saucer-shaped or capable of moving through the sky without emitting a single sound.

Heflin could not have been more surprised when, on May 8, 1971, at about 2:45 A.M., he saw "1X-478" once again, while he was traveling west on Southwest 15th Street, crossing the North Canadian River bridge. It was stabbing that familiar white spotlight into a group of trees about 100 feet south of the bridge.

Heflin parked his car and walked to the middle of the bridge in order to get a better view of the strange craft. It was much lower this time, just below treetop level, and it was hovering, not moving. The windows did not appear to be illuminated, but the green light on the underbelly revealed the same large black numbers, "1X-1478."

"I know someone had to be in that craft operating that beam of light," Heflin said later. "I know that they could have seen my headlights as soon as I approached the bridge. If they knew I was standing there watching them, they just kept on with whatever they were doing. Perhaps they didn't care."

Heflin observed the craft hovering above the east bank, moving the searchlight about the river for five minutes or so, before he gradually succumbed to a sensation of unease. "It gave me a rather eerie feeling when I realized that I was alone with this strange craft. I decided I had

etter leave," he said.

This time Heflin went directly home and telephoned Irs. Kietha Fish, editor of the *Kansas-Oklahoma News-tter*. Mrs. Fish made arrangements to meet Heflin later nat morning in the company of her daughter, Mrs. Kietha lewes.

"Mr. Heflin showed us where he stood and watched the JFO and where the searchlight had been shining on the verbank," Mrs. Fish wrote in her report for the *News-tter*. "We walked down to where the light had been nining and found the ground very hard. It was dryer nere than was the ground away from the area.

"The bark on the trees had been scorched, although ney didn't have a burned, smokey smell. Dry vines were anging down from the trees, but they were not burned. ome of the ground was covered with what appeared to e ashes. There were no signs of a fire having been built here."

It seems a bit much to imagine a vessel from Alpha Centuri arriving with Arabic numerals etched on its side. Of course, the first thing such numerals suggest is that he craft is from good old planet Earth, and is a "secret est model" of the Air Force, the C.I.A., or some (you-know-who) "foreign power." But now the appearance of *numbers* in association with UFO sightings seems to be accelerating. I have also received a number of unsubstantiated reports stating that UFO occupants have been sighted with numbers across their chests or on their shoulders. But if the UFOnauts are so intelligent that they have mastered Time and Space, why are they not intelligent enough to have learned our Earth tongues and alphabets? Some men and women who claim to communicate with UFO intelligences have said that numbered codes have been given to them, which if properly deciphered would present earthlings with knowledge of great importance. Might it be that whatever intelligences lie behind the UFO mystery have now deemed man sophisticated enough to share communication through mathematics, the "universal language"? Consider the following case that was reported to my office in October, 1971:

The young woman—whom we shall call Sally—and her friend watched the strange light moving slowly across the sky. "It's just like the two I saw last night," Sally told her friend who lived in town. "They came low over the farm, hovered awhile, then moved off again. Last night the sky was clear, so I didn't know for sure if they might be satellites or something, but tonight there is a heavy cloud bank, and that light *is* moving beneath the clouds."

The visitor to the farm in northeast Iowa got so "spooky" after watching the light move across the sky that she decided to spend the night. But the next morning, when she and her husband drove away, Sally was left alone with her dogs and her chores.

Later that day, as she sat working on the budget for their expanding kennels, Sally heard a deep masculine voice shout: "Fifty-six . . . twenty-four . . . eighty-three." Puzzled by the strange interruption, Sally put down her pencil and looked outside. She saw no one, although the dogs in the kennels had begun to bark.

"Forty-four . . . fifty-six . . . thirty-eight."

She stepped out on the porch, looked down the lane, over the pasture. There was no one in sight.

"Fifty-five . . . eight-nine . . . seventy-five."

The dogs were beginning to show signs of severe nervousness and stress. Determined to locate the source for the shouted numbers, Sally walked to the top of the gently sloping hill that gave her a good view of the fields and pastures in the immediate vicinity. The voices—there had been at least two—had sounded near. The sounds were not being carried by the wind from afar.

The voices repeated their strange and apparently meaningless call letters at intervals during the day. The mystery eluded Sally. Try as she might, she could not discover the source for her invisible "auctioneers." When her husband returned home from work, he presented her with the very logical explanation that she had been hearing surveyors at their labors.

Sally admitted that "surveyors" had a nice, rational ring to it, but later she called my office and told me her intriguing story. As the day had passed, she said, she had begun to wonder if the voices might in some way be connected with the low overflights of UFO's she had witnessed on a number of nights prior. She admitted that there was no clearly defined evidence that might support her thesis, but neither, she added smugly, was there any evidence to support her husband's theory about the surveyors. She had seen no men near the farm home, and she had walked some distance from the house to investigate. She stated firmly that she had seen no farmers or workmen of any description in the nearby pastures or fields.

On January 20, 1972, I received the following from T.M.C. of Winston-Salem, North Carolina:

My friend E.W. and I were listening to the radio. The night sky grew bright outside our window. The radio sounded all garbled up. We looked outside to see a small disk, about three feet in diameter, hovering above our chimney. We both heard a clear, distinct voice with a strong accent speak these numbers, which E. wrote down: "1,976 . . . 4,481 . . . 3,032 . . . 7,625 . . . 6,234 . . . 2,637 . . . 3,801 . . . 1,809 . . . 1,591."

There was a distinct pause after each series. The whole thing took place in maybe one minute. Several neighbors saw it, too. We're all too scared to declare what we saw and heard to any authority for fear of publicity.

When I published T.M.C.'s letter in an issue of the *Notebook,* T.P. from Excelsior Springs, Missouri (among others), wrote to suggest that the three-foot disk might have been a robot device with a highly developed computer that had been sent from a larger "mother ship" UFO to gather data from Earth. T.P. theorized that the numbers the two men in Winston-Salem heard might have

been map coordinates, "including height, longitude, and latitude, in that order."

T.P. went on:

> Assuming T.M.C. judged the UFO's height correctly, then the number 1,976, because of its low value, might stand for units of measurement from sea level. The number 4,481 may stand for degree and minutes of a map coordinate. Prime longitude is east of Winston-Salem, equivalent to our 80 degrees West; the number 3,032 equivalent to our 36 degrees North.
>
> If the above assumptions are correct, then the other coordinates would be 100 degrees West, 26 degrees North, or West, of Linares, Nuevo Leon, Mexico, in the Sierra Madre Mountains (7,625, 6,234, 2,637). The third set of coordinates would be east of Barbados, or 50 degrees West, 15 degrees North above the Atlantic (3,801, 1,809, 1,591).

In opposition to these precise space speakers are the numerous reports of UFOnauts who speak in *growls and grunts* (Villas-Boas' case, Brazil), *buzzes* (West Calgary, Alberta, Canada), *geeselike cacklings* (Pichaca, Peru), and "*m-m-m-m*" hummings (Betty and Barney Hill case).

The most basic clues to the Reality Game *may* be disguised in UFO reports in one way or another. Again and again, it seems obvious that *some* kind of contact—not to say learning experience or demonstration—was taking place between object and observer.

FAY CLARK: I have been investigating UFO's for twenty-two years, but the sighting that completely changed my view of the phenomenon occurred at Lone Pine, California. My wife and I observed a UFO resting on a small grove of aspen trees. We had been attracted to the area by a terrifically bright light that was so intense we were unable to look directly at it.

Then the light subsided somewhat and we could see the clear outline of the object. All the way around it were

openings in its side. The light began to grow until it covered nearly the entire area of the object. As it grew in size, it lost its brilliance and became a lavender color. When the light reached nearly the entire size of the object, the illumination began to shrink down again until it got to the very brilliant white portion—again, which, if my judgment were correct, would probably have been about twenty feet in diameter. Then the light would again increase its size to maybe three-quarters or four-fifths of the size of the entire object, and it would be that lavender color. This process of expansion and contraction of light continued, and my wife and I realized that *it was matching the rhythm of our respiration rate.*

We became aware that the object was increasing its tempo. We saw one edge of the UFO raise so that it was no longer level with the tops of the trees. In the length of time that it took me to turn my head, the object had moved ten miles out over Death Valley. I know it was ten miles, because we drove out underneath it.

The thing that really amazed my wife and me was that it took off at that tremendous speed *instantly*—with no sound, no fire, no smoke. And all of the trees leaned *with* it. They were not blasted backward. We looked the area over carefully and found no more small limbs and leaves on the ground than one would find under any grove of trees. The word that kept coming to me was that the object was *impelled,* rather than *propelled.* It was *drawn,* rather than *pushed.* If there would have been any force pushing it, it certainly would have blasted limbs and leaves off the trees.

We drove out in the desert and stayed with the object for probably an hour and a half, directly underneath it. When we first stopped the car, some substance that looked like whipped cream or heavy fog rolled out of the openings in its sides. It was probably not over 300 feet above the ground, but it was completely hidden from view after it produced its own "cloud" of this substance.

We knew it was there, though, so we drove back a distance so that we could clearly see it sitting on top of its artificial cloud.

What do you think accounted for that peculiar, pulsating movement of light?

What we were observing, I believe, was a phenomenon going on *inside* the object. I believe that the thing was breathing, and I see no reason to change my thought on that matter. My wife and I both had the feeling that we were witnessing the ultimate in creation. The closer we came to the object, the more we were suffused with a feeling of reverence and beauty and humbleness.

I'll tell about another object we witnessed, and I will illustrate why I know there were no people inside it. This sighting occurred outside of Seligman, Arizona. We watched the object coming, then observed it change its course to come to hover not more than fifteen feet above our Volkswagen. It seemed to me that it was just looking at us, as if it were studying our little car.

I jumped out with my Hasselblad camera and swung it up to take a picture. But before I could even touch the shutter, the UFO zipped right toward a little butte. I had a terrible, sick feeling that anything so beautiful was going to crash and be destroyed. Instead of crashing, though, just before it touched the butte it shot *straight up.* It didn't stop; it just changed direction—a right angle, straight up—and disappeared.

No crew could have been in any craft and survived such a maneuver. They would have been mashed against the sides of the vehicle, then pulled apart by the acceleration straight up.

I do not believe that we observed a craft made by people from some other planet. I believe that we were watching a living creature, a form of life that moves into our dimension. That may sound very weird to you, Brad.

Different people throughout the years have said to me, "Fay, you know a lot more than you are telling. Come on now, tell us the truth. Admit that you made contact with the people *inside* the object. At least tell us they contacted you."

But Brad, we were not contacted; and there were *no* people inside the object. We only had the most wonderful feeling of peace and harmony, and the knowledge that we

were witnessing the beauty of the ultimate of creation. I firmly believe UFO's are a form of life that come not from another planet but from another dimension. I believe that they are probably around us all the time, just outside of our own dimension.

Professor Fred Hoyle, a world-famous British astrophysicist, is *alleged* to have made the following startling statements during a press conference called on May 10, 1971:

- Human beings are simply pawns in a great game being played by alien minds, which control mankind's every move.
- These alien minds come from another universe, one with five dimensions. Their laws of chemistry and physics are completely different from ours. They have learned to shatter the Time/Space barriers that restrict us.
- These superintelligent entities are so different from us that to apprehend them or to describe them in human terms is impossible.
- These entities seem to be totally free from any such physical restrictions as bodies, and they are more like pure intelligence. They may be anywhere in the universe in a matter of seconds.
- These aliens are everywhere—in the sky, on the sea, on Earth. They have been here for countless aeons and they have probably controlled the evolution of *Homo sapiens.* All of what man has built and become was accomplished because of the "tinkering" of these intelligent forces.

"The only reason I called this press conference is that no government in the world would release this information," Professor Hoyle is reported to have said. "They fear panic among the people and think that, if people know that some intelligent force is controlling them, they will no longer listen to their governments."

I have written that Professor Fred Hoyle is *alleged* to have made such mind-boggling comments, because when science writer Otto Binder based an article on Professor

Hoyle's statements for *Saga* magazine, he found himself in a bit of hot water. Professor Hoyle's private secretary issued a formal statement that the whole thing was a complete fabrication dreamt up by sensationalist elements in the British press and further trumpeted out of proportion by Binder.

I asked Otto where he stood on the controversy now. He replied:

> I have only those statements in the British press to back me up that Hoyle said those things. I felt the British press was conservative compared to us.
>
> My suspicion is that some physicists and astronomers have probably, through their own endeavors and their own research, run into things that they realize are simply "out of this world."
>
> Have you read Fred Hoyle's fiction? He goes completely wild in his books. I think in his so-called science fiction he is expressing what he really believes. Pick up his *A for Andromeda*. My thought is that there is more reality in this book than imagination. I wasn't too surprised when I saw that interview in the British Press, knowing what Hoyle has written and called fiction. I took it for truth on his part, and I think he meant every word of it. I think that interview really took place, although I can't prove it.
>
> I think he got called on the carpet by some top-ranking British scientific society, and he was made to retract his statements, even though he didn't want to do so. I think the physicists and the astronomers have begun to realize and to receive proof that there is some other reality beyond that which orthodox science will allow them to recognize.

My friend Fay Clark has often expressed his conviction that there is but one life and that we are but individual expressions of that one life force. While certain researchers are investigating the puzzle of UFO percipients (i.e., *who* sees UFO's?), it may not really matter who perceives them. The important thing to the UFO intelligences may

be that *someone* sees them and interacts with them on some level, either conscious or unconscious.

Some theorists state that the contactees' communication lies in telepathic exchange, so that the excited earthling hears a voice and a familiar language *only* in his mind. However, take the case of Philip Rodgers, a brilliant and respected musician both in England and on the Continent. In March, 1958, a number of journalists, engineers, scientists, and officials of astronomical societies gathered to hear Rodgers play the sounds and voices that had been recorded on his remarkable tapes.

In a very lengthy bit of correspondence, Rodgers detailed his complete story to me. The phrase that so greatly interested the gathering was, *"Ship is real, people,"* spoken against a background of clicking that resembled the noise of a typewriter. "It was picked up through a 'Golden Voice' microphone, placed outside my bedroom window, some twelve feet from the ground," Rodgers wrote. "My radio was not on at the time. Like nearly all my signals, however, it was not heard at the moment of reception, but discovered only when I played back the tape."

The musician vehemently denies that poltergeists or some psychic phenomena might be responsible for the strange noises on his tapes, though Rodgers *might* have unrealized mediumistic talents. But he has made numerous UFO sightings, many of them in conjunction with the sounds on his tapes, and he feels most strongly that there is a definite correlation. "Many of my signals are meaningless on their own. But if fitted together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, they provide a living sound-picture of the people who produced them. I have heard it said that the space people have no wish to spoon-feed us. Rather, they prefer to give us scraps of evidence, like the isolated clues in a mystery story, upon which we are able to work."

Rodgers here may have given us a capsule analysis of the entire contactee enigma: *Someone, of as yet undetermined origin, is giving us bits of information, "meaningless on their own" but "scraps of evidence like the isolated clues in a mystery story."*

13

...THEIR MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPTS...

There are few people today who haven't heard Erich von Däniken's thesis that human civilization—including such technological benefits as we covered in Chapter 6—was seeded by "Gods from Outer Space." Not that I disagree with him; an alien astronaut could have stepped on that trilobite, dropped that spark plug, even constructed those ancient cities off Florida. But it does seem clear that the UFO's are still visiting us—at least in Iowa. And if so, who's to say they are not *still* teaching us?

At 4:15 P.M. on July 24, 1973, Bob Hill, owner of radio station WHRL, North Greenbush (Albany), New York, was taking out the stations' garbage when a tiny twinkle in the sky caught his eye. The station's tower is 300 feet high, and the twirling specks Hill saw were falling from a much greater distance.

Hill went into the station, grabbed his 20x binoculars, and tried to focus on the drifting objects. "I'm certain that the things must have been above 10,000 feet," he told me over the telephone. "The sky was crystal clear. There was nothing to interfere with my observation. It took something like half an hour to forty-five minutes for the objects to land."

Hill got into his automobile and drove down Lape Road. There he saw two of the white objects land in a hayfield. He ran out into the field to snatch "two sets of formulae and accompanying graphs that explain 'normalized extinction' and the mysterious incomplete 'Davis-Greenstein orientation.'"

The cryptic mathematical formulae lay scattered around a very puzzled Bob Hill. "The thing that really bugged

me," Hill said, "was that there was absolutely nothing on the papers that would identify them as belonging to anybody. You know, if it were a thesis or a manuscript, there would have been some identification. If the sheets belonged to a government project, they would have been stamped all over."

Hill did learn that the formulae actually dealt with a known physical process. "You first think of something kind of ominous when you read about 'normalized extinction,' but I checked with three Ph.D.'s and a friend of mine who is a nuclear physicist, and they recognized the data. It has something to do with light out of phase with itself, light canceling itself out. It is actually research data."

But what was it doing falling out of nowhere onto a hayfield outside of Albany?

Hill made inquiries of the Federal Aviation Administration, the National Weather Service, the FBI, and the Albany Airport Control Tower, but no one could provide him with any clues whatsoever.

"People from Fortean societies have been calling me," Hill remarked. "I'm not into that kind of research. I don't care about UFO's and things like that. But I do know this: Those papers fell out of a brilliant, dark blue sky. There was not a cloud in sight. I would have been able to see any aircraft. Only an upper-atmospheric weather balloon would have been so high that I would not have been able to see it. I checked, and there was no upper-atmospheric research being conducted. Those formulae just dropped out of the sky, and I would certainly like to know where they came from!"

The controversial Allende letters and the annotated volume of Dr. M. K. Jessup's *The Case for the UFO* could well be a hoax. But the notations scribbled in the margins of the book may provide clues to the Reality Game which UFOlogists have never taken quite seriously enough.

Vince Gaddis had briefly discussed the affair in his *Invisible Horizons,* but I was urged to begin investigating the Jessup–Allende business in August, 1966, when I received a letter from a bright young college student, Steve Yankee. Steve was one up on most people who wrote about the mystery: He actually had in his possession a copy of the

annotated edition of *The Case for the UFO* and the Allende letters, which he subsequently sent me.

For those readers who are unfamiliar with the story, on January 13, 1956, shortly after publication of his book, Dr. Jessup received the first of a series of letters from Carlos Miguel Allende, who took the author to task for stirring up renewed interest in the UFO.

Allende claimed that in October, 1943, the U.S. Navy had conducted an experiment on invisibility and teleportation in which a ship disappeared from its Philadelphia dock and, a few minutes later, appeared at its other dock in the Norfolk-Newport News-Portsmouth area. The ship then again dematerialized and went back to its Philadelphia dock in only a very few minutes. Although the experiment succeeded insofar as the ship was concerned, it was a cruel failure in regard to the crew and its officers.

According to Allende, half of the officers and crew were "mad as hatters," while others continued to phase into invisibility and some "went into the flame" and dematerialized forever. One sailor walked through his quarters' wall in sight of his wife and child and was never seen again. A Philadelphia newspaper was supposed to have carried the account of sailors who became invisible and raided a tavern, causing such shock and paralysis on the part of the waitresses that little of a comprehensible nature could be gotten from them.

Allende claimed to have watched the experiment from another ship, and he soundly cursed Jessup for suggesting that additional research be carried on with Einstein's Unified Field Theory. Einstein, of course, had not yet perfected his theory at the time of the alleged U.S. Navy experiment, but apparently Allende feared that Jessup's book might encourage research into the Unified Field Theory with the same tragic results.

Some time after Jessup had exchanged a number of letters with his surly correspondent, he received an invitation to the Office of Naval Research in Washington. He was more than a little surprised when an officer handed him a paperback copy of his *Case for the UFO*.

The book had been received at ONR in a large manila envelope with a cheery "Happy Easter" written across its

face. When Jessup examined the copy of his book, he saw that apparently three different people, writing in three different colors of ink, had completely annotated its pages. Jessup quickly noticed that one of the individuals wrote in the same hodgepodge style of his querulous correspondent, Carlos Miguel Allende.

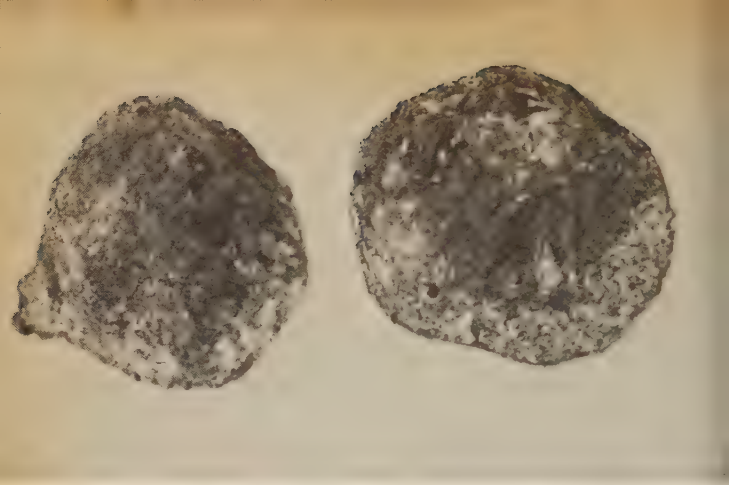
On the evening of April 29, 1959, Morris K. Jessup was found in his station wagon in Dade County Park, Florida. He had commited suicide by attaching a hose to the exhaust pipe and looping it into the closed interior. Some UFOlogists still argue that Jessup's alleged suicide was the price he had paid for coming too close to the truth about flying saucers, but his close associates and friends cite despondency over an approaching divorce and a number of personal defeats. If Jessup had been coming "too close" to the truth about UFO's, he was obviously doing so rather unaware of the significance of his work.

The mystery of the Jessup–Allende letters and the annotated volume remained more or less a brain-teaser for the inner-circle UFO buffs until I assembled a book with UFOlogist Joan Whritenour entitled *Strange Flying Saucer Mysteries* (1968, Award Books). The volume dealt with reports of UFO Silencers, alleged sightings of robots near UFO landing sites, the possibility of our gods and our genes having come from another world, the mystery of UFO's under the seas, and a chapter on the Jessup–Allende mystery. However, the publisher became so excited about the Allende mystery that he instructed the editor to change the title of the book to *The Allende Letters: New UFO Breakthrough,* and he commissioned me to assemble a one-shot magazine special on the Allende–Jessup puzzle.

After the book's publication I received six letters from men who claimed to be Carlos Miguel Allende, and a letter from one woman who claimed to have been his widow. Some of the letters were amusing; some pathetic; some scary. None were convincing.

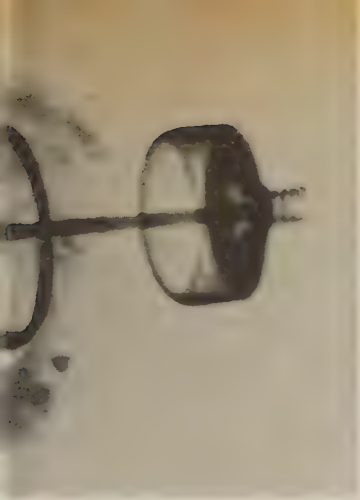
In addition to the sniping of the UFO buffs (who had taken me to mean that the Allende letters formed *the* key to the UFO mystery), one of the largest of the private UFO groups published an account in their newsletter that Carlos Miguel Allende had appeared on their doorstep one

omething apparently wearing a shoe left this footprint in what is ow Cambrian shale, found at Antelope Springs, Utah. According o accepted geologic time scales, the crushed trilobite under the eel means this print is 500 million years old! (DESERET NEWS hoto; appeared in the Creation Research Society Quarterly, 5(3),)ecember, 1968.)



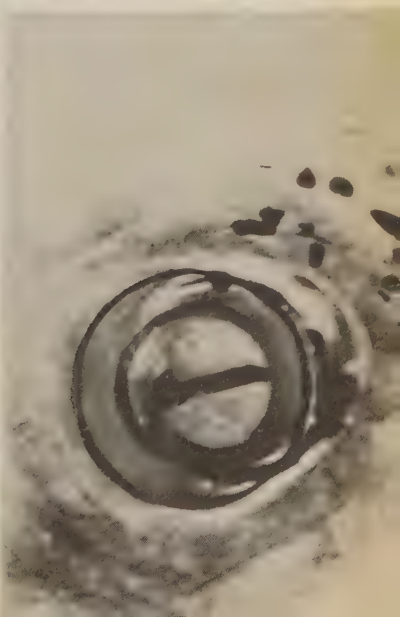
What appeared to be a standard geode was picked up near Olancha, California. Fossil shells encrusting its surface are at least half a million years old. . . .

But when cut in half, the "geode" turned out to be a concretion formed around an object of hard, shiny metal and what looks like porcelain. . . .



rays of the left half of the concretion (left, side view; right, top iew) reveal an obviously artificial device sealed within. . . .

he corresponding side and top-view X rays of the right half of the bject suggest it is quite similar to a contemporary spark plug. All photos, this page and preceding page: RON CALAIS)

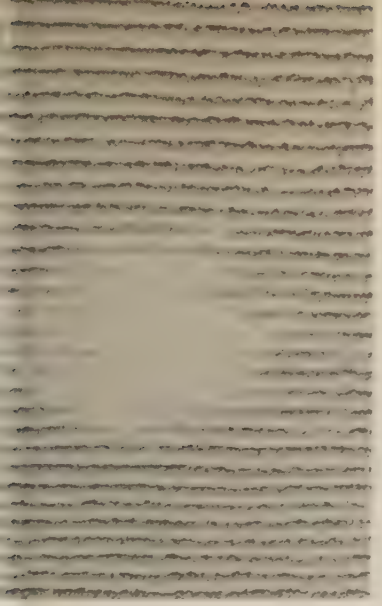


Captain John Alexander, scuba diving near some of the massive sunken stone structures off Bimini that seem to be the relics of a civilization that predated the glaciers.

On September 3, 1955, nine people in Hiawatha, Iowa, saw what appeared to be a UFO in trouble, flopping from side to side. As they watched, a second UFO moved alongside it and remained stationary until the fluttering object had again stabilized. Photographer Sam Stochl, commissioned by Mayor Fay Clark to take aerial photographs of Hiawatha that day, was unaware that his camera had captured the two objects on film.

According to Clark, "Knowing that the airplane was flying at 1,200 feet . . . we can triangulate the objects as approximately 33 feet in diameter . . . at an altitude of 800 feet."

On August 2, 1965, a newsman and photographer from the *Wichita* (Kansas) *Eagle* obtained photographic evidence that UFO's are tangible enough to be plotted on the Weather Bureau's radar screen. (WICHITA EAGLE)



This precise circle of wilted, dying crops (in this case, soybeans) is a familiar feature on Iowan farms where UFO's have been observed hovering near the ground. Soil samples from within one such circle, even after weeks of leaching rain, show a higher than normal radiation level.

On Christmas Eve, 1968, a woman in southern Minnesota snapped a picture of her husband assembling toys — and inadvertently preserved an unscheduled broadcast on her unplugged television set. The hand had appeared the year before, again at Christmas.

Two highly reputable professionals were photographing the interiors of Raynham Hall, Norfolk, England. Using a magnesium flare, they obtained one of the best-documented spirit photographs. When compared with oil portraits in the Hall's gallery, the apparition seemed to resemble a female ancestor of the current owner who had lived in Raynham Hall herself in times gone by. The picture was originally published in *Country Life*, December 16, 1936. (Reprinted by courtesy of FATE magazine)

On June 19, 1966, the Reverend Ralph W. Hardy made a time-lapse photograph of the Tulip Staircase at Queen's House in the Naval College in London. The cowled figure appears to be grieving and wearing a ring on the first or second finger of the right hand. Attempts to reproduce the photo with props and a "live" actor were a dismal failure. (Reprinted by courtesy of REV. RALPH W. HARDY)

Komar the Hindu Fakir (alias Vernon Craig) demonstrates his ability to "outthink" pain in a carefully monitored hospital test. . . .

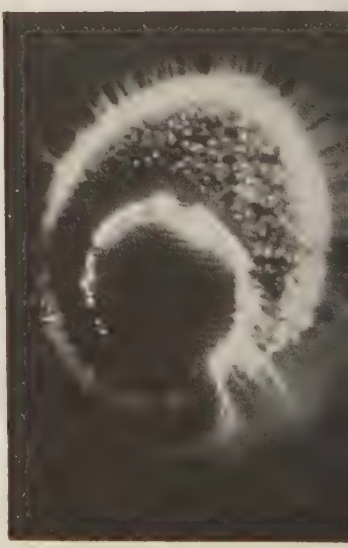
Joo Bang Lee lifts a twenty-five-pound bucket of water attached to a bicycle spoke piercing his arm. Not only can the mind eliminate pain, it can also prevent and repair physical injury. (Photo by ED IKUTA, courtesy of *Probe the Unknown*)

Dowsing, before and after. In the first photo, a Canadian dowser holds her familiar forked stick in the air, waiting for it to become "energized." In the second photo, the camera records not only a bright corona around the tip of the stick but a comet-like ray beneath that seems to be pulling the dowsing rod after it. (CARL SCHLEICHER, Mankind Research Unlimited, Inc., Washington, D. C.)

In a deliberate attempt to record the human aura on film, this picture of Fay Clark was taken in a darkened fallout shelter. Note the spiral over the top of his head. A number of Eastern texts describe the *chakra* (spiritual energy center) at the top of the head as coiled in shape.

This photo, as subject Ingo Swann explains it, "was the result of playing around in a darkroom, trying without much hope of success to consciously cause energies to collect on my hands. I was moving them up and down, juggling the postulated energy, as it were; and to everyone's surprise, the photo turned out." (BERT MC CANN)

Further evidence that photography can record the invisible: This picture, taken through the Soviet Kirlian process, shows the regular, even emanations surrounding the fingertip of a calm and healthy subject. (MANKIND RESEARCH UNLIMITED, INC., Washington, D. C.)



But this second Kirlian photo depicts the fingertip "aura" of a patient ill with London flu. In the original color prints, the egg-shaped corona here glows an angry red, in contrast to the tranquil blue of the preceding picture. (DANNIEL H. KIENTZ and RICARDO JOSEPH, Psychotronic Research Institute, Santa Rosa, California)

The body's aura is also subject to conscious control. This photograph—not a double exposure—was snapped during a meeting of the Psychic Research Training Center at St. Louis, Missouri, when Maureen A. Garger attempted to release psychic energy into Daniel R. Reirodan, who was sitting three feet in front of her, between her and the camera. Although she sat quite still, a transparent arm and sleeve—clearly not Mr. Reirodan's—appears just to the left of his own arm. Just to the left of his head (see enlargement) can be seen an upturned face with mouth open and eyes closed, superimposed over Miss Garger's physical neck, which is slumped *forward*: "It appears as if I was literally moving into him."

David Graham asked the wife of a well-known spiritualist to pose for a picture with David's own wife, Alene (left). The woman laughed and averred he wouldn't be able to photograph her—and when Graham snapped his Polaroid 80, this was the result. The camera had no leaks, and pictures taken before and after this one developed normally.

As an adjunct to his experiments in aura photography, Fay Clark brought an ultrasonic generator into his fallout shelter. "At one particular frequency," Clark says, "a number of dots of light began to appear, group themselves in formation, and in some cases grow larger. Some developed 'tails.' At times they seemed to be responding to our thoughts. One almost had the feeling they were somehow intelligent."

Whether psychokinetic energy is a natural human attribute or "lent" us by an external source, it does indeed "respond to our thoughts." Here Olof Jonsson, his face hidden by the levitating table, conducts a carefully supervised séance in Copenhagen.

And Uri Geller, who freely admits being the channel for an external power, makes a fork bend merely by stroking it with thumb and forefinger. This sequence (reading down, from left to right) was taken by *Psychic* editor James Bolen with a Super 8 movie film. The dinner fork, which Bolen personally verified as intact before the demonstration, gradually became pliable at its neck and finally parted company. (Courtesy of PSYCHIC magazine, San Francisco, California. © Psychic Magazine.)

day with a woebegotten tale of how he had learned I was writing a book on his correspondence to M. K. Jessup and how he had begged me not to publish it. According to the story, I had sneered at him, brushed him aside. He had limped away, a broken man, incapable of securing legal assistance to combat a gigantic New York publishing empire. Without a single letter or telephone call to either myself or Award Books to determine the truth of such a charge (which was totally without substance or credence), the UFO research group headlined the story across the front page of their members' newsletter.

But if one is to survive in the Reality Game, he soon learns to count to ten before losing his temper—and to fifty, if need be. The challenge is to study, observe, comprehend, and relate while keeping one's cool.

The annotated volume may have been an elaborate and pointless hoax—elaborate because the three writers created an alien culture on a par with Tolkien's Middle-Earth; pointless because they sent it to the Office of Naval Research where such unsolicited contributions either end up in the wastebasket or, if taken seriously, immediately become classified material and a very private matter. Or, the notations may have been made by three members of an Earth-based but "non-Terran" race with extensive knowledge of the origin of UFO's and a mental library of remarkable scientific facts. The three note writers are often smug, a trifle arrogant, and make little effort to control their mockery of *Homo sapiens.*

Herewithin are a number of the comments of Mr. A. (Allende), Mr. B., and Jemi as they appeared in M. K. Jessup's margins:

> Jessup notes that flying saucers came into public consciousness in modern times with Kenneth Arnold's sighting near Mount Rainier on June 24, 1947. *Mr. B.* writes: "Don't worry, Jemi, those were L-M ships, not 'S' men.* They are an improved type and were only on

* The designations of "L-M's" and "S-M's" are used consistently throughout the notations. The three men appear either to consider themselves "L-M's" or to regard them more favorably than they do the "S-M's."

a training flight. That is why their leader interconnected their force fields to teach them Level Telecontrol without inducing a fear block."

Jessup comments upon strange sky falls, in particular droppings of raw meat. *Jemi* explains: "Spoiled food, dropped."

On the top of a page an unrelated notation by *Mr. B.* makes an interesting observation about a program of contact with *Homo sapiens:* "The French are of such a general philosophical attitude . . . that they were chosen to be contacted. Now, some LM's live in France out of preference in their field of philosophical study. They like it."

Jessup bemoans the tendency of the scientific Establishment to deny the data of UFOlogy. *Jemi* writes: "It seems quixotically reliable of humans to wait until they themselves have known flight and think now of space flight before admitting that others, too, have flight. Not, of course (heh-heh), that they are surpassed. No, not when they are clued to an equaling idea in force fields. They now hope to become equals. Alas!"

Jessup makes a brief reference to the same IYNKICIDU cross discussed here in Chapter 4. *Mr. B.* explains: "Cross is Atruscan—Lemurian: Language is that now called 'Black Tongue' spoken by 'Gitana' [Gypsies] the world over. Show this to a Brother-Gypsy and Lord knows what the reaction would be if the original were shown. It is a Chief's or Nabob's own insignia of Clan. He flew to that place but had to walk. Later, he died from walking, for his muscles were not used to, or for, such a purpose. Manner of death indicated by horse's head, even though there were no horses on this land at that time. His name and address and his accomplishments are signified on the metal. The cross was left so that the body might be brought home. The making of this required calipers, scribes, and drawing compass, plus mathematics."

Jessup theorizes about control of gravitational and magnetic fields. *Mr. B.* concedes: "Yes, he is close, but doesn't think of Magnetic Inductors or of Gravity as

'air' or thought of in Jet propulsion. He doesn't know gravity & magnetism can be drawn into a ship, built up to high power, while being converted and used as as a Force-Propulsive."

Jessup mentions the mysterious "space light" that have been observed near the moon. *Mr. B.* says: "They have built there, now that peace has come these past 70 years. I would like to see their Great Port City, but I am too old to travel & even so, could not return. As always, it's underground."

Jessup wonders if the entities behind the UFO's may consider human beings to be their possessions, like cattle. *Mr. B.* reflects: "He *knows* something, but *how* does he know?"

Later, when Jessup adds further speculations about "a race originally from Earth which drove itself to space, or a race which originated in space and keeps in touch with Earth," *Mr. B.* writes: "If he has 'seen' them, it does not seem that he has managed 'clear-talk' with them. Their spoken tongue is rough from disuse and only a true-"Thinker" could see their complete lingo. Besides, when they are hungry, they don't 'speak' well." [*Author's note:* Mr. B. seems to imply that our "Visitors" communicate better telepathically than verbally. That last grim allusion reminds one of the Fredric Brown short story with its alien cookbook, *How to Serve Man.*]

Jessup refers to a number of unexplained sky falls of bits of unidentified flesh and drops of blood. The informative *Mr. B.* has an answer: "Burial in Space not possible, so the L-M's *had* to grind-up any proof of their existence and drop it. They do not do so now, except in case of attractor failure, but they deposit their dead undersea in the Vaulted City."

Jessup lists instances in which so-called "spider webs" and "angel hair" fell from the sky. Again, *Mr. B.* replies: "Force-extruder experiment in plastic cloth fibres which failed, then, but later was successful. Boy! My socks wear for three years or so!"

In an aside, apropos of nothing on the particular page on which it is written, *Mr. B.* observes: "This

man [Jessup] hints much at there being two distinct species or groups of similar species involved in his observation. Why does he persist in mere hinting so strongly? I believe that he *knows* for certain, but can do nothing. L-M's are in for a surprise if he does do *something.*"

Jessup repeats the well-known account of the disappearance of the entire crew of the *Marie Celeste* in 1872. A first-person report told of finding a strange impression on the Captain's bed, "as if a child had lain there." *Mr. B.* clarifies the matter by stating: "*Not* a child, was another 'Little-Man' of Mu." *Mr. A.* adds: "Gravity is great strain on them. They tire easily and *must* rest often when on Terra." And *Jemi* reminds: "Except underseas."

Jessup speculates that the many strange disappearances of crew members on sailing vessels could be dramatic testimony to the fact that the open sea provides an "easy catching place" for aliens wishing to secure human specimens for study. *Mr. B.* agrees with fervor: "Ought to. The Sea is the natural home of the Little bastards. The Little pricks come aboard at nite and go wandering about the decks. Scares the hell out of the crews, but no crewman meeting one *ever says so,* just quits drinking."

Jessup tells of a man who disappeared, but was heard by witnesses to shout, "It's got me." Others were dogmatic that he had screamed, "They've got me!" *Mr. B.* again has the answer: "He said both. First, it's when attractor hit him, and upon sight of the L-M in the receiving Port, said, 'they.' "

Jessup details one of the most famous disappearances within the "Bermuda Triangle," that of the British South American Airways *Stardust* on August 2, 1947, and mentions that the last transmission of Captain R. J. Cook was the word "Stendec," which has been "loud and clear and given out very fast." *Mr. A.* discloses the meaning of that "word": "Cook was talking to a near-by and closing-in L-M ship. 'Stand back!' said fearfully and very rapidly becomes 'Stendec!' He meant for the L-M ship to 'stand off.' "

Jessup recounts another famous disappearance, that of Naval Lieutenant Cody and Ensign Adams, who in August, 1942, vanished from the gondola of a blimp while the craft was under surveillance by naval patrols and fishermen. *Mr. A.* reminds his friends: "They will remain in 'Stasis Neutral' living with the L-M's, being fed by them until they are of no use and no further info can be gotten from them. L-M's used a mental probe which saves much time and sweat with subjects whose psi factoring is too low for telepathy."

Jessup includes a reference to an anomalous "dark spot" that astronomers observed moving over the surface of Jupiter. An awed *Mr. A* notes: "The *Great* Ark! to have seen the Great Ark would humble or terrify any Human. I wish, even so, that I could have seen it, *the* greatest structure ever built by Humanoids."

The notations continue to kibitz Jessup's printed words for page after page. There is little need to provide the reader with any more samples. One can surely make some reasonable assessment on the basis of the comments I have excerpted, but I do not believe that the letters and the annotations are a hoax, as one generally defines such a questionable endeavor.

I asked John A. Keel for his comments on the Allende–Jessup affair. He responded:

> Two or three years ago when I published something about the Allende papers, I suddenly got a rash of letters from Mexico from a man claiming to be Carlos Miguel Allende, who also claimed that he was in constant touch with Ivan Sanderson. Sanderson had told me this several times. Colonel Allende, as he and Ivan called him, wrote me fifteen- to twenty-page letters. Some of them were very bizarre, but what interested me was the style in which these letters were written, which was pretty much identical to the style found in the notes in the papers and in the various letters to Jessup.

I wrote to the man and asked him how I could be sure that he was Allende. He sent me photostatic copies of all sorts of documents—tax returns from the 1950's, seamanship papers, and a number of other documents that appeared authentic. He also had some letters that he received from Jessup.

The annotated book had been submitted to the Office of Naval Research and had been reprinted by the Vero Corporation in Texas. Now this is certainly not a hoax. Whether the *contents* of these notes were intended to be a hoax, I cannot say.

The first time I read these notations was at Ivan's, and I thought the whole thing was just "nut literature." But later, after I went back and reread those papers, I was quite impressed with some of the annotations. It is very probable that they were written in some kind of schizophrenic or mediumistic trance. Perhaps they were written during automatic writing, so that the words tumbled out of the subconscious in some curious way. The person who did the annotating obviously had known a great deal about the subject.

In his letters to me, the Allende-claimant stuck with the story about the disappearing ship. but no one has ever located that alleged lead in a Philadelphia newspaper.

As near as I can put it together, during the Second World War, the leading magician in the United States, Joseph Dunninger, who was also a master showman, came up with a proposition to the U.S. Navy that he would make ships invisible. He may have been talking about some form of camouflage; but in time, Dunninger's claim did get publicity. It is very likely that our Allende saw these clippings and built a fantasy around Dunninger's claim.

I'm not saying—necessarily—that flying saucers are passing out textbooks and homework assignments. If they teach at all, it would seem that they teach by example; they seem content merely to show us that it can be done. The best teachers are those who bring their pupils just short of the solution to a classroom problem, then step aside to

permit them the sense of accomplishment to be found in having untwisted an ostensibly impossible riddle.

One of mankind's most pressing needs today is a clean, efficient power source. But the UFO's, ever since their "official" appearance in 1947, have been demonstrating just such a source, and using it to fly literal rings around our conventional aircraft. In terms of understanding the dynamics of poltergeist activity, mankind is still in the stone age. And again, many UFO reports cite experiences of "telepathy" and other mentalistic feats by the beings aboard. Are these normal operating procedures, or perhaps demonstrations specially staged to excite our curiosity?

And excite our curiosity they have! In the 1950's both the United States and Russia were experimenting with disk-shaped aircraft to see if that shape would make a conventionally-powered craft more efficient. The shape alone didn't, as it turned out—but where do you suppose they got the idea?

If the UFOnauts do have lessons to reach us, it would seem likely that after all these years *somebody* would have cracked the code and learned the lesson. And indeed, in the next chapter, we'll meet one pupil who seems to have passed with flying colors.

14

. . . AND SOME OF THEIR PUPILS

In July, 1971, I recorded a most remarkable account of a man who had either discovered a doorway to other dimensions of reality, along with the ability to dematerialize his physical body, or he had been granted these unique talents through his interaction with UFO entities. If the following report were not attested to by a very matter-of-fact young man currently associated with one of the largest, most prestigious hospitals in the Midwest, I would be extremely hesitant about sharing it with the public.

I made contact with William through a correspondent who had taken a course in medicine with him. According to my correspondent, Mrs. E., William had not mentioned the experience during the several weeks' duration of the course, but one day after a class session he had mentioned it over a cup of coffee. According to William the following occurrence took place in a hospital in Hawaii in 1968. William was then about nineteen years old, serving in the medical corps and assigned to the military section of the hospital.

For obvious reasons I have not mentioned the name of the hospital in Hawaii. The administrators there would not welcome voluminous correspondence relating to a dematerializing UFO contactee. Neither have I given William's full name. He is a quiet, sincere young man who wishes to follow a medical career and cannot see that his association with such an account would enhance his reputation as a doctor. Briefly, this is what happened:

A bedridden patient in traction and totally unable to move, with pins through his tibiae and femurs, told William

that he would be gone that night for one hour to join his friends in a UFO. He said that William might accompany him *if* he truly believed in UFO's. William indulgently told the patient that he would be unable to join him that night, as he would be busy.

Later, at bedcheck, true to his word, the patient had disappeared, leaving the metal pins on the bed. An extensive search of the hospital and the surrounding grounds by military policemen failed to produce any trace of the supposedly immobile man.

How old was this man, and why had be been brought to the military section of the hospital?

WILLIAM: He was about sixty, a veteran of World War II. He was kind of a sixty-year-old hippie. He had been on an LSD trip when he walked in front of a semitruck and broke both of his legs in several places.

What was his name?

It was a Spanish-sounding kind of name, something like "Espinia." He has bushy eyebrows, shoulder-length blondish hair, very large eyes. He had a round face, a flattened nose. His height was about five-foot-six and he was a bit chubby.

Did you often engage Espinia in conversation?

It was difficult not to. He was always talking about his weird techniques for meditation.

Espinia had a strange accent. By the time I was assigned to that hospital, I had already been around the world a couple of times, and I'm a bug on accents anyway; but I simply could not place Espinia's. And he always seemed to have marijuana, or at least he seemed to be high a lot. We couldn't figure out where he was getting it. He had some pretty farout friends who came to visit him, but we always tried to search them carefully.

Another thing, Espinia used to masturbate a lot—and do it openly. This was kind of embarrassing, as he was in a six-man room. When the other patients had visitors, they certainly didn't appreciate Espinia's demonstrations. It seemed like, either through drugs or orgasm or whatever, Espinia was always trying to stay high.

Was there anything particularly unusual about his friends?

Not by today's standards. They were just young hippie types. Espinia was always talking about peace, love, brotherhood. You know, how we should get out of the war in Vietnam.

The night he disappeared, I was working the 11 [P.M.] to 7 [A.M.] shift. When I made the bedcheck, Espinia told me that he would be gone for about an hour, and he reminded me that I could come along if I wanted to. I chuckled and walked on to see about the rest of the patients.

Espinia was in a six-man room, but that night he was alone. My post was almost right across from his room. When I sat at my desk, I could survey the entire corridor. No one could get on or off the floor without my seeing them. And, of course, there were nurses, doctors, interns, and MP's walking around.

When I checked Espinia's room a bit later—maybe out of curiosity—he was gone. The traction weights were hanging there, the pins were on the bed; but Espinia was gone.

I put out an alarm, and MP's and other hospital personnel searched the place throughly. Espinia was gone. No one had seen anything.

Oh, just a minute! Some other patients said that they had seen a bright light, a very bright light on that side of the building, and that would have been just before Espinia's disappearance.

Is there any way that Espinia could have somehow removed the pins and the traction bars himself and crawled away?

Well, first of all, a man would faint from the pain if he tried to pull those pins out. I mean, this guy was lying in that bed with both legs up, his femurs broken. Think of the terrible pain of trying to crawl under such conditions. It would be impossible!

[But when hospital personnel and MP's next checked the disappearing patient's room, he was found to be back in traction, pins in place. The patient had been gone for one hour. He told his interrogators that he had been with his "friends."]

After searching that hospital—and even the grounds—for an hour, somebody looked in Espinia's room, and there

he was again, back in traction. Everything in its place. A doctor on the floor said that while it might be possible for a man to pull the pins *out*, it would be impossible for anyone to shove them *back in* by himself.

Four MP's grilled him for hours, but Espinia wouldn't even reply to their questions. When they finally left him, he looked at me and told me that I could have come along with him, but his UFO friends knew that I didn't really believe in them. He said that he and his friends had spent a delightful hour flying over the Hawaiian Islands and chatting about metaphysics.

When I bawled him out for having caused such a disturbance in the hospital, Espinia became a bit sheepish and said that the next time he went flying with his friends, he would leave his body there and just go with them in his mind.

William swears that this incident really happened. As I listened to him telling the tale in his apartment, William's wife of a few months expressed her amazement. William had never mentioned the experience to her, and she said that she was hearing it for the first time that evening.

When he was younger, Olof Jonsson, the psychic engineer who was chosen to participate in the Apollo 14 ESP experiments with astronaut Ed Mitchell, was hailed as the "Master of the Law of Gravity." He began rolling catsup bottles across the kitchen table by psychokinesis when he was just a boy. Jonsson had developed PK to such a degree that European parapsychologists insisted that the young man spend every available moment submitting to their laboratory tests.

As a child, Olof remembers that he received instruction from beings who ". . . may have been the same entities that so often represent themselves to small children as fairies and wood spirites. . . . Their skin color varied from bluish-green to golden brown to a shade of gray. It was they who began to tell me wonderful things about the universe and cosmic harmony. . . . I am still convinced that they are friendly and intend to help man as much as they can without interfering in his own development and free will."

Uri Geller, an attractive young Israeli, is another who distorts the laws of ordinary physics when he bends metal with a gesture and materializes and dematerializes objects at will. According to parapsychologist Dr. Andrija Puharich, "Uri believes there are intelligences in the universe that have these powers, and that what he has is a tiny mirror image of theirs."

Uri Geller remembers playing outside one afternoon when he was three and experiencing a "flash" *inside* as well as *outside* of his head. The "flash" was very vivid and real to him, and he can recall that there were no rain clouds and no lightning in the sky. "I didn't think much about it until much later, when things began to happen," Geller told the editors of *Psychic* magazine (May–June, 1973). "I connect the flash with my ability."

In that same issue of *Psychic*, Dr. Puharich dropped a bombshell. He said that he had discovered that there was some kind of intelligence behind Uri but that he could not pin it down. Dr. Puharich began to push Geller into giving him some proof of what was behind his remarkable abilities.

The young Israeli dematerialized the inside brass cartridge of a Parker pen that had been locked in a steel box. Two days later, Geller told Dr. Puharich that he would now be given the proof that he so earnestly sought. At Geller's instructions, Dr. Puharich drove them to a field where they heard some "cricketlike sounds":

> And there in the field is what people call a UFO—a disk-shaped metal object with a blue light flashing on the top. I said, "Ah, now I have some evidence!" I had fast night film in a super-eight movie camera and I started shooting. Uri said, "You can't go near it, but I have to go aboard." From fifty yards away I see him entering this thing; I think, "Well, goodbye Uri, I'll never see you again." I keep shooting. Ten minutes later he comes out holding something. I look at it and it's my brass cartridge from inside of my Parker pen with my markings on it so I know it's mine. . . . So I said, "Oh boy, now I've got a movie of a UFO, of you entering, and now I've got this physical

proof that something from two days ago came through. I've got a case." But then the cartridge and the super-eight camera vanished, dematerialized in about ten minutes. . . . So I don't really have any evidence, just a lot of weird experiences, nothing tangible.

As I said before, our society *could* use the secrets of mind over matter. And is it too farfetched to project back into the past and credit such cosmic tutore with other technological inventions? Why should we be amazed to learn that the ancient Chinese and Indians may have employed heavier-than-air flying machines? What elements came into being in 1903 that did not exist in 500 B.C.? The only thing lacking in 500 B.C. was man's technical knowledge to build such machines. But what if certain "tutors" *did* possess such knowledge?

I have been told that our occasional benefactors are not human alchemists but a society within society of "non-Terrans," who once attempted to live with *Homo sapiens* on the surface of Earth (Terra). Five thousand years ago the non-Terrans retreated to bases at the bottom of the sea, because they realized their Terran cousins were simply too barbaric and primitive to receive any kind of meaningful instruction at that time. I have been asked to consider all the many legends that tell of gods and enchanted creatures rising up out of the sea to communicate moral lessons, religious principles, economic truths, or technological insights to astonished human beings. The legendary mermaids and mermen, common to all seafaring people, were but our non-Terran cousins surfacing from their bases under the sea.

Who has told me these things? Why, the non-Terrans themselves, of course.

In the fall of 1969 I received a telephone call from an executive in a large Chicago advertising agency. He asked me to appear as a consultant at a meeting of an executive from a major airline, some investment counselors, a psychologist, some pilots, and a group of non-Terrans.

What did the non-Terrans have that we could use? A powder that transformed common tap water into smokeless, nonpollutant, no-knock fuel, and a liquid that would

totally fireproof any surface upon which it had been sprayed.

What did the advertising executive want with me? I was to advise him and his friends just who the hell these "people" were.

For the first meeting I asked Glenn McWane to accompany me—along with a hidden tape recorder. We met in a private home not far from O'Hare Airfield. There were three principals: Ray, the advertising executive whom I had met before, was a former jet pilot who had chased UFO's in Korea and had been on their trail ever since. Bill, an executive with a major airline, was thoroughly dedicated to solving the UFO enigma, able to travel anywhere at a moment's notice to investigate any UFO report firsthand. And there was Salvatore—a non-Terran, a UFO navigator who had been chosen to negotiate with us Terrans for the fuel base and the fireproofing solution.

The evening went so fast and was so confusing that I never did identify a redheaded lady with strange eyes. She was hostile to me at first, complaining that in one of my books I had said some UFO's may not have the most friendly of intentions. Nor do I recall the identities of a number of other men and women who, apparently, were the investment counselors, the psychologists, the pilots, and other assorted non-Terrans. To make matters more confusing, Glenn's hidden tape recorder later reproduced only some unintelligible voices that sounded like Donald Duck singing in the shower.

In subsequent meetings with Salvatore, however, we soon determined that he was not really a non-Terran, but a good old Terran just like us. However, he had been trained by a German scientist who had worked closely with the non-Terrans. And this was the best part of the story:

Toward the end of World War I, Dr. Rhinelander (as we shall call him) was contacted by a group of non-Terrans and told that he would be given the plans and assistance to build marvelous aerial craft that would run on a propulsion system totally unknown to him. If he wished to receive this information, he must form a group of scientific disciples and immigrate to a certain coal-mining community in the Midwest, U.S.A. Dr. Rhinelander agreed, and as soon as

possible after the signing of the Armistice, the Germans immigrated to the designated area. It was important to be near these nearly played-out mines, Dr. Rhinelander was told, because the fuel he would need for the crafts would be made from a by-product of coal.

Dr. Rhinelander and his fellow scientists established themselves in the community, beginning their day when the last whistle sounded in the mines. While the miners trudged for the bars, home, supper, and bed, the scientists entered their laboratories and set about to fulfill the time schedule that had been set for them by their mysterious benefactors. Eventually, through the apparently unlimited funds provided by the non-Terrans, Dr. Rhinelander was able to buy up old mines to convert into spacious laboratories and to employ large numbers of the indigenous community.

Salvatore told us that those who wished to work for Dr. Rhinelander had first to pass a rigorous physical examination and a tortuous, maddening psychological examination. If one were accepted, he was given a special diet and was required to submit to a regular testing of his blood, "to see if it stayed right."

Salvatore served his apprenticeship as a "checker"—a very simple job. One had only to receive a name and an address and go to that place and "check" to see if that person was doing what he was supposed to be doing. For example, the computer might say that a certain man was supposed to be living in Orlando, Florida, and was supposed to be a research chemist. A checker would then be dispatched to Orlando to see if that fellow was employed as a research chemist or if he had "erred" and pursued another walk of life.

After a few years as a "checker," Salvatore was allowed to enter the laboratories where Dr. Rhinelander and his crew were assembling the first aerial craft, which to Salvatore's unsophisticated eye appeared as impractically shaped as upside-down saucers. But soon the diligent Salvatore was working closely with Dr. Rhinelander and falling in love with the scientist's lovely and brilliant daughter.

Dr. Rhinelander had such confidence in his daughter's ability that he permitted her to captain the maiden flight of the aerial craft that had been designed according to their

tutors' specifications. That was when tragedy first struck.

Although the takeoff was accomplished without incident, the craft was no sooner free of the Earth's atmosphere when a similar but larger vehicle appeared and literally "caught" the ship piloted by Ms. Rhinelander within its metallic structure.

The alarmed and confused German scientists were then informed that other non-Terrans had objected to the intervention of Dr. Rhinelander's benefactors. They were not eager for *Homo sapiens* to have the secrets of interstellar travel. In fact, they would seek to delay mankind's leap to other worlds as long as possible.

Dr. Rhinelander became determined to master space travel and to negotiate for the return of his daughter. According to Salvatore, two more vehicles were lost to the opposing factor of non-Terrans before the Germans perfected a means of avoiding capture. Dr. Rhinelander's daughter and the other crew members were never returned, although the Terrans were assured that these people were being well cared for on another world.

Dr. Rhinelander had accomplished space travel in the 1930's, but it seemed to matter little. He grieved over the loss of his daughter and became diverted from his work. Concurrently, the unlimited financial funding that they had enjoyed seemed to be curtailed. Chaos began to permeate their once splendid structure of efficient order. At the time of Dr. Rhinelander's death, the group was approaching poverty, and even though they were still in close contact with the non-Terrans in their underwater bases, the scientists had little inclination to attempt more than an occasional foray into the night skies with their two surviving craft.

And now the nervous Salvatore, a small, plump, perpetually talking man, wished to sell the formulas to the nonpollutant fuel—which, he pointed out, Earth certainly needed now—and the fireproofer, which mankind always needed in his combustionable society.

But was he authorized to sell these formulas?

Salvatore always answered yes, but he seemed typecast as a conspirator. In each of our meetings he had the disconcerting habit of always looking over his shoulder—or

ours—as if someone lurked unseen in the shadows. He explained that the group was now poor, and the few survivors had authorized him to seek a high bidder for their scientific breakthroughs.

Did the fuel work? Yes, we were told. Ray said that he had used it in his lawnmower all summer with good results. An attorney was supposed to have used it in his Lincoln Continental for several months, and he had been told by mechanics that the motor was in excellent condition.

A jarful was mixed and handed around the room. There seemed to be little odor. Glenn dipped in a finger and touched it to his tongue. Little taste—maybe a bit like kerosene. We poured a bit out and touched a match to it. Instantly it poofed into smokeless flame.

Did the fireproofer work? We were informed that a demonstration had been arranged at an airfield. A mixture of oil and gasoline consuming an old fuselage had been extinguished within seconds with but one squirt from a fire extinguisher filled with the substance.

Ray felt he could get backers to raise the money the group was asking for the formulas. But in my opinion, he was about to enter some of the most maddening squares on the Reality Game.

"I doubt if it will ever happen," I warned him. "Should you get the backers, I doubt you'll ever get together with Salvatore. And I hope you're secure in your job. In the past people who have tried to join forces with these characters have often ended up discredited. Scientists have been promised the Nobel prize and have been awarded nothing but the humiliation of being bounced out of the university with their tenure torn to shreds."

I went along on the first midnight meeting in some seedy bar where we were to rendezvous with Salvatore. It rained so hard that night that it must have kept even UFO's out of the sky, because an apologetic Salvatore was unable to deliver the formulas. I turned down the opportunity to come along for the next "for sure" transfer, and I was hardly surprised when Ray told me that Salvatore had not shown on that occasion.

In my opinion, a mischievous "whoever" was playing the old keepaway game. It became increasingly obvious to me

that even though Salvatore may have been present at some decidedly remarkable happenings, he was no more authorized to sell those ostensibly fabulous formulas than he was to sell a piece of the moon. Salvatore was, in my opinion, a nervous little automaton, a puppet that jumped when an undisclosed someone pulled the strings.

Speaking of the moon, it was not long before Ray found himself confronted by young women who claimed they were non-Terrans who had gone to school on Earth's satellite.

Ray telephoned me and appealed for help. The girls were sharp cookies, he said, who could answer any question he threw at them without hesitation—and moreover, made their replies sound believable! I reminded him that I had already announced my decision to "pass" this aspect of the Reality Game, but since Ray was a good friend, it was difficult to deny his pleas. So my wife, Marilyn, our medium friend Deon Frey, and I met him for lunch in a downtown restaurant when I was doing a guest shot on local ABC television's *Chicago Show*. An excited Ray told us that he had taken one of the Moon Maids for dinner a couple of nights before in an attempt to ply her with enough alcoholic beverages to loosen her tongue. She had put away a *dozen* double martinis without slurring a syllable, without contradicting any previously disclosed aspect of her story, and without even excusing herself to go to the ladies' room!

I had involved Deon in the business quite early in the game, and she was enjoying Ray's confusion and discomfort, in a friendly, mediumistic sort of way. She had terrified Salvatore one night by bringing Dr. Rhinelander through from the Other Side, and the scientist had proceeded to give his one-time assistant fiery hell for involving himself in fun and games with the formulas. Later, as the Tricksters rallied with fresh pranks, Deon had had her own mind blown a few times, but she was usually equal to the challenge and rebounded with a few psychic salvoes of her own.

Ray still keeps in touch, and he has proven to possess a rare degree of determination. I know that there have been a number of midnight meetings, which the other parties have never kept. I have been informed of his being

"tailed" by three dark men in dark automobiles, who prove to be unshakable. I have received his reports of more Moon Maids and friendly lasses from a number of planets both in and out of our solar system. At least I did not need to worry about his being humiliated in his profession. At most recent report, he even has his boss interested in the whole baffling affair. But he hasn't managed to track down those magical formulas. It was undoubtedly Ray's what-the-hell attitude that saved him—he is still chasing UFO's and formulas with what must be an endurance record of sorts.

As might be supposed, I remain on the non-Terrans "check list." I strive always to be friendly to everyone, and maintain an open mind as part of my basic approach to living and to playing the Reality Game. I do not really know if these "non-Terrans" who contact me from time to time are precisely who they claim to be or whether they are some very real Terran jokesters. Some of them, like Salvatore, seem to be the manipulated subjects of some invisible puppeteer. I suspect that our opponents in the Reality Game occasionally employ conditioned members of our own species to pull off their distracting pranks, and then, later, some normal *Homo sapiens* imitate these Trickster devices through hoaxes—thereby royally confusing the whole issue.

This is one of the real paradoxes of the whole UFO/non-Terran complex. The attitude of the UFOnauts or non-Terrans seems ambivalent at best. I said before that not all UFO's have friendly intentions, and I will stick by that statement. In the summer of 1970, when psychic Irene Hughes and I led a safari to investigate allegedly haunted areas in Iowa, Illinois, Nebraska, and Wisconsin, we stopped in the lane of a deserted estate that was to be our target for the next day's research activity. Glenn McWane was just explaining that we had arranged for a policeman and the caretaker to accompany us, when I interrupted him to ask him to douse the headlights.

A very large, glowing orb of wispy light had materialized down the lane near the old mansion, and I wanted to be certain I was not seeing some trick of light reflection.

The strange orb glowed as brightly in total darkness. It seemed to have an independent light source, and we all saw

it. The moon was cloaked by clouds that night. The nearest street light was a vaporlight, completely cut off from the old estate by the thick wall of trees.

The orb of light was moving, gliding toward the old house.

I have investigated dozens of haunting cases with Irene Hughes without observing any sign of fear or concern in her. But now, as I wrote in *Irene Hughes on Psychic Safari:*

> In the dim glow of the dashboard lights, I noticed a rather strange expression on her face . . .
>
> "Shall we go right now and investigate the . . . whatever it is?" someone wondered.
>
> "No," Irene answered, breaking her silence. "Not tonight. I have a very bad feeling that it would not be good for us to walk down that lane right now."

The next day, however, I called Glenn McWane's attention to a large, scorched circle of grass, very near where we had first seen the glowing orb on the previous night.

"You know what that looks like," I said to Glenn.

Glenn nodded. We had a brief discussion and decided not to mix phenomena. This was, after all, a "ghost hunt," not a UFO chase.

We went on to have an extremely successful session, converting a skeptical caretaker to the cause of psychical research, as Irene provided him with an enormous amount of accurate data. That night a shimmering glob of light again appeared, this time directly in front of our automobile, which was parked near the old mansion. But Irene was her usual confident self, and we were treated to a wide range of psychical phenomena, ranging from the sounds of whispers and footsteps in the brush to occasional glimpses of glowing images. Later, I often wondered why Irene would not venture down the lane on that first night's visit. In June, 1973, three years later, I was chatting with her and I asked if, in all her years of psychical research, she had even been frightened.

"Yes," she answered without hesitation, "at that terrible house where the light came floating down the path. That

was the one time that I really was afraid. I really wanted to get away from there.

"Although spirits never hurt, I had the feeling that some violence was going to be involved if we went down the lane that night. I'm not normally afraid of anything. But I felt that I had a deeper understanding of the object *within* me, and I knew that if I obeyed, nothing would happen to us. I was given the realization that I was the only one who would be able to understand what it was and . . . be able to reveal what it was. Maybe that's why the fear just flowed through me. It was as if I were being run over by something. I felt as if there was something above and beyond us, something that I could not understand . . . something from another world—almost as if it were *flying saucer energy*. It felt terrible to me. It felt so overwhelming that I really knew that it was *something* beyond spirit.

"I felt very foolish at the time, and I never mentioned it to you or to anyone—actually, I have been afraid that some terrible thing would happen to me if I ever mentioned it, but I am getting over that now. For a long time, though, it was almost as if the thing had threatened me not to talk about it.

"The energy on the second night was much calmer. It was spirit on the second night."

For centuries now we may have been writing off the most impressive of all physical evidence of visitors from other realities as pathetic instances of sexual psychopathology, wherein certain men and women claim to have been raped, seduced, or willingly loved by angels, demons, gods, or spirits.

This rather awkward state of intercosmic affairs was moved into the Space Age when the case of Antonio Villas Boas, Francisco de Sales, Minas Gerais, Brazil, came to light and received a great deal of attention in the annals of UFOlogy. Dr. Olavo Fontes, one of the original investigators of the case, admitted that, ostensibly, the well-muscled young Portugese-Amerindian had been abducted, carried aboard a UFO, and effectively seduced by a woman from another world.

Before the act of cosmic coitus took place, Antonio had

been stripped and examined carefully by his captors, who communicated with one another in what sounded to him like yelps and barks. Dr. Fontes verified that Antonio had indeed borne the marks of what could have been an extensive physical examination in which skin and blood specimens had been taken.

When the alien medical team had finished with their pricking, poking, and tubing of the confused Antonio, he had been left alone to rest on a couch. The young farmer was not given much of a respite when he became aware of a gray smoke permeating the room from some tubes set in the walls of the small compartment in which he rested. The odor became so foul that the nauseated Antonio vomited in a corner of the room. After a few more minutes had passed, he seemed to adjust to the sickening odor.

No sooner had Antonio begun to breathe easier when the door opened and a totally naked and well-proportioned blonde entered the room. Without any formal kind of introduction, she began to engage in frank and direct sexual foreplay with him.

He described his otherworldly paramour as having large blue eyes that seemed to slant outward, a straight nose, high cheekbones, nearly lipless mouth, and a sharply pointed chin.

An embarrassed Antonio later informed the examining Brazilian doctors that in spite of the bloodletting and body samplings to which he had recently been subjected, he responded to the woman's advances and performed admirably. Antonio insisted, however, that he must have been injected with an aphrodisiac in order to make him enter such a rapid sexual union.

After the act had been completed, an alien man appeared in the compartment and barked to the woman. Before she left the room, she turned to Antonio, pointed to her stomach, then to the sky. Antonio was handed his clothing and rather rudely ushered from the same vehicle to which he had been unceremoniously dragged so little time before.

The next day the young farmer became ill. His eyes began to burn and a series of sores broke out on his arms and legs. Two weeks later Antonio's face became speckled

with yellowish spots. He sought medical help and eventually confessed to the bizarre tale that has become a classic account of the ultimate in UFO occupant contact.

The entities Antonio described were the same type of beings that seem so interchangeable in UFO occupant accounts. Since he is a stocky man about five feet, four inches tall, Antonio did not make a great deal of their height. He told the doctors that the beings were a bit shorter than he, the woman's head coming to his chin. The peculiarly slanting eyes, the lipless mouths, the sharply pointed chins are all familiar to readers of UFO occupant accounts—or traditional tales of elves, fairies, and other assorted wee people.

In 1969 and 1970 I began to receive a number of letters from several sections of the United States and Canada that detailed a certain kind of report with a monotonous sameness. Not that the letters were dull—on the contrary, they were filled with urgency and accounts that contained sensational implications for our entire survival as a species. The letters were from young college women who claimed to have been sexually molested after a close sighting of a UFO. The young women seemed quite sincere. The majority of them were majoring in the physical sciences, were proud of high marks in their subjects, and invited me to check them out with the administrators at their respective colleges.

I considered a bizarre kind of put-on ("Let's give Brad Steiger something *really* weird to write about, girls!"). But each letter was supported by too many details and invited too many avenues of verification.

And then I began to notice a pattern that may have meant nothing—and may mean everything. A couple of the girls had sent along their birth data. On a hunch, and because I did not have too many other good ideas, I asked a number of my correspondents for their birth data. Interestingly enough, the young women were *all* born in March, April, and May of 1948.

The first major UFO "flap" of modern times began in June, 1947, and continued rather briskly throughout the summer. My young women were born *nine months later*. Now, twenty-two years later, UFO's had become a part of

their lives—coupled with what may have been a kind of sexual examination (none of them claimed to be pregnant). I cannot help wondering how many of their mothers and their grandmothers and their great-grandmothers had had similar experiences; and I wonder which of these young women will one day give birth to very "special" babies.

On November 18, 1957, Mrs. Cynthia Appleton of Fentham Road, Aston, Birmingham, England, was told by a "spaceman" that she had been selected to take part in the development of a hybrid race of UFOnauts and earthmen. Mrs. Appleton was to be the proud mother of a "space baby."

Mrs. Appleton was not even pregnant at the time, but she gave birth to Matthew, a "perfect child," just as, and when, the spaceman said that she would. The proud mother told newsmen: "Matthew has a lovely Sun look. He is almond-colored all over, and not a blemish. Of course, my husband, Ron, is the father, but really, the baby will spiritually belong to a race who live on Venus."

Are there "special babies" being born, babies who later later mature into fine players who seem able to advance several rapid moves in the Reality Game? How long has this been going on?

Genesis 6:2–4 ". . . the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they *were* fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose. . . . There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare *children* to them, the same *became* mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

In the Middle Ages the priesthood fretted about nocturnal sexual marauders called the incubus (male demons that molested human females) and succubus (seductive female demons that seduced human males). Perhaps the phenomenon has never left us, merely altered its guise.

"I think we have been visited by space on innumerable occasions—especially when there has been any trouble," Dr. J. Manson Valentine told me, "and we have had fresh blood 'inoculations.' Today, I think our genes are pretty mixed up, and it has become impossible to tell who is who

and from what bloodlines one's antecedents may have issued."

In a letter to me, John A. Keel once wrote: 'It is my conclusion that cases of UFO sexual liaisons are actually a mere variation of the incubus phenomenon. . . . The true nature and purpose of this operation is completely concealed behind a screen of deliberately deceptive induced hallucinations."

If the UFOnauts are truly a cousin species from some other plane of reality, there is no more effective way of gaining a world than by seeding a crossbred race to operate from within man's own species. "Early fairy lore is filled with identical cases, as you know," Keel points out.

In the traditions of the "wee people" of all lands, we often find the "changeling child," whereby the elves would kidnap children and substitute one of their own. The members of this blended tribe may not even be consciously aware that they are a bit more than human. They may possess some inbred knowledge of a signal for which they are quietly waiting. They may be special, yet unsuspecting people, who are being quietly shepherded by their cosmic Big Brothers. On an unconscious level, perhaps in what may seem only to be strange dreams, this new race is being tutored and developed in a program that may involve several generations of mental and physical progression.

This same process can be performed with generations of the same family of manipulated humans, so that certain genetic traits can be controlled, accentuated, or eliminated. But I am certain that the UFOnauts are pragmatic enough to realize that it is hardly workable to seize Earthwomen, impregnate them, and release them to wander about in a state of shock during their gestation period. Not many Earthwomen would have the emotional strength to undergo the trauma of rape by an alien creature and then calmly nurture its seed within her swelling womb. A highly distraught woman's psychological turmoil would be liable to bring on a miscarriage.

No, if aliens truly are conducting a program of interbreeding with Earth stock, the method employed in the Villas Boas case is by far the more effective. They have

merely to bring a female of their own species, whose egg is ready to be fertilized, to an Earthman's sperm. An aphrodisiac, a tranquilizer, perhaps a bit of hypnotic suggestion to assist the puzzled earthling overcome any innate shyness, embarrassment, or fear, and the act is completed. The female volunteer waits out her gestation period in comfort, tended to by her own kind. The confused Earthman who has been pressed into stud service is left with a memory lapse—or a story that no one will believe about a night of love aboard a UFO.

Again, according to legend, whenever adult males were snatched by the elves and taken into the fairy mound, the man would return with a wondrous tale of an illuminated land, wherein he was privileged to cavort and consort with a fairy queen. The fairy queen's lover would be terribly confused about time when he returned, sometimes believing he had been gone for years, only to discover he had been gone but a few hours. And, according to Lewis Spence's *The Fairy Tradition in Britain,* "More fortunate still is he if he survives for an hour or so on re-entering the mortal world." No doubt the lover's flesh erupted in sores similar to Antonio Villas Boas, but the ointments and salves of an earlier time were not as effective as those unguents of our more sophisticated medicine.

If, of course, the UFO itself is an illuminated, rather amorphous glob of pure intelligent energy, then its three-dimensional projections of examining doctors and naked, pliant females are but physically constructed ploys to extract the semen from human males in one instance and to deposit the fertile seed into human females in another in-instance. An entity, then, does not have to have a physical body to impregnate a female *Homo sapiens.* As long as it can project vivid three-dimensional reality constructs to a percipient, it can manipulate a male into having intercourse with such an illusion and a female into receiving that male's seed through the agency of an hallucination of a husband or a lover.

One cannot overlook the possibility that such transport may in some way alter the chromosomes in such a manner as to precipitate certain mutations.

As both John Keel and I have related in certain of our published works, alleged supernatural entities have appeared to various prophets down through the ages. In addition to their urgent message that the world is about to end, they have left with the promise that they shall return with their supernatural powers and conveyances and remove the elect, the chosen few, to a place of safety.

But a more morbid and grotesque possibility is that we may be in a laboratory situation, being managed by some extraterrestrial beings. As John Keel puts it:

> In the 1950's the Space Brothers warned us about the threat of nuclear destruction. Perhaps they didn't want us to destroy ourselves because they have another fate planned for us. Charles Fort wrote that he suspected that this planet was owned by something or somebody, that we were all property. Ivan T. Sanderson suggested that the Earth was a gigantic farm and that we—mankind—are the only crop.
>
> We may be considered something like farm animals, breeding and expanding, even though our ultimate fate is not kept secret from us. Rather, we are told to expect terrible, sudden destruction, and we are even groomed to look forward to it as some kind of glorious experience! Could it be that once the planet is heavily populated, those "angels" or "spacemen" carry out their promise and swoop down and remove almost the entire population? Then the cycle begins again. The few survivors struggle in the ruins, obeying the command of the messengers and spacemen to "be fruitful and multiply and replenish the Earth."
>
> Will we share the mysterious fate of all those civilizations that have gone before us? If spaceships should arrive one day at the turn of the century, kindly offering to take mankind to a safer place, I wonder how many of us will volunteer to go with them?

Much of this remains a matter of speculation, of course. For those who prefer "hard" data, there is an equally disconcerting side effect of the UFO enigma that has affected

thousands of men and women throughout the United States, Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, and nearly every nation where UFO's have been seen. I am referring, of course, to those three ubiquitous, albeit sinister, men in black.

Three

ENDGAME

15

THREE TRICKSTERS IN BLACK: PASSPORT TO PARANOIA

It began in September, 1953, when three men dressed in black were said to have visited Albert K. Bender, who had organized an international flying saucer bureau. According to UFO legend and lore, Bender had gained access to certain data that he felt provided the missing pieces for a theory of the origin of flying saucers. He jotted down an outline of his thesis in a letter and sent it off to a trusted friend. When the three dark strangers appeared at Bender's door, one of them held that letter in his hand.

Bender was told that he truly had stumbled upon the correct solution to the UFO enigma, but that he was ignorant of the full details. After the men in black provided him with the complete UFO story, Bender became ill. He realized that when the general public learned the truth about flying saucers there would be dramatic changes in all earthly constructs. Science would suffer a major blow. Political structures would topple virtually overnight. Mass confusion would reign. Albert K. Bender got the message. He would give up his UFO research.

In 1956 Gray Barker told the Bender story—*minus* the detailed revelations the men in black (MIB) had given Bender about the UFO enigma—in *They Knew Too Much About Flying Saucers.* In the same volume he related that Edgar R. Jarrold, organizer of the Australian Flying Saucer Bureau; Harold H. Fulton, head of Civilian Saucer Investigation of New Zealand; and UFOlogist John H. Stuart, also a New Zealander, had also received visits from mysterious strangers in black and had subsequently disbanded their organizations and their research.

Barker ended his volume with an ominous presentiment: "I have a feeling that some day there will come a slow knocking at my own door. They will be at your door, too, unless we all get wise and find out who the three men really are."

Albert K. Bender did not break his silence until 1962, when he published *Flying Saucers and the Three Men,* a book that was supposed to reveal his full story to the world. Bender allegedly had an astral projection to a secret underground UFO base in Antarctica manned by male, female, and bisexual creatures. The long-awaited disclosure was extremely disappointing. UFOlogists wondered if Bender's experiences had really been of psychic nature or whether the book was cloaked in allegory. Another possibility remained: Bender had become weary of the apparent futility of UFO research, cooked up the story of the dark silencers, and perpetrated a hoax with the cooperation of a small group of friends.

Several years after the release of Bender's book, I spoke to Dominick Lucchesi and August C. Roberts, two well-known UFOlogists who figure prominently in the Bender story and in Barker's *They Knew Too Much.*

"The whole thing was for real, Brad," Lucchesi said firmly. "Bender was a changed man after the MIB visited him. It was as if he had been lobotomized. He was really scared and he later suffered from tremendous headaches that he said were controlled by 'them.' Whenever he would think of breaking his silence, one of these terrific headaches would just about knock him out."

Augie Roberts is a gentle fellow with a quick smile always at his lips and at least three cameras always around his neck. "The three men in black shut him up and he's stayed shut up," he said. "Today [*circa* 1967] Bender manages a motel in California. We still correspond, but he refuses to discuss flying saucers."

Lucchesi told me that he believed the MIB were representatives of a secret organization based on this planet. "I believe both these MIB and the UFO's come from some civilization which had flourished in a remote area of Earth, such as the Amazon, the North Gobi Desert, or the Hima-

laya Mountains. It is possible that these may be underground civilizations."

Perhaps. But ever since Albert K. Bender received that slow knocking at his door, large numbers of UFO researchers and percipients—myself included!—have suffered a peculiar kind of personal harassment. In some cases sinister voices have whispered threats over the telephone and warned certain researchers to terminate specific investigations. Those who have taken photographs of UFO's have been called upon by rather unusual individuals claiming government affiliation who have confiscated the pictures and the negatives.

In the period from 1966 to 1970, *hundreds* of UFOlogists, contactees, and chance percipients of UFO's claimed to have been visited by ominous strangers—usually three, usually dressed in black—who made it painfully clear that they would violently enforce their orders to discontinue flying saucer research or to surrender all photographs or artifacts. Often the threats were punctuated with the assertion that cooperation with the men in black was essential for the good of "your family, your country, and your world."

By June 24, 1967, when UFOlogists gathered at the Commodore Hotel in New York to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the UFO sighting that brought the term "flying saucers" to our language (Kenneth Arnold spotted the saucer-shaped craft near Mount Rainier, Washington, on June 24, 1947), paranoia concerning the MIB was climbing toward an all-time high. The final match to be thrown on the psychological tinder was the announcement of the death of Frank Edwards on that same special anniversary day.

Edwards was a radio personality who for many years had made a hobby of broadcasting vignettes on UFO's and psychic phenomena. A friend of Curtis and Mary Fuller, publishers of *Fate* magazine, Edwards had mined nugget after nugget from that periodical's mother lode. At the time of his death Edwards was recognized as the King of Communicators in the field of UFOlogy.

Suddenly he was dead. What were the causes?

Cerebral hemorrhage, agreed the UFOlogists in the crowded corridors of the Commodore Hotel.

But before his death, Frank Edwards had made several comments about attempts to silence him. He had had a highly successful radio program sponsored by the American Federation of Labor. Then, according to Edwards, the show had been dropped and he had been given his walking papers for devoting too many program minutes to discussions about flying saucers. It was his contention that his constant mentions of the UFO enigma had become irritating to the Defense Department—Edwards consistently maintained that the Air Force was guilty of a gigantic coverup on the subject—and that they had brought pressure to bear on George Meany, President of the AFL-CIO.

Had the UFO silencers eliminated Frank Edwards? A lot of UFOlogists thought so, even when Edwards' obituary stated that his death was apparently due to a heart attack. We were being infiltrated by some powerful agency from another world, and the three men in black were representatives of this group's intelligence arm.

In an issue of *Saucer Scoop*, a UFO newsletter published by Joan Whritenour of St. Petersburg, Florida, John A. Keel stated in an "Open Letter to All UFO Researchers" that he considered the MIB professional terrorists who included among their duties, "the harassment of the UFO researchers who become involved in cases which might reveal too much of the truth." Keel commented that the victim of the MIB appeared to be subjected to "some sort of brainwashing technique that leaves him in a state of nausea, mental confusion, or even amnesia lasting for several days." Keel went on to declare:

> Contacts are being made . . . then suppressed . . . on a dizzying scale. Information is being gained . . . and lost . . . at an ever-increasing pace. One of the ironies of all this is that no policeman in his right mind associates black cars, kidnappers, amnesia victims, and black eyes with the UFO phenomena. Many of these cases never get beyond local police departments. Neither the FBI nor any other central government agency is engaged in collecting information on

these aspects. Even local newspapers seldom take notice of these cases . . . since the victims are often children and teenagers . . . most newspapers make an effort to protect young people by suppressing "crime news" involving them.

Because the official law-enforcement agencies are unwilling, or unable, to cope with this growing situation, it becomes the responsibility of the private civilian investigator to collect and collate the full details on these incidents. The hazards of such investigations are obvious, but the job must be done. . . . We must switch our attention from the vehicles to the occupants. The menace is not in our skies. It is on the ground, and at this moment it is spreading like a disease across the country and the world.

Reports of MIB encounters did indeed spread across the country. But lest one speculate about whether or not paranoia can become contagious, there was often a very concrete basis for the complaint that a UFO percipient had been silenced or his photographs confiscated. Someone was going around the country with veiled threats, stern admonitions, and a demanding briefcase into which any UFO-related artifacts were to be placed.

Colonel George P. Freeman, a Pentagon spokesman for Project Blue Book (the Air Force's special UFO research department), admitted to Keel that they had checked out a number of MIB reports and were prepared to go on record as affirming that "these men are not connected with the Air Force in any way." Colonel Freeman went on to say that by posing as Air Force officers and government agents, the UFO silencers were committing a federal offense. He told Keel that they would like to catch one of the imposters in the act, but unfortunately, the trail was always too cold by the time they heard about such cases.

Nor would any other United States security group claim the MIB. No government agent is empowered to demand surrender of private property by any law-abiding citizen, to threaten him, or enter his home wthout a search warrant.

Yet in the spring of 1967, four bogus Air Force officers assembled policemen and civilians who had witnessed

heavy UFO activity in Wanaque, New Jersey, and instructed them that "they hadn't seen a thing." The citizens and law-enforcement officials were sternly admonished not to discuss the sightings over the Wanaque Reservoir with anyone.

Rex Heflin took some highly interesting and controversial photographs of a UFO while he was performing his duties with the California Highway Department. A few days later Heflin was visited by a man bearing the impressive credentials of the North American Air Defense. The NORAD investigator demanded, and received, Heflin's original series of pictures. The investigator proved to be a phony, and NORAD denied having any personnel with the name the man had given to Heflin.

Two Norwalk, Connecticut, schoolboys were reportedly pursued by a low-flying UFO. The next day a man appeared at the boys' school and introduced himself to the principal as a representative of a "government agency so secret that he couldn't give its name." The mysterious agent questioned the boys for nearly three hours before an impatient and suspicious principal asked him to leave.

Major Joseph Jenkins, Retired, Field Investigations Director for the UFO Research Institute of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, presented "A Serious Look at the Men in Black" for an issue of the bulletin of his organization.

A sighting over Pittsburgh on June 7, 1968, was photographed by two youths using a Polaroid camera. "Under the circumstances," Major Jenkins said, "the pictures were rather good." On July 5, a "Captain Munroe" called one of the young men and identified himself as a representative of the UFO Research Institute. Captain Munroe told the lad that the pictures had been faked. The boy was told to keep his mouth shut or something unpleasant would happen to him. This call was followed up by another threatening telephone conversation.

"Needless to say," Major Jenkins commented, "the calls were not authorized, nor were they made by anyone from the Institute. . . . It could all be dismissed as the work of a prankster, but whom? The persons had told no one except their parents after reporting to us. We at the Institute had told no one, including other members, until after this par-

ticular incident had passed. (Primarily, the delay in passing the information on to anyone else was necessitated by time required to study the pictures, make sufficient enlargements, etc.)"

Major Jenkins went on to detail the experience of a UFO group chairman from a neighboring city, whom he called Frank. Frank was in the middle of studying a large flap (period of intense UFO activity) when he began receiving telephone calls warning him to "forget the UFO thing." Frank ignored the calls, except to report them. Later, some radio equipment was stolen from his automobile, and Frank was warned by telephone, "The next time it won't be your tangible assets."

Then, according to Major Jenkins, Frank had a visit by three men in black suits that reminded him of the quilted uniforms used in the Korean War. The men spoke in a strange manner, seemingly out of breath. They never directly mentioned the UFO subject, but made intimidating remarks. Frank had the foresight to copy down the license number of their car, but in checking it out he found the number did not exist in the state's files.

In January, 1968, Major Jenkins reported, a man sighted a UFO in the middle of the afternoon and got a very good look at it. He discussed it briefly with a few of his co-workers, but finding his observation elicited only ridicule, he dropped the subject. Later he began to notice a black car following him about. It appeared too often to be coincidence—the same black car, the same men inside.

"He didn't connect this with the UFO sighting at first," Major Jenkins wrote, "but he did mention it to his wife, and . . . also mentioned that it was worrying him. Then one morning on his way to work he spotted the same car with the same men. This time it was coming toward him—*straight* toward him. He cut his wheels and ran off the road to avoid a collision, and although badly shaken, was unhurt."

Major Jenkins also told of a man who had eleven minutes of color film of a UFO over Vietnam. He promised to give the Institute a showing of the film, but a visit by three men from the "Department of Internal Security" nearly prevented any member of the UFO investigative group from

ever seeing the film. These men had requested that the film be turned over to them. The owner refused to do so unless the men produced a search warrant, which they were unable to do. As the three men left, he was able to see that their car did at least have Washington, D.C., license plates. An attempt to follow up on the strange visitors met with no success.

In June, 1968, Thomas Wedemeyer of a civilian group of UFO researchers (Commission on Aerial Phenomena) in Jamestown, New York, was visited by an Air Force officer who presented papers identifying himself as Major Smedley. After an interrogation that left Wedemeyer with an acute headache, Jim Norene, director of the C.A.P., decided to run a check on Major Smedley. Local Air Force spokesmen said there was no Major Smedley working out of Jamestown.

Norene pursued the matter further, and in his report to me stated: "Upon receiving this information, we immediately checked with Air Force Personnel (via teletype) in Boston. The reply was most interesting. The Air Force lists no Major Smedley on their records. In other words, such a man is not a member of the U.S. Air Force. The fact that this person, whoever he might have been, seemed worried that our organization might have pertinent information concerning the reported UFO landing outside of Buffalo prompted us to further our investigation of this incident."

Norene and C.A.P. learned that Major Smedley, complete with Air Force uniform and identification papers, had been seen in other areas. In Erie, Pennsylvania, the bogus major had interrogated a UFO researcher for one hour, then left the man so violently ill that he had to be confined to his bed for two weeks.

I could publish a book of the letters reporting MIB activity which I received in the summers of 1967 and 1968. Some of the accounts—if they are to be accepted as reports of actual occurrences—are frightening; others dismaying; and still others startling in their implications of the true nature of the Reality Game.

At the same time that UFO percipients and investigators were being threatened by (most often) shortish men with

dark complexions, somewhat Oriental features, and heavy accents, a number claimed to have received later contact with "aliens" through their home television or radio sets. According to numerous accounts, the aliens' frequency interrupted normal programming. Robed figures instructed the saucer sighters to cooperate with them and to keep their information confidential. In exchange for this silence and cooperation, the aliens promised that the UFO percipients would be permitted to work with them on certain marvelous projects that would benefit mankind.

One such contactee-under-duress, a former Air Force pilot turned engineer in civilian life, wrote that his experience had been "one solely of communication with *them,* 'Progressive Development,' as they call it—eleven months so far:

> At this point, whether I like it or not, we are at the level of "thought transfer." There's only one hitch—my mind is an open book to *them.* The impression I get of *them* is that they are ruthless in pursuit of their objectives. Lying and half-truths are their main techniques to keep one from learning too much about them.
>
> You should think of the "three men in black" as "controlled" Earthpeople. I would think of their control as being on various frequency effects on the brain . . . *they* call it a "talking spot" or a "power spot." I have made notes as things developed over the eleven-month period. It is too fantastic for anyone who has not experienced anything like this to believe.
>
> How do I write this? They are aware, I am sure. I have some advantages—I don't scare easily, because I don't fear death, and have a high threshold of pain, and we are not *complete* enemies. . . . The only time I . . . started to panic was when they demonstrated their power to prevent me from thinking. . . . To explain the complete reversal of some of the actions of the people involved in some of your cases under investigation, you had better think in terms of *their* ability to "inject thoughts." This is one thing of which

I am fairly well convinced by numerous demonstrations.

In May, 1968, a fellow journalist I'll call Bill asked me to come along on an interview with a contactee who claimed a particularly vivid experience aboard a flying saucer. We left on a Friday, planning to spend the weekend in a motel, and since the contactee lived in a large city with numerous motels, we did not make any reservations.

At the same time, since we had been hearing rather eerie reports about the harassment of UFO researchers, we had decided to pick a motel at random and not even tell our wives where we were staying. To check with our respective homes and be certain all was well, we agreed to call from pay telephones.

We met the contactee, recorded his most interesting (and greatly convincing) story, and returned to our respective families three days later. Shortly after I had returned home (I had 200 miles farther to travel than Bill) I received a telephone call from him. In very disturbed tones he told me he had received a call from a rather unctuous (if anonymous) individual who had detailed our every action of the past few days, including the name of the motel we had stayed in and the food we had ordered for our meals. Bill had gathered that all the time that we had been carefully covering our tracks, we had been under close surveillance.

A few days later, after midnight, Bill telephoned me again, obviously distraught. Books had been jumping off the shelves in his office, he told me. He was aware of mysterious presences. On two nights he had been awakened by a smallish man cloaked in shimmering light, who, like some intergalactic traveling evangelist, attempted to sell him on the idea of working with them in their cause. "Become one of our workers in the vineyard of Earth," my friend claimed to have been proselytized. "Join us. Work with us."

I could see why Bill was a little edgy, and I promised to visit him that weekend. I would bring my entire family, and we would make a holiday occasion of our trip. I was convinced that such a diversion would dissipate the polter-

geistic energy in his office and would give us an opportunity to discuss the reality of his bedroom visitations.

Our very presence seemed to accomplish an instant exorcism. After a delightful evening, we were about to say our 2 A.M. goodnights when my wife, Marilyn, opened the picture window drapes to peer out at the night sky. It is her habit to check the weather before retiring, so this action in itself was not unique. But her observations were something else again.

"What is that light moving across the sky?" she wondered. "Can that be a satellite of some sort?"

Ready for bed, I was not even interested in looking at the object until Marilyn added: "Hey, the light stopped dead in the sky. Oops, now it's moving back the other way. It's zigzagging!"

That did it. In the next few moments we were stumbling over one another to get out to the lawn.

We all saw Marilyn's zigzagging light. Then another light moved across the night sky from the opposite direction. Then there was another light, and another, until we were ringed in like besieged settlers in a wagon train.

I can, of course, make no intelligent estimate of how high the objects were or how large they might have been. And to say that they were enclosing us in my friend's home is to dramatize our emotions at that time. After all, just a few months before, we had been laughing at the UFO enigma, pooh-poohing a great deal of its legend, in order to bolster Bill's confidence and to defuse whatever negative "spirits" he had permitted within his home. Now the night sky above us seemed to be aglow with contradictory evidence.

We got into a car and drove down to the banks of the Mississippi. The light show was even better there. We could see a clear sweep of the night sky, and the glowing lights seemed to skitter across the sky the way waterbugs skim across the surface of a pond.

None of us went to bed that night.

At dawn, when Bill's wife was pouring fresh cups of coffee and tea, she looked out at the clear sky and asked no one in particular: "Did we *really* see what we thought we saw last night?"

Although none of us had had any doubts the night be-

fore, I am certain that each of us was silently asking himself that very question. I know that I have done so many times, ever since that strange flying saucer invasion kept us up on patrol all night.

About this time I began to notice peculiar things happening to my mail and to my telephone. Ever since I started submitting manuscripts to publishers as a college student in 1956, I have joked about the "Phantom Postman" —the bane of all freelance writers—who crumples manuscripts and smashes them between railroad car doors. Actually, I had seldom lost a letter or a manuscript, but now, important correspondence began going awry. Crucial data that others sent to me either never arrived or came on the scene days later than the postmark would indicate that it should. All sorts of mail began to arrive taped shut with "Opened by Mistake" either stamped or handwritten on the envelopes. On the other hand, some pieces arrived overnight from great distances—*without a postmark.*

Once while speaking to a fellow researcher on the telephone, our conversation was interrupted by a metallic-sounding voice chanting: "Ho, ho, UFO!"

Strangely enough, my friends seemed to endure the most peculiar telephone nonsense. An officer in the Navy Reserves, who had expressed an interest in the UFO enigma, finally asked me please not to discuss UFO's with him on the telephone ever again. Both at the office and at home, he found he was "sharing" his private line with some undetermined other parties. On two occasions when I had been speaking with him, a voice had broken in, mumbled a few words, then apologized for the intrusion. His wife absolutely refused to permit me to discuss the subject in her presence, because of the bad dreams she had been suffering in connection with UFO's.

In another city a businessman who had been doing a great deal of research on my behalf told of the time when he was anticipating a visit from me. He picked up the telephone to make a call on his private line, only to hear the following bit of conversation:

"Has he arrived in town yet?"

"Not yet."

"What motel will he be staying in?"

"The [correct name of the motel in which I had made reservations]. Don't worry. Everything is set."

At this point my friend broke in and asked who the hell was on his private line. There was a stunned silence, a click, then the steady buzzing that indicates a clear line.

One may build a case, I suppose, that any or all of the above was simply a series of rather remarkable coincidences. The following incident is a bit more difficult to explain away, however.

A friend of mine was traveling in England before starting on an around-the-world junket with a layover in Vietnam to visit his son in the armed forces. He was walking near a railway station in London when he noticed three men dressed completely in black staring at him.

When my friend returned their collective stare, they approached him and asked him which train they should take for such-and-such a city. My friend calmly pointed out that he was a tourist, and it made a good deal more sense for them to ask at the information booth just a few feet away.

My friend turned on his heel and walked away from the odd trio, but a glance over his shoulder told him that they were still standing there staring at him, unmindful of checking with the information booth. Suddenly ill at ease, my friend hailed a taxi and went directly to his hotel.

When he got to his room, an uncomfortable sensation prickled the back of his neck and he glanced out his window. On the street corner, looking up at his hoom, were the three men. Baffled, he tried to push the incident from his mind. A day or so later, though, he was confronted by one of the men who told him straight out: "You are a friend of Brad Steiger. Tell him we shall visit him by Christmas." My friend had only a peripheral knowledge of the UFO can of worms, but he returned to his hotel room and wrote me a long letter with the above details.

Not long after I had received his letter, I visited a friend in another city and told him about the bizarre experience my correspondent had encountered in London. "Humph!" Jim snorted over the lunch we were sharing. "If those monkeys come to see you this Christmas, send 'em down to talk to me. I'd love to get one of those characters in

my hands. I would solve this man-in-black mystery you've been telling me about!"

I laughed and warned him that he had better be careful or he might get his wish.

I had not returned from my trip by more than a few minutes when the telephone rang, and Marilyn told me it was Jim calling. Wondering if I might have left something at his place of business, I was informed that I had indeed left a most peculiar *something* behind me.

Jim told me that I had no sooner started my homeward journey than he was told that a gentleman wished to see him. A secretary ushered a man of average height into Jim's office But my friend said that his visitor was the thinnest human being he had ever seen.

"He was cadaverous, Brad," Jim told me. "He looked like those World War II photographs of someone in a concentration camp. But he seemed alert enough, and so involved in his quest that he ignored my proffered hand of greeting. In fact, I tried to push shaking his hand, but he refused to touch me.

" 'I hear you want to be the head of UFO's in Iowa,' he said quickly. He took out a wallet, flipped it open, then shut, before I could see any identification. I can't really recall anything else he said, because it was all so damned nonsensical. Soon he was gone, and I was still sitting there dumbfounded.

"I jumped to my feet, though, when I heard his car starting. I got a good look at his automobile and I wrote down its license number. I can't tell you what make of car it was. It looked like a combination of three or four different makes and models, but it didn't really look like *anything* I had ever seen before. And the license number didn't check. The Highway Patrol said there was no such Iowa plate registered. A friend in another branch of state government, who owed me a favor, said the plate wasn't registered to any government agent, either."

Steve Yankee, who set me investigating the Allende–Jessup business discussed in a previous chapter, had an experience with unidentified and mysterious interrogators in September, 1966. Yankee was working the night shift in a large pulp-and-paper plant in northern Michigan when

he was paid an enigmatic visit by two dark-complexioned men dressed completely in black.

"The first thing to come to my mind was the odd hour of the visit—three o'clock in the morning—and the rather puzzling appearance of the intruders," Steve told me. "One addressed me as Mr. Yankee and asked me of my work on the Jessup–Allende case. I cautiously stated it to some degree, but because of the difficulty in obtaining any meaningful information I was returning to my original investigations and closing the file on the former.

"The two evidently seemed satisfied with my replies, for they suddenly turned and walked out of the room. By this time I had an inkling of who they were—or rather, who they were not. (My first impression was that they were from the government.) I jumped up from my chair and hurrried out the door in pursuit—not more than twenty seconds behind them.

"Upon reaching the doorway, I paused and looked down the corridor for them. They could not have gone but one direction—but they were not in sight. They had vanished.

"I moved forward slowly. About ten feet from the door I experienced an odd feeling—a sense of dissipated energy, or a residual electrical current, somewhat akin to the sensation one experiences when standing in a very powerful magnetic field. I rechecked the spot every few minutes, and noticed it ebb and fade, until it was completely unnoticeable in half an hour.

"I talked with fellow workers in and around the building in which I was working, and they reported seeing no one. Checks with the plant guard substantiated my belief—no one had signed in at the industrial complex that night."

Again, the dispassionate reader may smirk at such accounts. And again I say that I will not seek to convince *anyone* that any of the accounts in this chapter really occurred. For, in point of fact, they may *not* have occurred within *your* reality construct; and God knows I wouldn't wish the reality of the three tricksters in black and their rampaging paranoia on anyone.

Although I didn't become as deeply embroiled in MIB activities as certain of my fellow researchers, I did tread on the periphery of their vortex of swirling, nightmarish

games. And from time to time I did slip into the court where the contest was being played. I endured the "smellies"—vile, odorous attacks of some invisible entity not in the least concerned about personal hygiene. And closely associated with the disagreeable odors were poltergeistic plunderings of my office.

But then I stumbled on two clues that may just solve the whole puzzle of who the men in black really are!

The first of them occurred one night as I sat in my office, desperately working over the typewriter. I heard the heavy sound of footsteps at the top of the stairs. A quick glance told me that no one was there.

A favorite painting of Edgar Allan Poe fell to the floor. I became irritated. I had to work to meet a deadline on a magazine article. I had no time to play.

Papers began to rustle off to my side. A single sheet became airborne.

I had had enough. I looked up from my typewriter, rolled my eyes upward in disgust, and shouted: "Just cut it the hell out!"

Everything stopped. There was literally the sound of silence. I experienced the same kind of sensation one has when he walks into a crowded, noisy room, and everyone suddenly stops talking. The very air seemed less crowded and oppressive. I went back to my writing without taking any further notice of anything other than the work at hand.

Every kind of intelligence, regardless of how high or how low, wishes to be recognized. Nothing shuts up any thinking entity faster than to *ignore* it.

But I *hadn't* ignored it. Rather, I had *commanded* this poltergeistlike force. I had refused to go along with its framework of reality, and my own change of attitude—from passive fear to rage—had apparently done the trick.

In weeks to come I wondered about the other less fortunate victims of both poltergeist and the MIB. They had simply gone along with the "game," refusing to see themselves as the equals of their otherworldly adversaries. The cessation of odd activity in my office had been so abrupt that it was almost like some kind of lesson was terminated. Could it be that some intelligence was trying to teach me something all along—and satisfied that I had learned it,

departed for other pupils? If so, what was the lesson exactly? What had I done right?

Then a friend called my attention to a book I had read some years ago but had forgotten. In 1852 Charles Mackay published the second edition of his *Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds.* He delighted himself by chronicling instances of human folly—and saw witches, fortune-telling, alchemy, ghosts, and animal magnetism as examples of the outlandish fantasies that only a silly creature like man could believe in.

It's a debatable point, of course, whether these topics are *wholly* illusion, but the value of Mackay's book lies in the very fact that he was such a thoroughgoing skeptic. In his efforts to demolish the credibility of alchemy, for instance, Mackay covered the topic in meticulous detail—in fact, he did a far better job than many later writers who set out to prove alchemy was for *real.* Not only has Mackay recorded and preserved much information that even today's occult buffs are unaware of, but his resolute skepticism keeps any *other* skeptic from accusing him of being too "kind" to matters of orthodox dispute.

My correspondent had read the earlier chapter of this book detailing the non-Terran inventors and was familiar with the MIB. Thus, when he came across this passage in Mackay's "Alchymists" section, a bell went off in his head like a fire alarm:

> Helvetius, the grandfather of the celebrated philosopher of the same name, asserts that he saw an inferior metal turned into gold by a stranger at the Hague, in 1666. He says that, sitting one day in his study, a man . . . dressed as a respectable burgher of North Holland, and very modest and simple in his appearance, called upon him, with the intention of dispelling his doubts relative to the philosopher's stone. . . . The burgher immediately drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three pieces of metal, of the colour of brimstone, and extremely heavy; and assured Helvetius, that of them he could make as much as twenty tons of gold. Helvetius informs us, that he examined them very attentively; and seeing that they

were very brittle, he took the opportunity to scrape off a small portion with his thumb-nail. He then returned them to the stranger, with an entreaty that he would perform the process of transmutation before him. The stranger replied that he was not allowed to do so, and went away. After his departure, Helvetius procured a crucible and a portion of lead, into which, when in a state of fusion, he threw the stolen grain from the philosopher's stone. He was disappointed to find that the grain evaporated altogether, leaving the lead in its original state.

Some weeks afterwards, when he had almost forgotten the subject, he received another visit from the stranger. He again entreated him to explain the processes by which he pretended to transmute lead. The stranger at last consented, and informed him that one grain was sufficient; but that it was necessary to envelope it in a ball of wax before throwing it on the molten metal; otherwise its extreme volatility would cause it to go off in vapour. They tried the experiment, and succeeded to their heart's content. Helvetius repeated the experiment alone, and converted six ounces of lead into very pure gold.

The fame of this event spread all over the Hague, and . . . Helvetius performed the experiment again, in the presence of the Prince of Orange, and several times afterwards, until he exhausted the whole of the powder he had received from the stranger, *from whom, it is necessary to state, he never received another visit, nor did he ever discover his name or condition* [emphasis added].

Where have we heard this before? Sounds rather like the powder that makes tap water into gasoline, doesn't it? But when the sample is used up, the keeper of the formula is gone. Or as Mackay puts it, "these pretended philosophers invariably disappeared after the first or second experiment."

It's somewhat disquieting to realize this Game has been played for over 300 years. But it's even more disquieting to realize exactly how a "respectable burgher of North Hol-

land" used to dress in the seventeenth century. Look at any painting of Frans Hals, and you will see that those of Amsterdam—particularly those of "modest and simple . . . appearance"—dressed in *black!*

Again and again, down through centuries, someone has been coming to us to show us that various "impossible" inventions *are* possible. Is it possible the MIB are also tutors of a sort, here simply to teach us that it *is* possible to fight city hall, to command other forces by a sheer effort of will? Of course they threaten, but when confronted with a firm refusal, or—as in my case—defiance, they simply slink away. It would almost seem that they are deliberately bullying us into revolt, using childish, annoying methods to get us to stand up and take charge of our own lives. Is this, in fact, the point of their "lesson," if lesson it is?

Some readers may be aware of the fact that the goal of the true alchemist is the transmutation of *himself* to a higher spiritual state. The ultimate objective of higher alchemy is the fusion of man with Divine Energy. The manipulation of matter is only a secondary concern.

Such a theory seems reinforced by a most entertaining evening I spent not long ago reminiscing with an Iowa farm family about those weird and wild MIB days. They had endured the entire gamut of such activity and had also jumped out of the spinning, maddening *danse macabre* and learned to play the Reality Game.

It seems UFO's had become a part of this family's life several years before one of its male members became a "channel" for an entity who claimed to be from another world. The invisible telepathic being was now communicating with the family because they had been "selected before they had been born" to assist him in doing "His" work and in protecting Earth from another group of intelligences who sought to enslave mankind.

The communicating entity led the various members of the family circle on a number of "assignments" designed to save the Earth and to serve the benign entity and his kind. But always, the entity warned them, there was the enemy group with its men in black, seeking whom they might devour.

The family, who became "flying saucer missionaries,"

saw mysterious fellow passengers board airplanes with them—then disappear somewhere in midflight. Automobiles appeared out of nowhere to follow and harass them.

A man claiming to be from a state educational division called at the high school and talked for over an hour with one of the teenaged girl members of the family. The only questions he asked had to do with whether or not she would be able to recognize a spy. When suspicious adult members of the beleaguered family checked with school administrators, they were informed that they had no knowledge of such a man nor of such a division within the state educational system.

The girl who had been interrogated by the unidentified man also developed into a "channel" for the communicating entity, and soon several members of the family were practicing automatic writing.

UFO's swooped low overhead at night. Eerie lights were seen to dance about in the fields. Invisible entities snatched keys from their resting places and jangled them about the room, terrifying the children. Unseen hands lifted a mattress on which one couple lay sleeping, under which were some "secret" papers that the principal communicating entity had dictated.

Their farm work was being ignored. Their lives had become a living nightmare in which every stranger was suspect, every sound in the night that of an invader, every strange coincidence imbued with desperate and weighty significance.

At last the full realization that they had been deceived—that they had been led into a silly game—jolted them into determined action. They too said collectively, in essence: "Cut it the hell out!" And they resumed meaningful living.

I have heard it theorized that when one feels himself set upon by marauding entities and begins to cross himself and recite prayers, he "jams" the frequency in his brain on which the entities have been trying to establish contact and control. It may well be that a determined demand to "Knock it off!" might have the same frequency-jamming effect and permit the percipient of the phenomenon to regain control of his own cerebral equipment.

Interestingly enough, the farm family with whom I

shared MIB experiences still maintains contact with the same communicating entity that sent them on so many ostensibly foolish errands. "But now we maintain control," the young man who serves as channel told me. "We have used him to rebuild the finances we squandered, and we have done exceptionally well these past years." They have become one of the wealthiest farm families in the state.

"I don't begrudge those times and I don't begrudge 'him' making us do those things," the gentle matriarch of the large family told me. "All those things brought us closer together. For maybe the first time, we truly functioned as a family unit, and we haven't stopped doing so to this day."

Whenever I review those days of the men in black, I am led to think of the mythological figure common to all cultures and known generically to ethnologists as the Trickster. The Trickster plays pranks upon mankind, but often at the same time he is instructing them or transforming aspects of the world for the benefit of his human charges.

Most cultures view the Trickster as a primordial being who came into existence soon after the creation of the world. A number of Amerindian tribes referred to their Trickster figure as "Old Man," because they saw him as someone who was ageless, as old as time.

The Trickster is usually viewed as a supernatural being with the ability to change his shape at will. Although basically wily, he may behave in a very stupid, childish manner at times, and may often end up as the one who is tricked. The Trickster lies, cheats, and steals without compunction. He seems often to be the very essence of amoral animalism.

The Trickster figure is often credited with bringing death and pain into the world; yet, in some recitations, his own son was the first to die as a result.

Because of his introduction of death to the world and because of his animalistic and amoral attributes, the Trickster is sometimes identified with the Devil or as a personification of evil. Carl Jung saw the Trickster as a mythological shadow figure who provides the reverse image of the saint, the angel. The animalistic Trickster serves as the impish, dark opposite of the bright conscious mind and establishes a balance without which psychic wholeness may not be achieved. Sounds like the poltergeist or MIB, certainly.

And yet, most cultures do not cast the Trickster in the role of the Evil One. He is often seen as a once high god cast down from the heights of pure divinity. He is usually portrayed as the entity who brought fire to mankind (in the Prometheus legend he pays for this vital gift to *Homo sapiens* with his own external pain).

In an article on the Trickster figure in *Man, Myth and Magic,* Douglas Hill writes that the many roles of the Trickster blend and fuse. "Trickster is comic relief; he is psychic catharsis on a deep and vital level; he is a hero whose own evolution perhaps mirrors that of mankind toward a higher consciousness and social maturity. And, embodying all these essentials, he is deathless—no ethnological museum piece but alive and flourishing today as in the primeval past."

It is the *positive* aspect of the Trickster—or poltergeist, UFOnaut, MIB—that we must concentrate on if we are to play the Reality Game ourselves. And we can start playing it immediately! Fire existed, certainly, before Prometheus brought it to mankind. It was simply the *knowledge* of fire that he offered us. Similarly, I believe the powers of telekinesis, teleportation, and whatever *already* exist within us. It is merely the *knowledge,* or *awareness* of these powers that the Tricksters are trying to impart. This may seem a pretty wild-eyed statement . . . until the next chapter, wherein we will meet a number of reliable men and women who found they were playing the Reality Game without any previous instruction.

16

THE RULES OF PHYSICS ARE THERE TO BE BROKEN

Fay Clark is only one of many who suggest that man's higher abilities can break loose at the damnedest times.

CLARK: I was asked to give a general talk on ESP in Lancaster, California. My presentation had nothing to do with astral projection or anything along that line. It was just a matter-of-fact discussion on physical research.

I had probably talked for forty-five minutes when I began to have a peculiar feeling, as though I wasn't getting any air in my lungs or else I wasn't getting any good from the air. I don't know how to explain it. It was as if with each breath my lung-chest area was expanding greater and greater, covering a large area, until soon I knew that my chest was reaching the walls.

Then I thought I must be having a heart attack. I remember trying to say, "I think that is all I have to say," and sitting down. The moment I sat down, pandemonium broke out among the audience. They said that they were able to hear my voice speaking, but that I had completely disappeared for what they thought must have been two minutes. I was amazed. The only feeling I could say that I had during those two minutes was that I was a part of everything. When I breathed, I filled the entire room. I was wall-to-wall.

Did you feel faint or dizzy?

I don't remember that, but I did think that I was having a heart attack. Interestingly enough, the audience said that my voice had not wavered and that I had not lost my train of thought at all. They were surprised when I said, "Well,

I think that is all I have to say," and sat down.

They could see you when you were seated?

CLARK: Yes. The last they saw me was standing up there talking, then I disappeared until I again became visible in my chair. The audience was flabbergasted, just as I would have been had I been an observer instead of the subject.

In the November, 1960, issue of *Fate* magazine, Mrs. Barbara Taggart told of the time when her daughter, Sonette, was teleported through a closed door.

The sixteen-year-old girl got out of the car first and ran up a flight of stairs to the front door of their summer cottage. Mrs. Taggart had just started out of the car with her bags of groceries when she heard her daughter's confused cries.

Mrs. Taggart was startled to see Sonette inside the porch, still bearing a heavy load of books and groceries in her arms. Mrs. Taggart had the house keys in her hand, and the front door was definitely locked. Mrs. Taggart had to use her keys in order to open the door so that she could comfort her daughter.

"I questioned my daughter at great length as to what had happened," Mrs. Taggart wrote, "and she told me that she reached the first landing, then all of a sudden she was inside the house. She says the last thing she remembers about the stairs is getting to the landing. My daughter had no reason to fool me or make a joke of this. . . . Anyway, she had no keys. We were both baffled . . . she didn't try the door or even set her packages down. She merely found herself inside on the porch."

Both experiences certainly suggest dematerialization, although the possibility of mass hypnosis cannot be ruled out. But what kind of hypnosis is it when the witness is alone and meets a man who isn't there?

On February 1, 1963, Thomas P. Meehan, a thirty-eight-year-old Concord, California, attorney and a referee for the State Department of Employment Appeals Bureau, left Eureka for his home in Concord at about 2 P.M. He had not been driving long before he became ill.

Thomas Meehan drove as far as Myers Flat before he knew that he simply must stop and spend the night at a motel. He telephoned his wife and informed her of his

illness. Mrs. Meehan agreed that he should not try to drive home that night.

It was about 5 P.M. when Thomas Meehan checked into the Forty Winks Motel at Redway.

By approximately 6 P.M. the attorney was feeling so uncomfortable that he had decided that he must see a doctor. Brief conversations with motel personnel directed him to the Southern Humboldt Community Hospital at Garberville.

A nurse at the hospital later recalled that it was about 6:45 P.M. when a man who identified himself as Thomas P. Meehan told her that he felt as if he were dead. While she was in the process of checking him in and before he had seen a doctor, the patient disappeared.

At 7 P.M. a Myers Flat couple notified the Highway Patrol that they had seen the taillights of an automobile on Highway 101 drive into the Eel River.

At approximately 8 P.M., Chip Nunnemaker, owner of the Forty Winks motel, was again talking with Thomas Meehan. Nunnemaker remembered that the attorney interrupted their conversation to ask him: "Do I look like I'm dead? I feel like I've died and the whole world died with me."

The motel owner stated that Meehan's shoes and trouser cuffs appeared to be wet and muddy. Meehan went to his room at 9 P.M.

At about 9:30 P.M. motel employee Harry Young went to Meehan's room to inform him that the call he had put through to Mrs. Meehan could not be completed, because a storm had disrupted telephone service. Young observed that Meehan had changed into a black suit and a white shirt.

At 10:45 P.M. the California Highway Patrol discovered Thomas Meehan's automobile submerged in the Eel River, its taillights shining like beacons for the searchers. Skid marks told a story of hastily applied brakes failing to correct the errant path of a fast-moving vehicle. Investigating officers found blood on top of the car. The right front window was open. Droplets of blood and muddy footprints marred the bank for thirty feet—then vanished.

Thomas Meehan's body was found on February 20, sixteen miles dowstream from the spot where his car had veered into the Eel River. The data provided by the autopsy suggested that he had sustained a superficial head

wound, then later had died by drowning.

The physical evidence indicates that Thomas Meehan's automobile entered the Eel River at about the same time that he disappeared from the hospital where the nurse was checking him in. No other automobiles were reported missing that evening, and no other automobiles were found in the river on that date.

Is it possible that the ill, dazed, and weakened attorney had fallen back into the Eel River sometime around 8 P.M. and that his confused mind, in an altered state of consciousness, discovered the mental key to the relativity of Time? Just as his spiritual forerunner had already been checking into the hospital while his ill and tired physical self sought desperately to keep the automobile on the highway, so might his spiritual forerunner, an externalized projection of himself, have appeared back in the Forty Winks to chat with the owner while the struggling physical body dealt with the ordinary reality of negotiating the riverbank. Chip Nunnemaker did take note of the attorney's muddy shoes and trouser cuffs and his repeated complaint that he felt as if he were dead.

Just thirty minutes after Meehan retired to his room, Harry Young had talked to him and had seen him in a change of clothing. Thomas Meehan was not seen again until his body was pulled from the Eel River nineteen days later.

You may argue that Meehan's "appearance" was simply a ghost, and such powers are not available to the living. But I have been told stories (and because I cannot fully document them, they must be termed "stories") by men and women who claim that under an anesthetic during surgery they have "traveled" to other lands and have lived several days, months, or years in the linear time of their operation's forty minutes. One earnest storyteller said that he had even met, courted, and married a woman in those few minutes of time and that he had traveled to that foreign country and claimed his bride, who had patiently awaited his return. These accounts are difficult to document —but then there is the case of Mr. Gorique.

In the summer of 1955 Mr. Erkson Gorique, a successful businessman in his fifties, decided to realize a long-nurtured wish to visit Norway and investigate the possi-

bilities of importing china and glassware. Gorique had traveled widely but had never been to Norway. Each summer for several years he had declared his intention of making the trip to the land of fjords and icy streams, but something had always interfered with his plans and the journey had never been accomplished.

In July he landed in Oslo, asked a taxi driver to recommend a hotel. Gorique knew absolutely no one in Norway, and he was determined to conduct his business in a toally unplanned and random manner. One can imagine his astonishment when the desk clerk greeted him by name and expressed his pleasure at seeing him again.

Gorique left that bewildering encounter to walk into another scene even more baffling. The wholesale dealer whom he had planned to see about arranging for the importation of glassware smiled, shook his hand warmly, and said: How wonderful that you did return, Mr. Gorique. You were in such a hurry the last time that you were here that we were unable to conclude the final details of our business."

The thoroughly baffled American slumped into an easy chair and weakly inquired just when he was supposed to have been in Norway. The puzzled glassware dealer provided Gorique with full details of his previous visit. It was only when he could prove that he had never before traveled to Norway that the glassware dealer told Gorique that his desire to visit that country must have sent his *Vardogr,* his spiritual forerunner, on ahead.

Wiers Jensen, editor of the *Norwegian Journal of Physical Research,* wrote a series of articles on the Vardogr in 1917. "The Vardogr reports are all alike," he stated. "With little variation, the same type of happening occurs: Thc possessor of a Vardogr *announces* his arrival. His steps are heard on the staircase. He is heard to unlock the outside door, kick off his overshoes, put his walking stick in place, etc. The listening 'percipients'—if they are not so accustomed to the prelude of the Vardogr that they remain sttting quietly—open the door and find the entry empty. The Vardogr has, as usual, played a trick on them. Eight or ten minutes later, the whole performance is repeated—but now the reality and the man arrive."

In addition to the sound of the key in the lock and so

forth, the Vardogr may on occasion materialize into such an independent apparition that it may be mistaken for the real man.

"Strange manipulations of Time occur with astonishing regularity year after year," John A. Keel told me. "We do have a number of cases of missing persons in which it seems they were swallowed up by Time rather than any other force.

"Do you remember the account that appeared in *Collier's* magazine some years ago? A man dressed in period clothing had simply blundered into the traffic in Times Square in 1950, got hit by a cab, and was killed. It turned out that this man had disappeared around 1879—he had gone out for a walk and had never come back.

"This could be a breakthrough case, except that when I tried to do a little checking, it turned out to be twenty years too late. The police captain who had been in charge of the investigation had been long gone; and, of course, the files are a mess down there at that precinct. We may still turn up something, but it will be a while."

Keel feels that Time, and our interpretation of it, is probably one of the key factors in understanding the deeper mysteries of our Reality Game:

> There is certain information which is being fed to us over a period of time, thousands of years. We are given little fragments in each generation. We are building up a literature, a philosophy, and a theology based on these fragments. Eventually, we are going to be able to see the whole picture. . . . What has happened, unfortunately, is a very human thing. These fragments have served as the bases for countless beliefs, theories, ideologies, and everyone has been going off on a different tangent. Soon, I think, a few people are going to be gathering all these fragments together and assembling a much clearer overall picture.

Joyce Hagelthorn of the *Dearborn Press* brought the following "fragment" to light in her May 10, 1973, "I've Never Told Anyone But . . ." column:

Laura Jean Daniels was walking home from work late

one night. She remembers looking up at the moon, reflecting briefly about how it must have affected the astronauts to look back at Earth from its satellite. When she lowered her eyes, the street before her was no longer familiar.

"Even the pavement on the sidewalk was gone, and I was walking on a brick path. There were no houses on either side of me, but several hundred feet before me was a thatched roof and cottage. And there was a heavy scent of roses and honeysuckle in the air," Ms. Daniels told Joyce Hagelthorn.

The bewildered woman continued to walk on, desperately fighting panic.

"As I walked up the brick path and drew closer to the cottage, I could see that there were two people sitting in the garden . . . a man and a young woman . . . in very old-fashioned clothes. They were obviously in love, for they were embracing, and as I drew closer I could see the expression on the girl's face . . . and believe me, she was in love."

Just as Laura Jean Daniels was wondering if she should cough or somehow signal her intrusion into such a private moment, a small dog came running out from under a bush and began barking.

"He was quivering all over. The man looked up and called to the dog to stop barking, and asked him what he was barking at. I somehow realized that he couldn't see me . . . and yet, I could smell the flowers, and feel the gate beneath my hand.

"While I was trying to make up my mind what to do, I turned to look back at the way I had just come . . . and there was my street! But I could still feel the gate in my hand . . . and yet, as I turned once again to the cottage . . . it was gone and I was standing right in the middle of my own block, just a few doors from home. The cottage . . . and the lovers . . . and the wee dog . . . were gone."

Joyce Hagelthorn is a woman who has been "tuned in" for a number of years. A journalist of high reputation in Dearborn, Michigan, Mrs. Hagelthorn has spent a great deal of time exploring our plastic reality; consequently, she is well aware that many men and women have had experiences similar to that of Laura Jean Daniels.

"Did Laura Jean project herself into the past?" she

asked. "Would an observer on Laura Jean's street have been able to see and talk with her while she was visiting the cottage? Or did Laura Jean step briefly into another dimension?"

A friend of mine, Bill Freitag from Aurora, Illinois, told me of the time that he had stayed overnight in a haunted house on a dare from his fraternity brothers. He had been about to write the whole thing off as the dullest night in his life when he heard noises in the front hallway. He stepped away from his "nest" in a front room to confront an image of a man in a belted smoking jacket about to mount the staircase.

The man seemed as startled as Bill, but both the perceived and the percipient kept their common cool. The man continued on his way up the staircase, then stopped near the top, slowly turned around to look down at Bill. Their eyes met for several seconds, then the man resumed his movement up the stairs and walked through a wall.

When Bill told me that he later learned there had once been a doorway to a bedroom at the very spot where the "ghost" had walked through the wall, I told him that he may not have confronted a ghost at all. In my opinion, ghosts have a very automatic nature: They do the same things at the same time on each occasion that something in the psychic atmosphere activates them. I have often used the analogy that a ghost is very much like a strip of film that is replayed whenever someone of the properly sympathetic psychic affinity is there to serve as the "receiving set" or the "projector."

I suggested that Bill may have briefly stepped into another era in the Time dimension and that he had entered that house (*circa* the turn of the century, judging by Bill's detailed description of the ghost's clothing) at a time when the *pater familias* was preparing to retire. The gentleman in another era also saw a "ghost" when he encountered the wraith of a tall, thin youth with shoulder-length hair and a beard.

According to Joseph Kerska writing in *Fate* magazine (January, 1961), another startling incident occurred one hot summer day in 1936, when seventeen-year-old Carmen Chaney and her aunt Frankie ran out into the street in

Fresno, California, to help an old woman who seemed to be ill, who was walking as if her legs were not functioning properly.

But the elderly woman reacted with panic, and she began to move away from the solicitous women as quickly as she could hobble.

Kirska writes: "They were fascinated by her large, blazing eyes, set deep in a chalk-white face, the skin of which appeared to be stretched tightly over her skull. She was about four feet, 10 inches tall, thin and scrawny; snowy white hair showed in wisps under her large black hat; she wore a high-necked, long-sleeved dress and high-button shoes of a decade gone by. The black of her hat, which was pulled down low over her face, as well as that of her dress, was old to the point of decay, as both had turned greenish. . . . Altogether she was a pathetic figure."

Within a few moments several neighbors on the block were observing the strange drama. The old woman hobbled into an alley, then looked around in helpless frustration and confusion as she realized that more than thirty people, a veritable crowd, had gathered to observe her actions.

"She stopped for a brief moment," Kerska says, "then she vanished! Disappeared in the blink of an eyelash!"

The case cited above is unique in that several percipients were able to serve as witnesses. I often receive similar reports in which I am told that the percipient approached someone who vanished before his eyes. In some cases the percipient insists that he was able to engage the disappearing stranger in a brief conversation.

It seems to me that in most of these instances at least one of the following may account for such "disappearing people":

1. The percipient saw someone from another focus point in the Eternal Now of Time.
2. The percipient was walking about in a light trance state and literally *dreamed* the stranger just as he would in a more normal dream state.
3. The disappearing person was actually somewhere else, projecting an image of himself while sleeping

or while consciously willing an out-of-body experience.

"There have been indications in some cases that certain UFO's may be time travelers," John Keel told me. "I think more likely what has happened is that these things intrude into our reality in different time periods, but it can be the *same* object moving in and out of Time. This is, the same UFO may move into our reality in the days of the Roman Empire, slip out again, then move into our reality again in 1967."

Could that be why UFOnauts so often ask contactees what *time* it is? Might they really be referring to the *year* rather than the hour of the day?

"This was brought out by those who had dialogues with these UFO entities a few years ago," Keel said. "The entities don't really seem to know who or what they are, but they know that they have turned up in other periods of Time, that they have been reconstructed generation after generation. They seem to be timeless in that sense.

"The entity who might have appeared before Julius Caesar might also have appeared before Adolph Hitler. To us there would be an enormous gap of thousands of years. To the entity, there would hardly have been any interim period at all. UFO entities become confused when they talk to us about time. They have been unable to convey to us truly accurate information about the cosmic structure. What they have given us is their version of the cosmos, which does not apply to us at all."

By this point, many a skeptic may be willing to admit that Time can slip a few notches—but certainly it's simply academic. Surely someone who goes back or ahead in Time doesn't seem to *alter* the past or future. He simply appears, like a gate crasher at a party, then slips back into his own stream of reality, leaving no physical traces behind, no uncomfortable tangible evidence that he was ever there.

True? Well, yes and no. This pattern *is* true of many cases—but not all.

Charles W. Ingersoll of Cloquet, Minnesota, told me that he and his parents had dreamed of going to the Grand Canyon for years. It looked for certain as though 1948 would

be the summer when the trip would actually be realized, but as it turned out, Ingersoll was owner and manager of a radio station at Ely, Minnesota, that year, and due to a business boom and a lack of competent help, the trip had to be postponed once again.

It was not until 1955, seven years later, that the Ingersolls were able to realize their long-planned visit to the Grand Canyon. Charles did not have a movie camera, a fact which he bemoaned as he stood nearly mesmerized by the beauty of the natural wonder. Then, cautiously, he walked to the rim of the canyon and leaned over the edge to take a picture with his Bosley 35-mm slide camera.

Ten days later, Charles and his parents were back home in Minnesota. Ingersoll had resolved to purchase a movie camera; and the day following their return, he bought a Bell and Howell 8-mm movie camera from the local photographic supply shop. At the same time he purchased a 500-foot black-and-white film print of the Grand Canyon which the dealer had on his shelf.

"That film was made in 1948," the dealer cautioned Ingersoll before ringing up his purchase.

"That's all right," Charles replied. "The Grand Canyon hasn't changed that much in seven years. Besides, that's rather significant, as that was the year my parents and I wanted so badly to make the trip west but were unable to go."

That night as Ingersoll projected the film for his parents, they were all astonished to see that a certain length of footage showed Charles cautiously walking to the rim of the canyon and taking a picture over the edge with his Bosley 35-mm camera. In the background were 1948 model automobiles and people dressed in the clothing styles of that year. But there on that amazing length of film was Charles Ingersoll—a man who had not made a *physical* trip to the Grand Canyon until 1955!

Ingersoll reached for the box of film with inquisitive fingers. "Copyright Castle Films, 1948," proclaimed the print on its side.

Could it be that a mental projection of Charles Ingersoll had somehow made that hoped-for trip to the Grand Canyon in 1948 apart from his physical body?

"I have shown this movie to many people," Ingersoll told

me," not informing them that the footage reveals my picture. They all say, 'There's Charlie! Did your dad take the picture?'

"The skeptics say that I had the film made up after I arrived home from the trip. This is not possible, as not even a week had passed from the time we left the Grand Canyon to the day I bought the film.

"The possibility of the footage being added is out, as the quality of the film is all the same and is subject to the closest scrutiny. In addition, the dealer will testify that his particular reel of footage in the Castle Films series had been on his shelf for well over a year!"

Who can really be certain where his spiritual forerunner might be and what it might be doing? To our essential selves, the orthodox limitations of Time and Space offer no resistance at all. In certain instances, desires and aspirations that seem to be thwarted on one level of consciousness may be fulfilled on another level, and yet not be realized by other levels of awareness until some time later.

Again, one overwhelming message comes across: Such things *are* possible. If such feats can be done once, they can be done again. And so, in order to become players of the Reality Game, it's time for us to examine the techniques of play. In other words, how can these powers be brought under conscious control?

Simply by being themselves, my parents taught me to walk in balance between ordinary and nonordinary reality. I was blessed to have a mother who numbered Hans Christian Andersen among her progenitors, and who had inherited his ability to dwell in two worlds. As a teenager she and her sister had confronted a solidly three-dimensional materialization of a bearded, robed man while on a country road. Although the figure slowly disappeared, he had been material enough to leave the imprints of his sandals for the members of the family to witness.

All this was matter-of-fact and natural. Mom freely discussed her dreams and visions, and they were real. But on the other hand, I had a hard-working, pragmatic, good-natured but no-nonsense farmer father to help me understand the sensate plane of existence. While Mom might take me skipping down the yellow brick road, Dad would

be standing smiling at the crossroads with an empty pail in his hand, indicating that it was time to gather the eggs and feed the cattle.

I can recall how often the Vardogr, or spiritual forerunner, of my parents startled me when I was home alone. (I am of Norwegian and Danish descent, and it seems that the Scandinavians and the Scots are most susceptible to this particular phenomenon.) And I, in turn, have alarmed my wife, baby-sitters, and my children by the sounds my forerunner makes when I am nearing home after I have been "on the road" lecturing or making personal appearances.

Not along ago, while I was sitting through a rather lengthy civic luncheon, I rather covetously observed men around me lighting up their pipes. Although I am an extremely moderate smoker, I do enjoy an after-dinner pipe. Mentally I went through all the motions of loading, lighting, and puffing on my pipe.

Back in the office, my puzzled secretary inquired of one of my associates, Ron Thiese, if I had returned from the meeting, for she was certain that she could smell my pipe tobacco. Ron agreed that my particular blend was indeed heavy on the air and issuing from my office.

About the same time, as we later reconstructed it, I began to become anxious about the work I had awaiting me back in the office. *Mentally*, I put a sheet of paper in my trusty 1923 Underwood typewriter, and I began to compose an important letter that needed to go out that day.

My secretary and Ron were now certain that they heard me move my typing chair in place, roll a sheet of paper into the carriage, and begin to tap away on the keys. As convinced as they were that I was actually sitting in my office industriously at work, they also knew I had not yet returned from my luncheon.

Against their wills they suddenly became very uncomfortable, almost frightened, of whatever it was that was smoking my pipe and pecking away at my typewriter. They summoned yet another of my associates, Glenn McWane, to accompany them across the hallway and into my office to investigate.

Here they discovered no paper in the typewriter and no author at work, but they did insist that there was a blue haze of tobacco smoke in the room.

Upon my return, I discovered a secretary and an associate who eyed me with a most peculiar kind of suspicion, which I found rather irritating until nervously they told me their story.

I had molded our plastic reality with an effort of will, and without even trying—that is, I had consciously been performing certain tasks in my mind, but not with the purpose of projecting any influence anywhere. Realizing this, I decided to attempt an actual impression on the environment of both my office and the home of David and Alene Graham while I was in Hawaii in March, 1973. I did not announce my intention of doing so, however, for I did not wish to plant any suggestions in anyone's unconscious.

It appears that I did make a few rather impressive openings in our orthodox concepts of Time and Space. Dave and Alene met my wife Marilyn and me at the Minneapolis airport, and we were not even in the automobile before they were eagerly relaying the following reports:

1. One day at the office, Dave had distinctly heard the sound of my typewriter coming from within my locked room.
2. Alene had awakened one evening to a peculiar buzzing and crackling sound (a particular noise that seems often to be reported in such cases) and was startled to see my full form standing a few feet off the floor in their bedroom. I was surrounded by an illumination, and I was smiling, which gave her a sense of well-being, for at first she feared she was perceiving a crisis apparation.
3. The morning of our return, Dave had tuned in on us and had visualized our seat positions and had picked up a sense of trouble with the aircraft (the 747 had blown a tire upon takeoff and we had put down in Seattle instead of Portland).

It may be intriguing to be able to project your body's *image*, but wouldn't it be more practical to have complete control over your body itself? As we'll see in the next chapter, this is yet another benefit available to players of the Reality Game.

17

YOU ARE WHAT YOU THINK

Komar the Hindu Fakir is a barrel-chested man who holds two world's records for feats performed on a bed of nails (length of time on nails: over twenty-five hours; greatest amount of weight supported by the body while on nails: 1,219 pounds). To say that Komar the Hindu Fakir is really Vernon Craig, an American of Scots descent, is meaningless. It may be more accurate to say that Vernon Craig is really Komar, a created personality who has blended with his creator. He is a man whose unshod feet are so sensitive that he cannot cross a gravel walkway, but he can don a turban and be able to leap barefooted on sharply pointed spikes and walk up a ladder of finely honed machetes.

"My costume completely transforms me into my alter-ego," Komar has confessed to me. "I have never given a performance without the costume. There is something in particular about the turban. The turban seems to be the key to my confidence."

In true magic we would say that Komar's costume, especially his turban, is the physical stimulus that reassures his essential self that he can perform whatever feat he desires. There is no magic in the turban; the magic lies in Komar's belief that the turban brings him power.

I hardly need add that one of the orthodox sciences chief prerequisites is *repeatability*. To be able to conduct experiments in valid fashion, you must be able to run a procedure again and again. Needless to say, we cannot move laboratory equipment out to a UFO site or a poltergeist-ridden house in time to measure results. But if we can get

some of these Reality Game ploys under conscious control, we *will* be able to measure their dynamics on cue, and do some solid "orthodox" research.

On July 17, 1973, Other Dimensions asked Dr. C. Norman Shealy of the Pain Rehabilitation Center, a unit attached to St. Francis' Hospital in La Crosse, Wisconsin, to determine just how an ordinary man could perform Komar's extraordinary feats of ostensible mind over matter. Dr. Shealy put Komar through an extensive battery of preliminary tests and evaluations, often with the fakir hooked up to a cockpitful of electronic instruments.

The sophisticated technology indicated that Komar was able to launch himself into an altered state of consciousness, in which he was able to disassociate himself from pain whenever he wished. Herewith are a few of Dr. Shealy's comments on the experiments:

"Komar sat on the bed of nails and then lay flat on them without apparent discomfort. Then I stood on his chest and jumped up and down, and he still showed no signs of pain. . . .

"The EEG showed a predominante alpha rhythm throughout the tests, with or without eye closure. With each 'painful' stimulus there was a brief altering reactive (only a few seconds) with prompt return to an alpha state. . . .

"It is obvious from the ice-water test that Komar has the innate ability to distract his mind by going into at least an alpha state—and in it having control over his autonomic nervous system. Presumably in his more stressful public demonstrations he uses this state of mind to prevent pain and body damage. There was no sustained theta state in the current experiments. . . ."

Dr. Shealy wrapped up his comments on the tests by stating that Komar, who has had no formal Yoga training and no neurological deficit, can mentally distract pain from himself by alpha brain activity.

"In a sense," Komar told me, "I outthink the pain. The mind can be disciplined to accept only one sensation at a time. By filling the mind with another sensation, pain is displaced, and the body ceases to react to the painful stimulus.

"Just before I jump onto the nails, for example, I pause momentarily, pick out an object a short distance away, then focus my mind upon it. At other times I visualize a little ball going out of my head with my mind following.

"I do not picture myself as standing apart watching the action in an astral body or anything like that. The demonstrations can be frightening. I don't even like to watch the filmed performances on television. When I am on the nails, I picture something pleasant or funny. Sometimes I see myself lying in a field of flowers, usually daisies or clover. It's a sensational feeling, as if I am free of the body.

"The fact is," Komar said, "the entire demonstration is performed at the subconscious level. As the number of demonstrations per day or per week increases, so does my sensitivity to pain. This means that I must exercise more concentration to block the pain, but even this is regulated without conscious thought.

"What I really want to do with my demonstrations," he added, "is literally shock people into the realization that they live their entire lives without using more than 10 to 20 percent of their mental capacities."

Quite obviously, though, simple control over pain is not the complete explanation of Komar's abilities, because neither is Komar *injured* when he bounces around on a nail-studded mattress. Something else is clearly at work. If, as Komar suggests, it lies in the unused 80 percent of our mental capacities, couldn't this power be available to all of us?

In the fall of 1972 I was scheduled to give a lecture in another city. As I walked home to pick up my baggage and leave for the airport, a wasp, groggy with the autumn chill, settled on my neck. I was unaware of its presence, and when I felt a tickling sensation just above the line of my turtleneck sweater, I brushed my neck and received a painful sting on the lower curve of my chin.

I had a dismal thought of my lecturing to a large audience with a puffy, distended chin. I realized that vanity had impinged upon my consciousness and that the audience probably would not have given a swollen chin a second thought, but I touched the poisoned area with a tip of my forefinger and concentrated on the idea that the spot

would not swell until *after* my lecture.

I finished my walk home, checked the bathroom mirror. No swelling. Satisfied that the idea had "taken," I now operated mentally in the reality construct that there would be no swelling on my chin. Repeated checks in airport washrooms, aircraft lavatories, and hotel room mirrors continued to reaffirm my new reality in which the wasp sting did not exist.

More than forty-eight hours later, after I had delivered my lecture, I became aware of an itching-stinging-throbbing beneath my chin. I stepped into a washroom and saw what my sense of touch had already told me: The lecture was over; the wasp sting and I had returned to ordinary reality.

Could I have eliminated the wasp sting altogether? Certainly, but I had not objected to being stung by a wasp; I had quarreled only with its timing.

In April, 1961, at the age of twenty-two, Evelyn Monahan slipped on a highly polished waxed floor and received a severe blow to the back of her head. Evelyn sustained serious cell and nerve damage, which caused her gradually to lose her sight until only restricted tunnel vision was possible. She could see only one word, or a portion of a word, at a time. She could see only a small section of a person's face if she were looking directly at him. Beyond that, she could see nothing.

Four months after her accident, Evelyn began to experience epileptic seizures that were caused, doctors told her, by the same head injury that had induced her blindness. In her doctors' assessment, the brain and nerve damage was beyond the repair of surgery or any other known therapy. Both conditions were peramnent, and she would have to learn to live with them. Even with heavy dosages of drugs, it was not uncommon for Evelyn to experience twelve epileptic seizures in a twenty-four-hour period.

In 1968 Evelyn Monahan developed an allergy that formed an abcess on her neck. When a doctor made an incision to drain the abscess, he accidentally severed the cranial nerve that controls the shoulder and arm. When the anesthetic wore off, Evelyn could not lift her right arm, and her right shoulder drooped. She was told that the damage was irreparable. She did not need to be told that the

injury was accompanied by a great deal of pain.

Formerly a bright and active woman, Evelyn entered a period of great hostility and resentment. She was blind for all intents and purposes. Her social life was further inhibited by the uncertainty and mental anguish of epilepsy. She was right-handed, and her right arm had been paralyzed by a doctor's carelessness. To complete the pessimistic picture, she was either in a state of constant pain or in a velvet fog encouraged by the drugs she required if she were to maintain any kind of control over her life.

Today, Evelyn Monahan has her full sight restored. She no longer suffers from epileptic seizures. She does not endure intolerable pain, and she has the unrestrained use of all of her limbs.

What is more, she is a highly respected instructor in parapsychology at Georgia State University. She also directs her own nonprofit research foundation, maintains an active lecture program, and appears regularly on television and radio. Evelyn has recently published *Put Your Psychic Powers to Work,* and her full return to an active life is the most powerful kind of testimony that she can truly practice what she preaches.

Just how did Evelyn Monahan overcome such awesome physical handicaps?

"I got my idea partly from the Bible and partly from science," she said. Evelyn decided to employ the positive force of faith—the belief that something is fact, without empirical data to support the belief—and establish a powerful mental attitude that she could be healed. At the same time, she was inspired by the idea of the laser beam and the recognition that a concentrated light source could generate an extremely powerful source of energy.

Evelyn and two of her friends, Deanne McClure and Julie Routenberg, formed a "psychic battery" with the plan of establishing an around-the-clock focus of energy into Evelyn's body. This healing energy was to be in the form of white light that would enter her body and actually change the molecular structure of her brain. The three young women used a visualization technique in which they actually "saw" the restoration of the tissues and cells occurring in their minds' eye.

They catalyzed this process with the application of pure faith that this process was in fact working at every moment of the treatment. When one girl went off the "healing shift," another took it up and continued until she was relieved. Of course, Evelyn took her regular turn as well. Throughout this experiment, Evelyn had complete faith that God would restore her to good health.

According to Evelyn: "I can remember that I was riding down the expressway in a car with somebody. All of a sudden my visual field opened up, and I could see everything around me. I could see cars on all sides. I could see more that a pinpoint ahead of me. It was really exciting. I guess you could say that I was drunk with seeing for a while. I wanted to look at everything. It was a wonder my eyeballs didn't fall out."

Not long after the return of her vision the epilepsy left, and Evelyn regained control over all her physical faculties. The healing technique that restored her sight took a mere five days. Far from considering herself a miracle worker or the "Helen Keller of parapsychology," Evelyn Monahan believes that this technique is part of a universal principle and can be employed by anyone who develops the spiritual and mental muscles to make it work. Her case proves that mental power can affect not only one's own body, but the bodies of others as well.

Dave Pederson of Mason City, Iowa, has found that his ability as a psychic and a healer have often put him at odds with his formal training as a broadcaster and a newsman. But he informed me that he is learning to add facts to faith and prove to himself that he has been steadily building new reality constructs.

"When a group of us prayed for a girl dying of a massive brain infection and the infection disappeared overnight, the reality was *not* the confirmed fact, but the *realization* during that period of prayer that the girl would recover," Dave said. "The inner knowing is impossible to describe, but it is as real and as tangible to me as any material artifact."

Dave Pederson went on to share certain of his personal techniques for receiving information through other than the normal sensory means:

Usually I sit in a comfortable chair, take three or four deep breaths, and try to shut out as much exterior light and sound as I can. I mentally picture myself getting into an elevator. The elevator begins to descend. When it stops of its own accord, I feel that I am ready to start.

The doors to the elevator open, and I find myself in a large room with a number of blank television sets. Over each set I have mentally placed such words as *Health, Finances, Personal Problems,* and so forth. I begin at the set nearest me, turn it on, and the information comes across in a series of symbolic pictures. I *know* the meanings of these pictures. When the "program" ends on one set, I move to the next and cover that particular area. When I am seeing things on the *Health* program, I almost always feel the same symptoms physically. When direct questions are asked of me, I again see the answers on a large screen, more like the motion-picture variety than the television.

Since I believe that psychic energy plays a great part in the accuracy of a sitting, I usually prepare myself beforehand by relaxing, closing my eyes, and picturing a large area of white light surrounding my entire body. I mentally draw that energy to me, and I know when I have enough because a tingling sensation starts in my hands and begins working its way up my arms.

I think it is essential that people who begin working with other areas of reality work in groups. The feedback in a group will give you a better idea of where reality ends and imagination begins. Perhaps within the group three words might be used to tie the whole thing together: *relax, receive, report.*

Jesus often emphasized that the building of new reality constructs could be most effectively accomplished where "two or three were gathered together," and I think every practitioner of applied metaphysics has discovered the great truth of learning to build in shared relationships with positive, like-minded people. The small group first reaches

a consensus on their principal need, such as healing or a worthwhile acquisition, then they focus upon that need. Besides providing the important feedback, the group members serve to intensify one another's commitment to replace ordinary reality with the reality of that new construct.

"In the area of healing, the technique is fairly simple," Pederson said. "I picture streams of energy coming from above my head, following the line of my backbone, then up through the stomach and chest area into my hands. The tingling sensation is very strong; and once it begins, I place my hands on the person involved or picture the energy going directly to them. I do not feel depleted after a healing, but rather, as if I were on some sort of energy 'high.'"

One can, of course, totally dematerialize physical annoyances from one's ordinary reality.

In June, 1969, during a series of experiments in what we termed "mind travel," hypnotist Loring G. Williams placed my friend Reva S. in a light trance state and instructed her to "see" individuals in X-ray form and to diagnose their ailments and diseases. Williams instructed Reva to view the illness, bone damage, or nervous condition as a "black spot" within the target individual's body. It was while Reva was "looking in" on a friend of mine in England (Time and Space placed no limitations on Reva while she was in this altered state of consciousness) that Williams suggested that she train a bright, mental "flashlight beam" on the dark areas and dissolve them with light.

We would watch Reva squint her closed eyes, furrow her forehead, and visibly apply great concentration upon areas that were beyond the view of our eyes in ordinary reality. She would sigh, and then: "Okay. They're gone."

In one instance, a skeptical observer asked if Reva would "burn away" a small cyst on his ankle. He explained that although the lump was adjudged benign by his family physician, the doctor had also recommended that it be removed by simple surgery.

Reva directed the beam of her mental flashlight, and in the words of our skeptic: "I actually felt heat in my

ankle. And when I lifted the leg of my trousers, the lump had disappeared."

More impressive was the case of Mr. G.W., who had fallen out of a military helicopter and had had both feet thoroughly smashed. In three months from the date that G.W. visited us, he was scheduled to have all the toes and certain sections from both feet amputated. Physicians had attempted every form of therapy and temporary repair throughout the course of ten futile years, and the last resort, amputation, was all that now remained for G.W. He had already resigned himself to six months in a wheelchair and the awkward process of learning to walk all over again.

With a direct beam of her mental flashlight, Reva effectively altered G.W.'s reality. A month later the excited man telephoned me to say that his scheduled amputation had been called off. A photographer from a medical journal had arrived to take pictures of G.W.'s feet for an article on the strange and sudden healing process that had apparently taken place. Doctors were falling all over their medical texts trying to explain just how the "miracle" had come to pass.

G.W. could not have cared less about the academics of the situation. He had gone on a long walk to celebrate, and his long insensate feet had developed blisters.

It seems that the mind can influence nonmedical events and processes as well. Recently a New Jersey editor I'll call Matt told me of a series of remarkable experiences he underwent while building his own reality constructs:

MATT: For several years I've been experimenting with hex signs— the Pennsylvania German method of focusing the subconscious on a desired goal. Sometimes the results were quite dramatic, as when a secretary's back problem cleared up not five hours after I'd drawn her hex. It certainly wasn't "faith" healing, since that secretary was quite skeptical; on the other hand, I've drawn many hexes for those who believe in them, and the signs hadn't worked. So there seemed to be some variable I hadn't hit on yet.

Then I had a chance to read Jane Roberts' *The Nature of Personal Reality,* in which Seth, her trance personality,

says that if we want to change conditions around us, all we need do is imagine *another* reality as equally possible, and give it "equal time."

Well, the day before Labor Day, 1973, we'd had a heat wave for about a week. Plants in my front yard were dying. The water I hauled just ran off the dry earth, so I mentally drew a hex sign for rain and said to myself that although the sky was clear, rain was at least a *possibility* that I'd accept.

That was about 12 o'clock. About 5 o'clock the west became quite dark, and I heard thunder. But when I got outside to look, I saw that the storm was passing us by to the south. The lightning and darkest clouds were already out over the Hudson; to the west the sun was again growing visible, with only clear weather to the west. I got really annoyed. Ignoring the fact that the storm had passed over, I said to myself, "The wind *could* change. It's just as possible as the conditions I see now. And I choose that reality."

I didn't watch for any sudden changes, so as not to give the current situation any "help." I just concentrated on the fact that the wind *could* change. Well, a few minutes later a gust of wind rose up from the south. The western sky grew dark again, and not ten minutes later we had a glorious storm with lightning, hail, and a full inch of water. That storm had taken a hairpin left turn of better than 90 degrees in order to reach me. And when the storm did pass over us, it kept on going north.

Lee R. Gandee, a Hexenmeister in South Carolina and the author of *Strange Experience,* once told me that weather hexes often take effect not only in the hexer's vicinity, but *wherever his thoughts are.* Now my father lives in Westchester County, thirty-five miles east of me, but you could say I still think of Pop's land as "my place," where my thoughts are too.

Remember that "my" storm had passed to the north about 6 o'clock. An hour later my father had walked out his back door to see a thunderstorm passing *him* to the south—and several minutes later that storm turned north, and it began raining for him too!

Our wind had continued from the south, so it couldn't

have been the same storm that drenched him. So here you have *two* thunderstorms, each making a right-angle turn to water the desired areas.

The next day, I should add, my wife and I were driving north for a picnic in New York State. The whole western sky was full of dark clouds and thunder. So I quietly accepted the possibility that we *wouldn't* get rain. Driving up, we got about as many raindrops as you'd find in a damp mop, and at the picnic grounds it stayed dry and beastly hot, with no clouds to be seen.

After the picnic we went to a friend's house in Rockland County, New York, where *their* plants were drying up. I casually asked if they'd like rain, and drew an appropriate hex. We didn't see a drop of rain on our drive back. But not ten minutes after we left, our friends got a jumping, drenching electrical storm out of nowhere. Their nine-year-old son was running from window to window shouting, "Matt did it, Matt did it!"

Do you think you did *do it? What do you think happened when you changed your thoughts?*

I don't know! I really don't understand how television works, either, but I am comforted to know I can change channels without being an electrician. When that storm made its turn, I didn't feel I was *making* the wind change. If anything, I was welcoming it, encouraging it, allowing it to happen, letting it draw off my own desires and willpower but not *coercing* it.

Uri Geller says he can't make forks bend and rings break at will. He has to sort of "let it happen," encourage the possibility of their bending, and leave it to them.

I would say that it's more a matter of synchronization. Hermann Hesse has a short story about a Shaman who merged his consciousness with the weather to such a degree that he could not only predict it but could "accept" whatever it brought him. Hex tradition states that to make a fire go out you have to bless it first—accept it, not coerce it, and then make your request once the two of you are good buddies.

But what about the other ten million people in the metropolitan area? Don't their "expectations" about the weather count for anything?

I *hope* so It's frightening to think of me being the only person influencing physical reality. Maybe the average person assumes he *doesn't* have any control over the weather—and so he automatically chooses a reality in which he doesn't. You know that many schizophrenics insist that they are omnipotent, that they are "god." Maybe the implications of total responsibility simply scares the hell out of them. *I* would rather believe that reality is objective, non-me, and will take care of itself, but is amenable to negotiation and reasonable specific requests.

Can *things* materialize into ordinary reality when one sets about fashioning his own constructs? The answer again, is, *of course they can!*

In the November, 1967, issue of *Fate* magazine, Marshall K. McClelland told of being cut off in the hills of Okinawa in May, 1945, stalled in a three-quarter-ton weapons carrier on the edge of a Japanese counter-attack. With McClelland, a correspondent for *Stars & Stripes*, were W. Eugene Smith, a well-known photographer affiliated with *Life* magazine, Harold Smith of the *Chicago Tribune*, Paige Abbott, photographer for INP, and Lieutenant Bob Mitchell, public relations officer of the 7th Infantry Division. The men were alone, without a single friendly GI in sight, armed with one M-1 rifle, one carbine, and one .45 revolver among them, sitting crippled with a flat tire while they watched Japanese soldiers advancing on the outskirts of the village.

Then, some thirty feet away near the edge of the road, Mitchell and Smith simultaneously sighted a miracle: "a brand-new, three-quarter-ton weapons carrier tire, full of air, mounted on a wheel and ready to roll." The men made good their escape, just minutes before the deserted village suffered a terrible mortar bombardment and the Japanese took possession.

The mystery of how the proper tire happened to materialize so near to them in their time of utmost need was never solved. McClelland writes:

> The best knowledge we could develop was this: (1) No other three-quarter-ton weapons carrier had

been in the area previously; in fact, no other American vehicle of any type had been anywhere near there; (2) the tire could not possible have fallen from our carrier, for it turned out that through some snafu our vehicle had no spare tire when drawn from the motor pool; (3) no major supply dumps had been established in the area; and (4) the Japanese were unlikely to have come into possession of such a tire and then abandoned it.

Sidney Porcelain, a psychic-sensitive author's representative from Rocky Hill, New Jersey, told me that he was able to produce what he needed simply by thinking about his desires. "This may often be on a trivial level; for example, getting a fountain pen in front of my motel door because I thought on the way there that I needed one," Sidney said. "I can send a thought to another person and that person will do as I direct. Not long ago I went to church with my wife, who is Roman Catholic. To relieve my boredom, I sent a mental message to the priest: 'Spill the wine. Spill the wine.' And sure enough, he did!

"I have decided where a stranger in a restaurant would sit. Even though there were several empty booths, I directed him to one side where he would not be facing me. He wavered, but he finally sat where I had directed.

"I think it is easier to use psychokinesis on another mind than on an inanimate object," Sidney Porcelain commented. "Was my thought directed to the wine or to the priest? I believe the priest."

Will Time-Tripping and Dimension-Hopping remain forever a province of mind? Or will we one day be able to create apertures in our Space-Time continuum with the mechanistic fruits of our technology, as it appears the UFOnauts have done? And even more immediately, how do we make sense of the vast array of puzzles we examined in earlier chapters?

18

CONCLUSION: WINNING AT THE REALITY GAME

One point that must be sorely troubling the reader is that again and again, the theories we have been forced to examine are at odds with one another. For instance, we have examined evidence that makes a pretty persuasive case for each of the following conclusions:

1. Intelligent, tool-using man is millions of years older than orthodoxy is prepared to concede. A great catastrophe or a series of cataclysmic events may have eliminated much of the physical evidence that would clearly establish prehistoric advanced terestrial civilizations as fact.
2. An as yet undetermined physical law has seeded artifacts of the present throughout time, so that it *appears* that man is older than he is.
3. Intelligences from other Space-Time continuums or extraterrestrial sources may occasionally intrude upon our standard conceptions of reality—to teach us new techniques of manipulating our mental and physical world.
4. Our opponents in the Reality Game may have been revealing themselves and laughing at us up their nonphysical sleeves for centuries, laboring to spread confusion and fear among those who take the UFO enigma seriously. We are still receiving only fragments of larger messages or deliberately and cunningly devised clues to throw us totally off the correct track.

Were there really archaic civilizations on this planet? Or is the world really only 4,004 years old? Or do cosmic Tricksters prefabricate these impossible artifacts in order to prevent us from learning the actual truth of our origins? I can almost hear some Pucklike jokester chuckling as he plunges into our dimension and inserts some preposterous fossil or artifact into a level of strata where he knows workmen are about to begin blasting and excavating.

Which of these hypotheses is true? Surprisingly, the answer may be—*all of them!*

Jane Roberts, who serves as a channel for the multidimensional entity who calls himself Seth (see her *The Seth Material* and *Seth Speaks*) told me: "The thing Seth has said that really excites me is that we make our own reality. I think the greatest thing one can do is to help show other people how their feelings and thoughts *do* form their world —from their daily family life, to their nation, to their world. This is the most liberating knowledge that anyone can possess. It frees people in all other areas of life. Whatever one does on the *outside* is not going to make a damn bit of difference unless he has changed his *thought pattern.* This is the whole idea of the Seth material: to free the individual, to tell him, 'Say, look, this is your thing, your world, you can make it what you wish.' "

It's entirely plausible that many of the strange artifacts have been actually *created* by those who discovered them. A man goes out to dig in the firm belief that man and trilobite were created together in 4004 B.C. Can part of his mind actually produce the kind of evidence for which he is searching?

Each individual's essential self may have the ability to influence and to shape a reality separate from that of the ordinary and the commonly accepted. It may require little effort at all for the transcendent self to skip blithely over, around, or through Space and Time and to bring back tangible evidence of these journeys in the form of material objects that could have been obtained only in their place of native origin.

"One thing that I have run into," Captain John Alexander told me, "and I understand that the Soviets particularly are studying this—is that our concept of Time is

wrong. Everything I get indicates that Time is a variable, not a continuum."

We might well attempt to envision Time as a spiral, a cord that runs continuously around a fixed, Eternal-Now, Maypole center. Sometimes, if the conditions are right and the perimeters of overlapping spirals have been somehow temporarily weakened or made flexible, the inhabitants of one Time loop may interact with the inhabitants or the environment of another loop. Someone who is reading this book may have squashed that trilobite in what he thought was a fantastic dream one night only last year. Or I might mash that poor trilobite tomorrow.

Was this world before our own an actual material world that was destroyed in a great catastrophe, or is this world only a symbolic construct of finite brain's compulsion to limit, to establish a beginning and an ending to everything? Did great civilizations really flower, wilt, and die, or are these ostensible memories of past worlds born of our obsession with sunrises and sunsets, springs and winters, creation and destruction?

Similarly, the UFOnauts may exist largely in the eye of the beholder. After all, the UFO's themselves may be plasmic globules of pure intelligence, and the UFOnauts may be nothing more than externalized mental projections rather than the independent pilots they appear to be.

Man is a bit of a snob. He is everlastingly creating his gods and his devils in his own image. The vast majority of men and women would find it impossible to converse with a nebulous, glowing glob. But if this pure intelligence could externalize an image of an angel, a spaceman, or whatever, it could converse with our species in the manner of an adult accomplishing more ready communication with a child by using a hand puppet.

I have theorized about the Yoga concept of the *tulpa,* the thought form that can appear to assume life independent of the psyche "feeding" it with emotions and mental emanations. According to certain Eastern metaphysicians, *similar* thoughts, emotions, and mental emanations can add to the strength of the *tulpa,* enabling it to accumulate power and grow. The tulpa may manifest apparent solidarity and vigor, and Yogis claim that they may even

carry on intelligent conversations with these creatures of their own minds. The duration of a tulpa's life and its vitality are in direct proportion to the tension and energy expended in its creation.

The Trickster figure often appears in the guise of a culture hero. To the Amerindians, the Trickster appeared as a wily coyote or clever warrior; to the Norse and the Greeks he assumed the role of a mischievous (but hardly demonic and often helpful) god; but to our culture, devoid of traditional heroes, the embodiment of wily amorality—one who may lie, cheat, steal, even kill and still be defending a cause he considers noble—would be none other than an international spy. Was it only coincidence that James Bond films were emerging at the same time that the men in black were beginning their terrorist campaign? the MIB were almost always described as dressed completely in black—a pretty obvious kind of symbolism—and often with their dark hat pulled low. Regardless of the nationality of the victim, the MIB were nearly always said to be "foreign" looking, with peculiar accents. The MIB, in one sense, became interchangeable in characterization with the agents of SMERSH, James Bond's nemesis, or the villains of THRUSH, who opposed the stalwart men from UNCLE.

In other words, once the prototype of the men in black had been fashioned—either as a result of paranoid imagination or an actual visitation by threatening men—men and women involved in UFO research could have maintained the *idea* of the MIB with such thoughts as: "Might there really be a slow knocking at *my* door? Might some powerful group be alerted to *my* important research?"

Even a small bit of ego indulgence could "feed" the thought form of a menacing man in black and begin to grant strength and independent life to a sinister tulpalike creation. And if, as Yogis teach, similar thoughts, emotions, and mental emanations can add to the tulpa's power, certainly the rampant paranoia of UFOlogists and flying-saucer buffs might have fashioned independent thought forms of nearly unrestrained growth.

And might we not ask similar questions of those instances in which men and women perceive what would appear to be spirit forms?

On the other hand, those who believe firmly in the benevolent Space Brothers would have met only *that* kind of entity. Then too, the men in black might have been three-dimensional mental projections of the UFO intelligences themselves. Whether these intelligences be our overlords, companions, or opponents in the Reality Game, a bit of psychological testing of *Homo sapiens* under stress might add an element of fun for them.

It might occur to our cosmic opponents that the more ignorant man is of the true nature of the hazards facing him, the less able he will be to deal with the actual crisis situation. The less prepared we are for a perhaps inevitable confrontation with alien intelligence, the more readily we will knuckle under to a species asserting itself as superior to *Homo sapiens.*

Or some undetermined physical law may at times be activated by our unconscious minds. That law—or energy —may not itself be intelligent, but it may be able to absorb and externalize our own intelligence so that it *appears* to human percipients that Someone is playing a totally nonsensical game with us.

In any case, the evidence for these possibilities simply cannot be ignored. It is our responsibility to find out just what the true story is.

"The big problem that has always confronted us, that men have always pondered," John Keel told me, "is what exactly is the purpose of the human race, what is our destiny? I think we are about to find out. . . . Perhaps by the end of this century we will know very precisely the exact nature of this force that we call 'god' and the other force that we call 'demons.' I believe that the two forces are the same—the good and evil product of a single source.

"Today, a great many scientists in a great many disciplines are working in the same direction, even though they don't know it because of the separation of technical literature. By the end of this decade all of these scientists will merge at a single point, and we will suddenly have a composite picture of these supernatural forces that have always controlled us, that have even dictated modes of behavior to us. For some reason we are nearing a point in which we are going to be united with this force in a more direct

way. Then our real destiny will become more and more apparent."

"I firmly belive," Ted Phillips said, "that at some point in the future we will be able to understand the UFO phenomenon that is happening today. In 1873 we could not have understood a 747 aircraft. Here we are in 1973 trying to understand UFO's. The important point to my mind is preserving the information we acquire now for 2073, or some period in between.

"In my mind, the really important thing is to make certain that UFO information does not slip through our fingers and become lost forever."

"What worries me," John Keel said, "is once we have learned the real nature of our real destiny, then will our civilization come to an end? There is a good chance of that happening."

Shortly before his death, Carl Jung wrote that if man should come into direct contact with the intelligences responsible for the UFO phenomenon, he would be placed in the questionable position of today's primitive societies that clash with the superior cultures of the civilized world. "All initiative would be wrested from us," Jung said. "As an old witch dcotor once said to me, with tears in his eyes, we would 'have no more dreams.' Our science and technology would go on the junk pile. What such a catastrophe would mean morally we can gauge only by the pitiful decline of primitive culture that has taken place before our eyes."

Homo sapiens can claim his true cosmic inheritance only if he is able to retain his dreams. Within the interior magic of dreams lies the key to become truly godlike creators and shapers of a separate personal reality. By employing the dream-power potential that exists in certain altered states of consciousness, man can rise to Olympian stature. However, if an outside intelligence can gain control of that same psychic mechanism, it can make man a buffoon content to labor eternally in the Augean stables, happy in the reality construct created for him. We *must* learn to begin structuring our own reality.

I have presented the techniques of certain men and women who have discovered how to win the Reality Game,

so that others might learn from their examples and go on to develop their own methods for achieving a fair number of points in the cosmic contest.

Many persons speak of the need to become childlike. Jesus said that one must become as a child to attain the Kingdom of God—that is, a new structuring of commonplace reality in which man becomes a god under God.

Of course, one must pay heed to the difference between becoming child*like* and becoming child*ish*. Komar, among others, retains a childlike approach to life. He is an intelligent man who appears extremely ingenuous to many of his acquaintances and associates. As his friend, I have been asked often: "Is Komar really that naïve?" No, he is not. He simply is largely unconcerned about so many of the matters that give too many other adult males ulcers and coronaries. Komar has never released his hold on the child's power to view the world as he wishes and to structure reality to conform with his own attitude.

To become childlike means to regain that culturally smothered ability to look with ever-fresh eyes at the world, to rely upon one's intuitive, subjective evaluations; to *know*, as a chill knows, that reality is his to shape as he wishes. It is the parent who decrees that his child has an "imaginary" playmate. The adult cannot see beyond the limitations of the standard conceptions of reality. The child does not say, "I am playing with Cowboy Dick, my imaginary friend," for the child, just as an accomplished Yogi, has created a tulpa, an independent entity, to ease his loneliness. The divine spark of the god-self glows brighter in the child before society's programmed educational system sets about dimming the flame, and in some cases snuffing it out altogether.

Those men and women fortunate enough to have parents who participated in their early reality structuring or in admitted fantasy play will find it easier to gather together in "two's and three's" to participate in small group reality-construct fashioning. The fortunate child is he who has parents who will help him transform their home into a castle of moat and spires or a forest peopled with fantastic creatures. Then, when the lesson in reality structuring has been completed, they will return with the child to standard

reality, so that he might learn early to distinguish between the two and become functional in ordinary, as well as non-ordinary, reality.

Indeed, the solution to so many basic problems may lie not in our "gods" but in ourselves. The best our other-dimensional tutors may do is provide us with certain contributive fragments. It may be almost totally up to us to move the pieces around until a pattern begins to form and the Reality Game begins to make sense. And when we attain the final square on the Reality Game, men may become as gods under God.

I personally feel the game is well under way. As I travel about the country I continually meet young men and women whose strange sense of urgency has caused them to quit good jobs so that they may await—they know not what. Older people also seem to sense an impending major change about to transform society.

I mentioned to Dr. J. Manson Valentine the theory of electromagnetic reversal, which states that the Earth is, in fact, overdue for a flip-flop of the poles. If such great Earth-changing, species-annihilating catastrophes occurred in the past, might they happen again?

"The last such event occurred around 30,000 years ago when there was a complete reversal," Dr. Valentine said. "I think the cataclysm that destroyed this world [before] was due to a periodic revolution of Nature—when the magnetic pole digresses from the geographic pole to the point where great stresses are brought to play. This is happening right now. A separation of the poles is increasing at an alarming acceleration. The Russians know this. At the same time, tremendous amounts of snow are being deposited on the South Pole, which will speed up the whole process. We are alarmingly close to such a thing happening again. The wobble of the Earth's axis will begin and we will have another one of those things."

"There is no doubt that the peril we face from the recurrence of such global disasters is indeed great," Velikovsky commented in an interview in *Science & Mechanics*. "However, I personally believe that the peril we face from the hand of man himself is much greater. Because man has the ability now to destroy himself and the Earth as well."

Irene Hughes told me: "The whole world is in a tremendous state of transition. I feel that we may be well into a spiritual awareness which will lead to a period wherein people are going to become revolutionized within and will turn to the mystical approach to living.

"It seems as though every soul senses either consciously or unconsciously that some very dramatic era is just ahead, and they want to be prepared for it. There will be terrible psychological catastrophes and a lot of people will be almost totally doomed, unless they can remove themselves somehow from all the old erroneous teachings and be able to accept this period of fantastic spiritual awakening."

Barbara Marx Hubbard, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the Committee for the Future, 130 Spruce St., Philadelphia, says her organization ". . . foresees the liberation of human intention, awareness, consciousness from the restriction of animal life-cycles and from the mother planet. It visualizes a universal species, born of the whole effort of Earth, of which contemporary man is the key agent of transformation.

"It posits the transcendence of *Homo sapiens* in accordance with the laws of the universe.

"It makes the purpose of man the metamorphosis of man. We become, in our own eyes, a transitional species, literally the link between the animal and the angel."

Barbara Marx Hubbard told Other Dimensions researcher David MacMaster, "If possible, I would like to take the next evolutionary step, whatever that may be, *consciously*. I believe that we will be able to transcend physical death and develop our psychic powers and become universal within the foreseeable future. If I have any personal desire, it is for universal existence—life-consciousness in real time, in real terms—not necessarily *after* death."

In his book *Uni-Chotometrics,* Eugene A. Albright discusses the impending tomorrow that has been variously described throughout history as the New Age, the Advent of the New Man, the Second Coming of Christ, and the Millennium.

"The incapacity of the human organism at this point to directly convert matter into its own structure is one of

the factors being changed in nature," Albright writes. "The next evolvement, or the next evolving technique of the human organism, will be the opening up of two specific functions which, up to this stage of development, have been latent.

"One of these is the capacity to control the environment completely; to cause the matter in the environment to disintegrate and restructuralize directly on an energy level. The other is to structure the function of the body and replenish it without necessity for food, either plant or animal life."

Albright expresses his opinion that there have been periods in the past when the vibratory rate was stepped up. "Many who cannot adjust to higher rates of vibration are destroyed," he says. "This may appear . . . cruel, but nature and that which is natural has always prevailed and it will prevail."

Albright says that this coming new infusion of energy will cause many structural changes in the human organism itself. The things of nature, the plant and animal life, will change as well.

"Within a relatively short time there will be nothing in nature recognizable, using our current knowledge of physics and matter, chemistry and biology. Changes will bring with them the necessity for mankind to change with them, to relate and be related to the new environment in which man will find himself."

Because Nature always provides for its changes, Albright reassures his readers that man has the potential to adjust to the transition. The holy books of all cultures have predicted this elevation, but they did not reveal or define how the change was to occur.

"To us, who are living in this era of change, it is important to understand that we are a part of one universal uni-polar magnetic field," Albright states. "This universal uni-polar magnetic field is a process of implosion, gradually increasing, and structuralization related to its conversion of what we call 'static' or inorganic matter. This is the direction life has always taken; it has increased in time. We reach a point in this evolvement of the organism on Earth in which the evolving circumstance has been increased every year at a given time; a new influx of energy

is infused into the field related to the human being."

It is this new influx of energy, Albright points out, that has caused some people to bend and change, others to remain firm and to break. Natural law has always controlled the individual organism.

"The recognition of this inexorable fact and the return to a natural state, operating as a functional part of nature in accordance with natural laws, *is the only survival technique which will avail,*" Albright explains.

"Anything less than this, anything of a self function or cortical function, or an intellectual function will not suffice to restructuralize the body because the structural center of the body, that nucleus of the organism which vibrates at its highest rate, must be communicated with and integrated with the cortical mind. When this is done, then integration and restructuralization of the body becomes a relatively simple matter, because the induction of the energies causes the changes to occur. Every cell of the body is a uni-polar magnetic energy field, and each cell can be integrated and magnetized by the prime electromagnetic magnet in the center of the brain."

Dr. John C. Lilly, author of such books as *The Mind of the Dolphin* and *The Center of the Cyclone,* believes that man is ready for an evolutionary leap in consciousness—and that it has already begun. Dr. Lilly maintains that "what one believes to be true either *is* true or *becomes* true in one's mind, within limits to be determined experimentally or experientially. These limits are beliefs to be transcended."

In an interview with Dr. Lilly for *Penthouse* magazine, Jules Siegel synthesized the mystic-scientist's understanding of the four higher levels of consciousness "The first level contains creative and objective thought as intelligent beings normally define it. At the second one acts without thinking, because prior planning is unnecessary. Existing at the third level is a powerful and constant flood of energy that makes man feel like a conduit through which a creative tide continually flows. At the fourth, the mind leaves the body in order to explore those spaces about which we have heard so much. At this point, Lilly says, men become as gods under God."

"I think young people today are far more aware of these forces than any other previous generation," John A. Keel observes. "There is a kind of mass illumination taking place. It began taking place in the '60's, largely through music. It occurred on many other levels as well, but music is a very important medium for this force.

"Now we are going into a quiet period in which a new generation is being brought forth that will burst free in the 1980's and '90's. This future generation is really going to be into it. I foresee a great revolution of the mind occurring in the 1990's. I believe that all of these prophecies of the great changes that are going to be taking place at the end of this century are probably true."

From the foreshadowings, some interpret this time of future change to be the Day of Judgment promised in the Bible. But I feel the vast majority of contemporary prophecy has to do, rather, with a time of transcendence. I believe that we stand on the very brink of the latest in a series of transitional periods necessary to man's spiritual evolution. It is my conviction that mankind has been moving higher and higher in the frequency of his spiritual vibration, the raising of his consciousness. The coming transition will change the entire species in evolutionary leap forward on both a biological and spiritual level.

"I have been an anti-Darwinian for more than fifty years," Dr. J. Mansion Valentine told me. "The natural selection theory has been the dominant note in the geneticist's point of view, and I am particularly interested in reacting against that because I believe Darwin was working with mechanistic factors, which are not life factors. There is nothing about natural selection which has anything to do with vital energies, the energies of life."

Indeed, although the period of transition has already begun, ones does not have to sit idly by awaiting some collective Darwinian signal. One of the marvelous by-products of playing the Reality Game is that we can begin preparing for the leap beyond humanhood *now*, utilizing the techniques of those who have learned to win at the Reality Game. In fact, we *must* prepare, for the physical cataclysms attending this transitional period may be as nothing compared to the psychological cataclysms experienced by those

unprepared for the coming change in consciousness. Those who are ignoring today's abundant cultural omens of change, those who will not bend their own methods of thought, those who will not release their hold on material, sensate reality structures, may be literally shattered. I fear mass suicides, incredible epidemics of nervous breakdowns among those who refuse to recognize the basic liberating truth of the Reality Game: *Each man and woman is capable of fashioning his own reality construct.*

While technological aids in man's evolutionary leap in consciousness are not to be decried, one should not lose sight of the final square in the Reality Game: *Men may become as gods and be totally capable of fashioning their own reality constructs.* As Jane Roberts has told us, the realization that one's thoughts and feelings *do* form his world is "the most liberating knowledge that anyone can possess."

If we *do* create our own reality, you may say, then life should follow art: Mankind's most popular shared fantasies ought to find their echoes, one way or another, in physical reality. And, in fact, it seems that this too is taking place, not only with the "spies" who later appear as physical men in black. Many readers will be familiar with Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey,* and will recall how the man-apes are intellectually probed and programmed by the aliens' dark, slablike monolith. Hundreds of thousands of years later, a still-transmitting monolith is unearthed on the moon by astronaut pioneers from Earth. Once the artifact has been uncovered, it begins screaming a signal toward Jupiter that the men-apes of Earth have grown from leaping from rock to rock to stepping from world to world. That was fiction, *but . . .*

On February 14, 1973, the Russian Lunokhod 2 moon robot probed an unusual slab of smooth rock that had been blasted into view by a large meteor about a mile from the Taurus Mountains. The meter-long plate, which resembles a modern house panel, proved to be a strong monolith. It has a smooth, seemingly impenetrable surface, while the giant stones lying nearby have been pockmarked by meteorites.

The newly discovered monolith may be but the first of

several anomalies to be uncovered on the moon. On the other hand, might we have yet another instance in which science fiction has mirrored a future reality?

Has Lunokhod 2 discovered a clue to other than human intelligence in our universe? Has a signal gone out to another world that *Homo sapiens* has begun to approach technological adulthood? Will the monolith prove only to be as baffling and as unresolvable as the 600-million-year-old sandal print? Or is it simply a cosmic goalpost in a game that anyone can play?

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